THE MAN'S MAGAZINE A FAWCETT PUBLICATION JANUARY 1968 50 CENTS

TRUE

®

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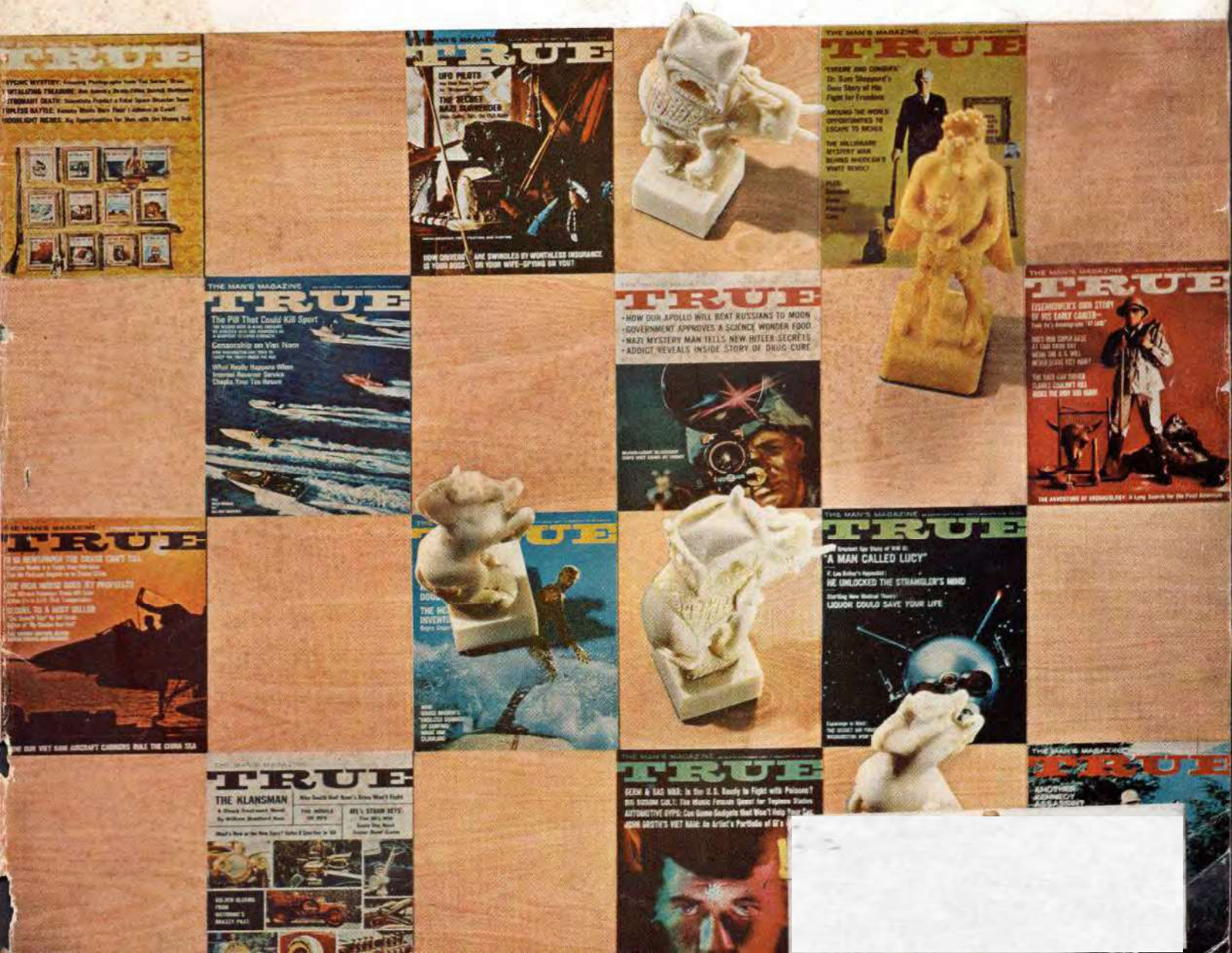
CANCER: Does Cigarette Smoking Really Cause It?

NAZI REVENGE: A City That Was Sentenced to Death

AUTO RACING: Secret Life of the Winningest Driver

DEADLIEST SALESMEN: They Make Millions in Hot Arms



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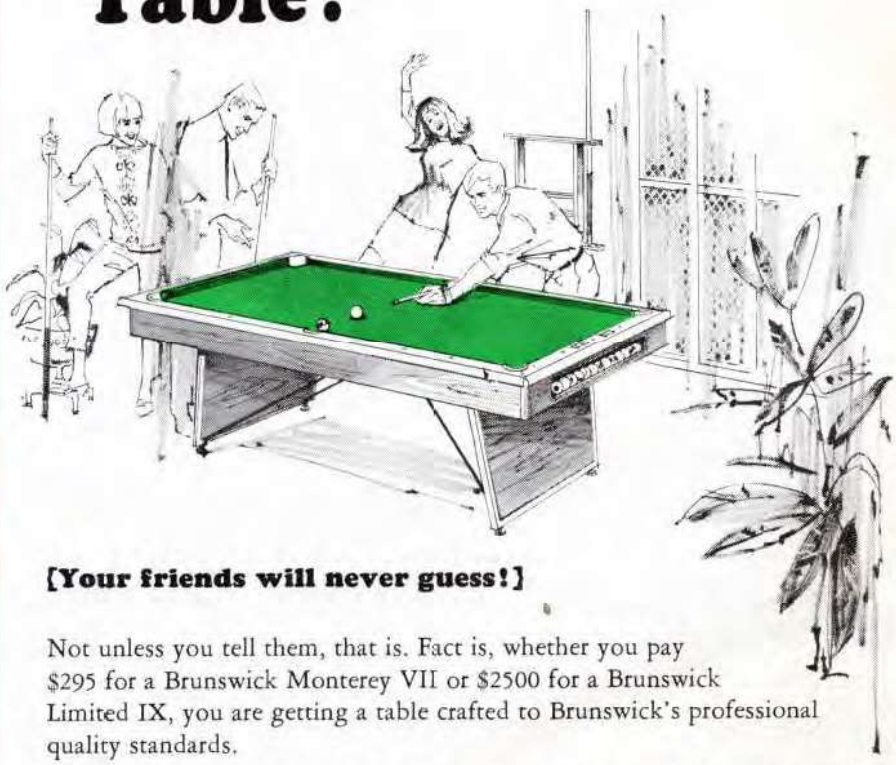

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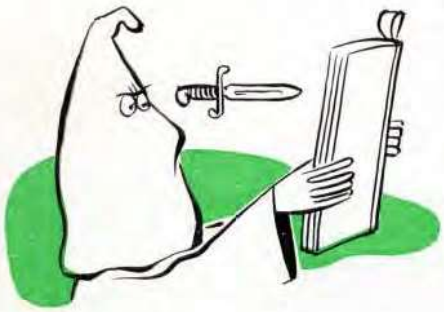


Novel Comment

I have enjoyed reading TRUE for many years. In fact, I have anticipated each month's new issue. Its popularity was well deserved—until the October-November issues.

The bonus book condensation of *The Klansman* by William Bradford Huie was absolutely the most disgusting story I have ever read. It was dirty, filthy and obscene. It is my opinion that the author's mind and vocabulary should have a dry cleaning.

I feel sure hundreds of thousands readers of TRUE magazine feel the same about *The Klansman* as I do.

—C. A. Hastings
Pompano Beach, Fla.

I have been reading TRUE for several years and have enjoyed it. It comes as quite a shock to see you stoop to printing such trash as *The Klansman.*

I assume that you are printing this type story in an effort to increase circulation among Negroes. I grant that it is good business to appeal to Negro readers, but I am sure there are more ethical ways of doing it than trying to build up hatred toward the South.

—Charles P. Storrs
Wetumpka, Ala.

Thank God Bill Huie has had the guts to "tell it like it is" about the attitudes and actions of the white rural southerner toward the Negro. Believe me, that story is accurate in depth and in detail, sick sex and all. Not that all Alabamans and Mississippians are Clansmen, but the "decent" people hire the red-necks to do their sheriffing, and support them in office, even though they themselves pretend to a more "moderate" attitude. Racial bigotry, endemic in every southern county, has spread like a cancer through the North and West; it constitutes a political health problem of the gravest possible dimensions. If Butt Cut Bates nauseates you, and Big Track Bascomb infuriates you, look around you, brother! The same types with the same attitudes, without the honkie dialect, are on your own police force, school board and precinct committee. Nobody can get them out but you and me. Bigotry has no rational basis; the bigot is by definition insane within the area of his bigotry. If we cannot live decently with our fellow Americans as sane human beings, this democracy cannot long withstand the result. *The Klansman* is not really fiction; it deserves its place in TRUE.

—Charles H. Johnston
San Francisco, Calif.

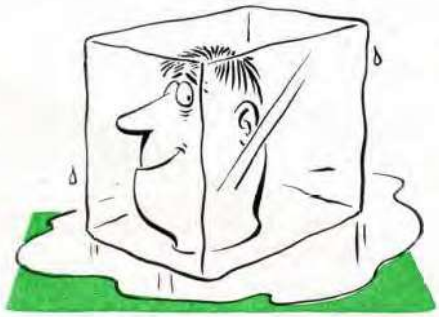
How can a magazine sink so low as to print material of this kind? The contents are shocking beyond description. It is almost unbelievable that you should submit such a story to your readers.

Yes, there are a few "sick" people who enjoy reading vulgar stories—but the majority of Americans are basically decent people who want healthy, clean reading material.

Please spare me any "funny" comments on this letter.

—Mrs. Clyde Shay
St. Maries, Idaho

Consider yourself spared.



Big Freeze

It is not true that there is "no known instance of even the smallest mammal being frozen and revived," as stated in your October issue. Rabbits and galago have been frozen up to 24 hours and survived when revived. A cat's brain frozen and stored for 203 days gave essentially normal brain wave readings upon revival.

The principle is proved. How far may it be extended via research? How much may technics of freezing and rewarming be improved? Some day we will know. Let's make it soon—for us now living.

The only thing worse than to die and be frozen is to die and not be frozen. I refuse to foreclose forever all the future possibilities of science. I intend to be frozen.

—Forrest Walters
Latrobe, Pa.

Re: *Deep Freeze Scheme for Immortality,* Oct. '67. The year 2267—when mankind will solve disease problems and be medically so far advanced to achieve immortality (we hope)—I don't believe people will change their characters. Ettinger's "freeze plan" will face world worry: "Why unthaw these diseases back to life? What if they bring back the diseases with them and man can't cope with those old fashioned, fresh-frozen germs?

—C. G. Goodreau
Los Angeles, Calif.

Your article *The Deep Freeze Scheme for Immortality* reminds me of the old Frankenstein movies of a past era. Is Doctor Frankenstein still alive?

—Bernard Galya
New York, N.Y.

Yes, he's alive in Antarctica.

Scuttlebutt

In your October issue, on page 97, you state: *The Merrimack* was blown up at Norfolk, Virginia, in May, 1862. I feel sure that other people must have noticed this statement is technically incorrect. The U.S. Frigate *Merrimack* was burned and sunk in the spring of 1861 by the Union forces when they abandoned the Gosport Naval Yard at Norfolk, Virginia.

The Confederates later raised the hulk of this particular vessel, dismantled it, and used the below-waterline portion as keel for a

[*Continued on page* 4]

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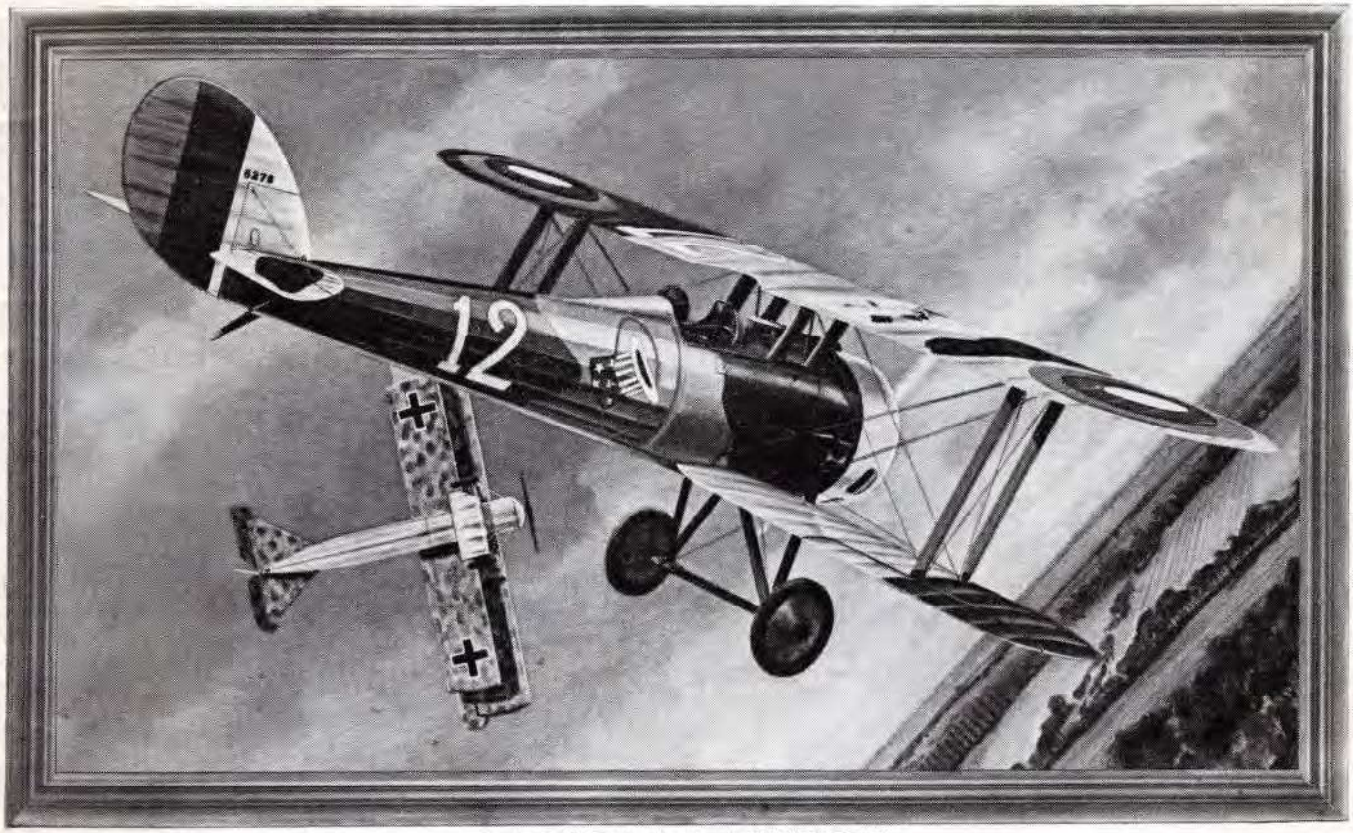
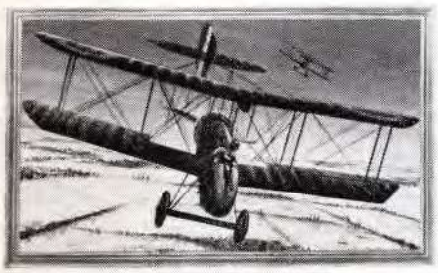


Capt. E. V. Rickenbacker's NIEUPORT 28



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[*Continued from page 2*]

new ironclad vessel, the *Virginia*, which was completed March 5, 1862, one day before the *Monitor* embarked southward from New York City.

After the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Virginia*, the *Virginia* was destroyed at Norfolk on May 11, 1862.

Most history books usually refer to the *Virginia* incorrectly as the *Merrimack*. You missed a good chance to set the record straight.

—Donald Sayenga
Coopersburg, Pa.

The Confederates missed a better chance to sink the *Monitor*.

Safety Last

Today I read an artical (sic) in your magazine. It was under *It's A Man's World* on page 26, October.

Safety Last was the name of the artical. It was only 25 lines long. From line 17 to line 21 an opinion was stated by the Hell's Angels. From line 21 to line 25 you stated an opinion.

Well, we don't like your stinking opinion, and unless there is some appoligy (sic) in next months issue, you had better have all the protective gear you can, because you will need it.

—Hell's Angels
So. Calif.

How about bike chains at 20 paces?

Vietnamese Conflict

Malcolm Browne's article *Why South Viet Nam's Army Won't Fight* (October) is excellent.

The problems Marine aviation personnel in I CORPS area have had with our ARVN allies are numerous.

Past troop lifts carrying Vietnamese have had disastrous results. ARVN troopers have fired on American personnel while both in and debarking the helicopters. As a result our gunners now keep their M-60 machine guns trained on the embarked troops at all times.

After each lift is complete, a diligent search is required by each crew chief of the cabin areas. The ARVN's seldom leave anything behind that isn't tied down, except an occasional grenade with the pin pulled, wedged between the seats. Fortunately, most of these attempts at sabotage fail.

Every Marine in HMM 363 is an ardent anticommunist and our squadron is proud to do its part in this war. But I personally sometimes wonder if these Vietnamese are worth the effort.

—Name withheld at writer's request
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Congratulations to Malcolm W. Browne and the other courageous reporters who are more interested in doing their job than in being a "good guy" for the government.

Every dogfaced GI in Viet Nam knows the sorry state of affairs of the South Vietnamese Army, but is gagged by official "policy." What worries the career military men (enlisted type, naturally) is that the military leaders have consistently refused to acknowledge this truth, no doubt because their efficiency reports, and therefore their careers, would be damaged by their honesty. Many of us (enlisted types, naturally) look back with longing to the days of Patton, Marshall and other military *leaders* who said what they thought.

—Name withheld at writer's request
Florence, S. C.

I just finished reading Malcolm W. Browne's article in your October issue. I was battalion senior advisor to the 3rd Battalion, 5th Division (ARVN) for five months and have been regimental staff advisor for the 8th Regt. 5th Div. (ARVN) for the past six months here in Ben Cat, South Viet Nam. Please relay to Mr. Browne that as far as I am personally concerned he can take the money he made off of his "fiction story" and buy a ticket straight to hell.

—Capt. Meredith H. Caram
APO San Francisco, Calif.

Hospital Costs

As an RN I feel I must refute your ill-informed blast at hospital costs in October *Man's World*. You wonder if it is really necessary to have three employees per patient. In quoting these statistics you are presenting the false picture of three people hovering over the patient's bedside at all times.

You have forgotten, as so many people are prone to do, that the patient's linen must be changed (sometimes three to four times daily); he must be fed (usually special and diverse diets); the equipment used in his treatment must be stored, dispersed and maintained (as well as ordered); his drugs must also be ordered and dispensed; his room must be spotlessly kept to avoid cross infection.

Add to this the fact that the hospital almost always carried the brunt of the physician's overhead. When a surgeon walks into the operating room, he usually uses hospital employees as assistants, hospital equipment, laundry, electricity, instruments. Yet, his bill may well exceed the hospital's for the surgery. . . .

By the way, after 13 years in nursing and a college education, I make $500 a month.

Mrs. E. St. Onge
—Houston, Tex.

No comment. See below.

I am enclosing a copy of an ad taken from today's *L.A. Times* advertising for a "HOSPITAL PUBLIC RELATIONS DIRECTOR—SALARY $6,000 MONTHLY." A public relations director is only *one* of many hospital executives and is not the highest priced executive. It is about right to assume that some of the higher exec's make far more dollars a month.

Since the hospital has only 80 beds, each bed must absorb the P.R. director's salary. So each bed starts with a charge of $2.50 per day. Plus the many other execs' daily assessment—it's easy to see how the hospital *has to* charge $55 a day for "one" bed.

—H. W. Nullmeyer
Garden Grove, Calif.

TRUE Magazine (October) has much to say about hospitals and hospital costs in *Man's World*. This hospital thinks you make many a good point. This hospital believes in commuting patients with daily accommodation rooms which allow patients to use the hospital long enough to recover from minor operations, then return home with visiting nurses taking over at home.

I say we believe in these efforts—we believe in them to the point where we not only put them into being now, but consider them as vital in all our plans for the future.

—William H. Elliot
Hackensack Hospital
Hackensack, N.J.

Beginning a new monthly page of opinion

in this corner

MY OPEN ROAD TO ADVENTURE

BY DAVID MAXWELL

You don't see many long-distance hitchhikers on the highways any more, and this makes me sad. My wife, who disapproves of hitchhiking, says I'm too sentimental about it. She's probably right. But everybody is sentimental about something. With some it's dogs or horses, with others it's houses or old-time railroading. With me it's hitchhiking. When I see a lone wanderer by the roadside with his thumb up, I can't pass him by. My son is 14 now. By the time he's old enough to travel by thumb we'll be in the 1970's, and the hitchhiking tradition may have vanished from the American road. This fills me with sorrow. I want him to have the experience of hitchhiking, but I doubt that he ever will.

In terms of education, in terms of learning about America, about its people and about myself, the most valuable time of my life was the year between June, 1949, and July, 1950. That was the year I spent thumbing my way around the country. I was fresh out of college and wasn't sure what I wanted to do with my life or where, if anywhere, I wanted to settle. I told my father, "I want to see what the country is like." He'd just spent a lot of money getting me educated and was no doubt hoping I'd repay him by launching myself on some brilliant career. But he knew what it's like when you hear the long road calling. He didn't argue. He slipped me 20 dollars and told me to write home once in a while.

I roamed all over the nation, from New Jersey to California, Texas to Maine. It was a strange and wonderful year—a profound mystical experience, in fact, with all the qualities that I imagine might be found in a long, slow jolt of some consciousness-expanding drug. I'd travel for a while until I got to what seemed like an interesting place, hunt down a job and stay for a couple of weeks, then hit the road again. Some of those departures were sad, for I met all sorts of good-hearted people. Other departures were happy; I was glad to leave the place and sorry for those who had to stay. I worked as a lifeguard in New Orleans, caddied on a golf course in Tulsa, tended bar in Chicago, washed dishes in Boston, sold tombstones all over Wyoming (a tombstone salesman gave me a ride and we teamed up for a while) and, when I couldn't find a job in Salt Lake City, ate free soup as a guest of the Salvation Army.

It took me a month or two to learn, but eventually I became a skilled thumbsman. There was no textbook of techniques; you had to learn by experience. One of the first things I learned was about right and wrong places to sleep. I had all my belongings wrapped up in an Army surplus sleeping bag: my suitcase by day, my bed by night. It's hard to catch a ride after dark because people are wary then, so I always left the road after sundown wherever the last driver happened to drop me off. Often this would be in the middle of a town or city. At first I tried sleeping in parks, but I was almost invariably thrown out by the police. Then, somewhere in Pennsylvania, I met a veteran road bum who taught me that there's only one logical outdoor sleeping place in any city. "Just find yourself a graveyard," he said. "Nobody ever comes into a graveyard after dark." From then on, whenever I found myself in a town after dark, I'd unroll my sleeping bag next to a sheltering tombstone.

Another thing I learned is that you must have that clean-cut look to get rides. I took pains to shave once a day. My beard was tough, and I hated to shave in cold water. Instead I'd go to the nearest gas station and ask permission to use the washroom. At first I did this at night, but the reaction wasn't always friendly. Then I discovered an odd fact: gas station people are friendliest in the early morning. I don't know why, but the early-morning atmosphere around a service station is relaxed, easygoing, companionable. This was true whether the man I buttonholed was the night attendant just going off duty or the day man coming on. They'd always say, "Sure, help yourself."

All kinds of people gave me rides. There were traveling salesmen who wanted company; guys who'd been driving a long time, were getting sleepy and needed somebody else to take the wheel; women on long trips who wanted someone who could change a tire if necessary; farmers looking for temporary hired hands, and just plain friendly folk. In Utah I was picked up by a family of Mormons who called me "thee" and "thou" and took me into their home for a bath, a big dinner and a comfortable bed. In Nebraska, a wheat farmer who couldn't read hired me for two days to decipher a government pamphlet on new pest-control techniques. In the Sierras there was a mother and a little girl who knew more cusswords than I did. "Jeezchrise, Ma," she kept saying, "it's hotter than hell here." "Don't say 'hell,' dear," her mother would reply. Their car kept boiling over. We parked by the road to wait for the cool of night, but then we found that the headlights didn't work. So we slept there, the little girl in my sleeping bag, the mother in the back seat of the car and me in front.

On that year's quest I met more kinds of people than I had in all the previous 22 years of my life. Some gave me problems, of course. There were homosexuals, some of them bigger than I was. Occasionally I was picked up by a man and woman who had some odd three-cornered game they wanted to play. I was annoyed and a bit scared by these people at first. Sometimes, too, I'd get into a hassle with another thumbsman over who had the rights to some choice thumbing location. (We might get together for a beer at night but we preferred to travel alone. Two men thumbing together don't get picked up often.) But by the end of the year nobody could upset me. They were all just further examples of the vast diversity of men and women.

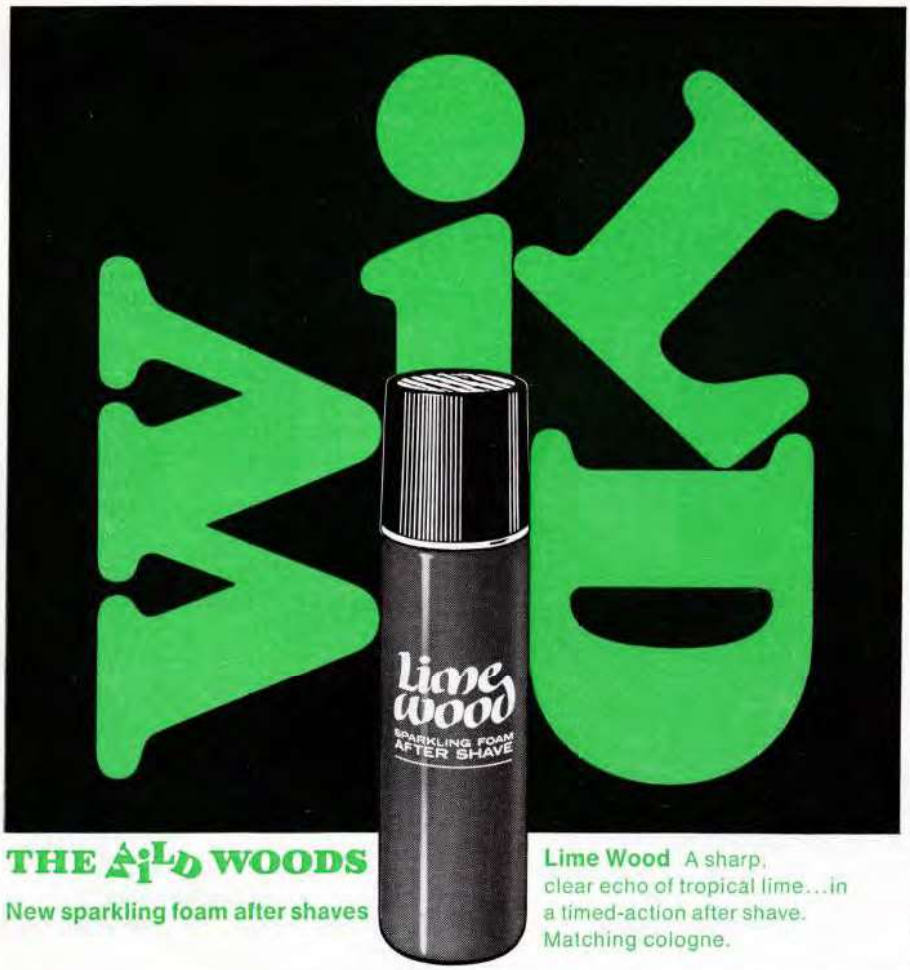
That was how I saw America. I don't know of any other way to see our country—really see it. You can ride around in airplanes or cars and look at its scenery and meet some of its people. But if you want to penetrate to its very roots, you've almost got to do it by thumb. When I got back home from that year of hitchhiking, I felt for the first time that this was actually "my" country. It belonged to me, and I to it.

But now hitchhikers are becoming extinct. I'm not sure why they are; I know only that I see ever fewer of them. Probably superhighways have something to do with it. To thumb rides effectively, you've got to stand at a place where people are driving slowly and can stop conveniently and safely. You can't do this on a modern turnpike except at the exits and entrances, and if you try it there you usually get bounced by the police. Maybe, too, the nation's growing affluence has hastened the hitchhiker's extinction. The more money a man has, the less likely he is to travel by thumb. And to make things tough for the few thumbsmen who do still wander the roads, a conviction seems to have grown that it's dangerous to pick a hitchhiker up. It may be because of too many movies about people being mugged by hitchhikers, or maybe the country is just more wary of strangers than it once was. My wife keeps saying, "Promise you'll *never* pick up any more hitchhikers!" She says it even though she knows I've got to pick them up: it's a kind of travel debt I owe the country. She has ghastly visions of my being slugged on the head with a tire iron; I keep telling her the worst thing I ever got from a thumbsman was boring conversation.

Once in a while I dream of hitting the road one last time, before it's too late—before motorists forget what the sign of the raised thumb means. It's an impossible dream, of course, but I still like to stop my car by a highway now and then, climb out and stand there watching the traffic roar by.

I often wonder if my son hears the call of the road too. I think maybe he's beginning to. But he won't go wherever he's going by thumb; he'll just buy a car.

DAVID MAXWELL LONG AGO GAVE UP TRAVELING BY THUMB TO BECOME A FREE-LANCE WRITER.



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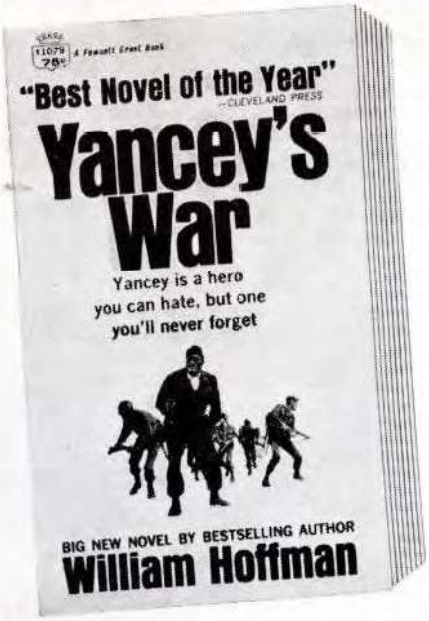

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48-49—Wide World
54—Irving Dolin

For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE JANUARY 1968

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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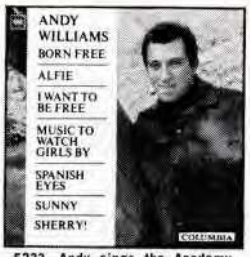
5368. Casino Royale, Wade In The Water, Shades Of Blue, Town Without Pity, etc.

5486. Frank also sings The World We Know, Born Free; This Is My Song, etc.



5233. Andy sings the Academy Award winner Born Free, plus Alfie, Sunny, Sherry, etc.

5546. Dino sings Little Ole Wine Drinker, Me; Pride; Release Me; Turn To Me; etc.

5805. Also: Man In A Raincoat, Good Day Sunshine, The End Of The World, Creators Of Rain, etc.

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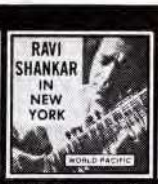
5346. Includes: The Lady Is A Tramp, My Funny Valentine, etc.

2595. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.

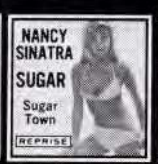


5587. An unusually delightful album of entertainment

2346. Also: Once Upon a Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.

5509. Plus: If I Had Wings, Rolling Home, 12 in all

5236. Selections from Bernstein's most popular albums.



3734. Plus: All 'By Myself, What'll I Do, Coastin', etc.

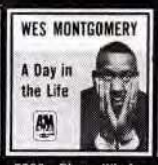
4785. Plus: Mame; What Now My Love; Sunrise, Sunset; etc.

5560. Also: You'll Never Walk Alone, I Believe, etc.

5551. Also: Till The End Of Time, Our Love, 10 in all

1645. Delightful performance of Grofé's soaring tone poem

5557. Also: A Place In The Sun, Sueño, Find Somebody, etc.



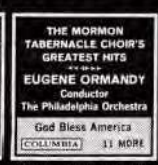
5788. Plus: Windy, Eleanor Rigby, The Joker, 10 in all

1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.

3628. Also: Cancan, Greensleeves, Blue Danube Waltz, etc.

5656. Also: Along The Way, Michelle, More And More, etc.

1530. Greater than ever . . . winner of 6 Academy Awards



3780. Also: Bless This House, The Lord's Prayer, etc.

1683. "Virile grace . . . noble simplicity." —HiFi/Stereo Rev.

5585. Plus: Carpet Man, Do What You Gotta' Do, etc.

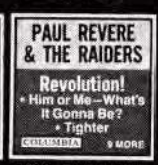
5151. ". . . blockbuster music score." —Music Reporter

5598. Plus: Yellow Balloon, Somethin' Stupid, 11 in all

1210. Also: Granada, Moonlight Gambler, I Believe, etc. *

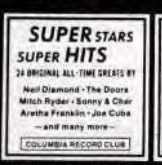
5586. Plus: I Can't Let Go, Memphis, I'm Alive, etc.

5502. Plus: Sunny, Born Free, I Wanna Be Free, 12 in all



5472. Plus: Reno, Upon Your Leaving, Wanting You, etc.

3477. Also: I Talk To The Trees, Pretoria, Cabbage, etc.



5326. Also: Keith, The Young Rascals, The 4 Seasons, etc.

5554. Also: Set Me Free, Marriage On The Rocks, etc.

1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

5555. Plus: Saigon Bride, Turquoise, Annabel Lee, etc.

3685. Also: Big Girls Don't Cry, Opus 17, Marlena, Stay, etc.

3758. Plus: Try To Remember, Granada, Greenfields, etc.

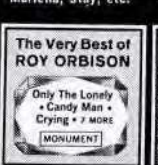
1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

3695. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection). Also includes Sign Of Love, If You Believe, White Lightning, etc.

4936. Plus: Try To Remember, Softly As I Leave You, etc.

1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

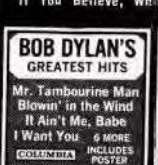
5318. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection) "...a dazzling display in a group of flamenco pieces..." —N.Y. Times



2696. Also: Running Scared, Blue Angel, It's Over, 12 in all

5552. Plus: Close Another Door, Holiday, 14 in all

3578. Also: One Note Samba, Berimbau, Tim Dom Dom, etc.



3858. Plus: Rainy Day Women, Like A Rolling Stone, etc.

3656. Plus: Brasilia, Dear Heart, A Spanish Rose, 12 in all

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(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip Code.....

Do You Have a Telephone? (Check One) ☐ YES ☐ NO

227-3/ K1

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227-4/ K9

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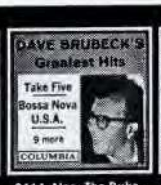
5370. Plus: We Love Us, Reputation, On A Quiet Night, etc.

3728. Also: The Impossible Dream, Give Her Love, etc.

5487. Plus: I Will Wait For You, Layer Man, Groovin', etc.



2414. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolly Song, etc.

5579, That's Life; Baby, I Love You; 96 Tears; etc.

2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.

5238. Plus: Cabaret, Time After Time, Hasta Luego, etc.

5095. Plus: Orange Blossom Special; It Ain't Me, Babe; etc.

3244. Plus: That Kind Of Girl, Words Of Love, 9 more

2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.

5424. Includes: Sad And Lonely Times, Flying High, etc.

3760. ". . . nothing less than genius." —London Daily Tel.

5577. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection) What Now My Love; I Got You, Babe; Plastic Man; Just You; etc.

5430. Plus: Secret Love, The Trouble With Me, Ivy, etc.

2407. Where Am I Going, C'est Se Bon, Yesterdays, etc.

5584. Plus: Apache, The Lonely Bull, Wipe-Out, 12 in all

2639. "The best musical score of '65." —Am. Record Guide

5562. Plus: Ruby Tuesday, Please Go Home, My Girl, etc.

3432. Also: Come Running Back, Any Time, 7 more

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RECORDS SENT ON CREDIT. Upon enrollment, the Club will open a charge account in your name...you pay for your records only after you have received them — played them — and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $4.98 (Classical, occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

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5306. Plus: Vaya con Dios, Spanish Eyes, Crazy, etc.

5488. Plus: When It's Over, Lay Some Happiness On Me, etc.

2413. Plus: P. T. 109, The Cajun Queen, Steel Men. etc.

5457. Plus: Life Turned Her That Way, Mighty Day, etc.

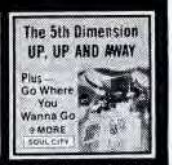
5297. Also: Makin' My Mind Up, I'll Run Away, 11 in all

5790. Plus: Lovin' You, Younger Girl, Daydream, 7 more

3675. "Stunning musical. Brilliantly conceived."—N.Y. Times

3782. Musical fantasy for the young at heart

5420. Plus: Mary In The Morning, Release Me, etc.



5588. Also: Learn How To Fly, Poor Side Of Town etc.

5317. First-rate humor in the true Cosby tradition.

2396. Also: Do You Love Me, Bits And Pieces, etc. *

3679. Also: Strangers In The Night, Sunny, etc.

2605. "Some of his funniest material." —Billboard

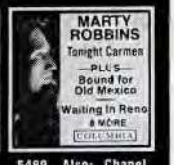
5298. Plus: Sweet, Sweet Lovable You; He's Got You; etc.

3465. Also: Sometime Lovin', The King Of Names, 12 in all

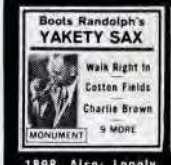
1012. Also: What Do I Care, Forty Shades of Green, etc.

4947. Plus: They Call The Wind Maria, Spanish Eyes, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *



5489. Also: Chapel Bells Chime, Don't Go Away Senor, etc.



1898. Also: Lonely Street, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, etc.

3527. Here is a bargain for classical music lovers . . . this special two-record set counts as one selection only

5559. Also: Games That Lovers Play; My Love, Forgive Me; etc.

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made." —Life

5465. Plus: I Got A Woman; It Ain't Me, Babe; 11 in all

3586. Plus: The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, 12 in all

3632. Also: Louise, Undecided Man, Good Thing, 12 in all

5511. Plus: Lady, A Swingin' Safari, For Bert, 12 in all

3789. Also: I Wish You Love, Who Can I Turn To, 8 more

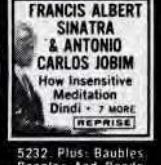
5515. Capturing moments of a fondly remembered film

5485. ". . . greatest virtuoso orch. of all time."—N. Y. Times

5561. Plus: Eight Miles High, My Back Pages, 5D, 11 in all

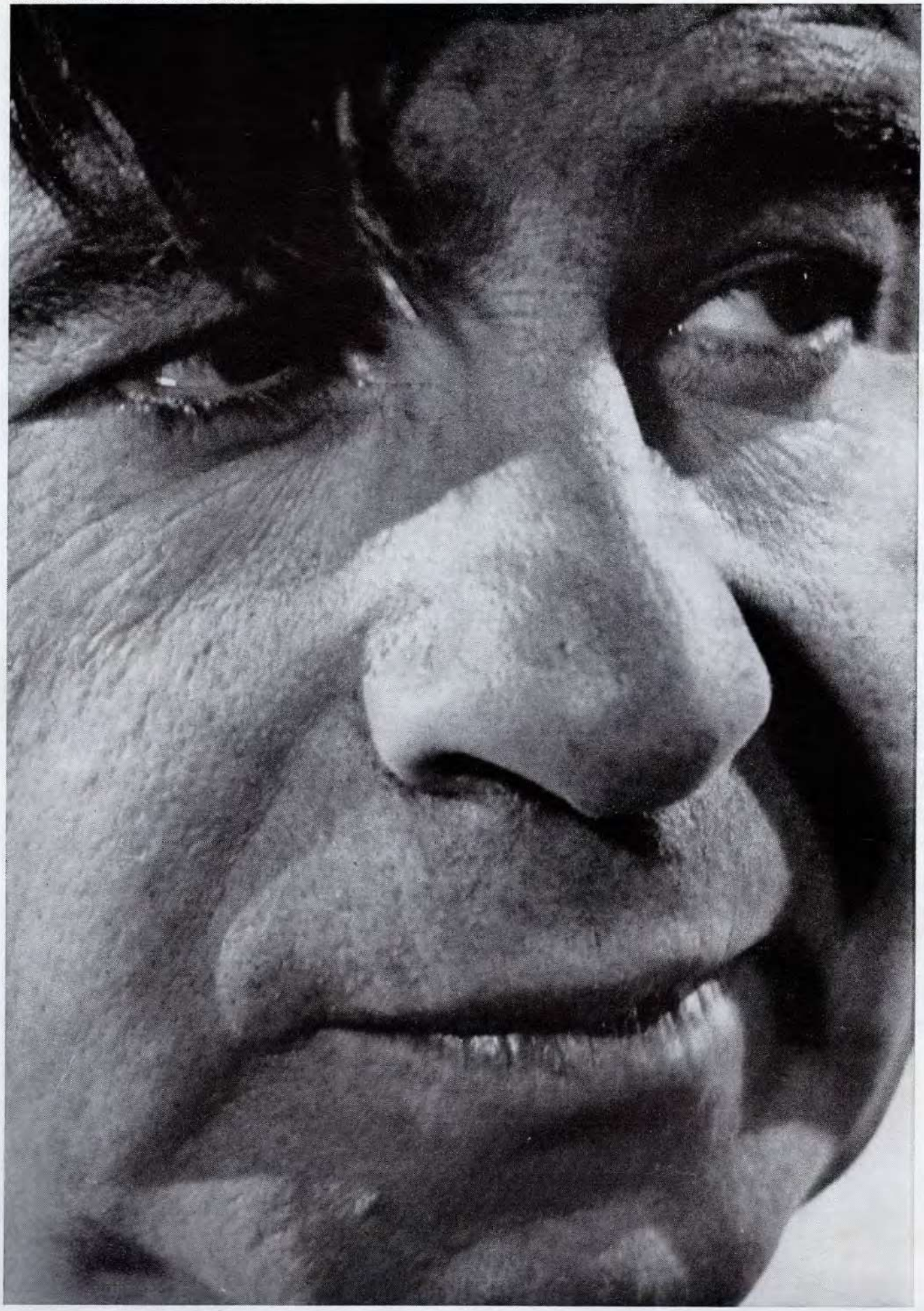
3443. Also, I Wish You Love, Free Again, Le Mur, Martina, etc.

5302. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection). Plus: Don't Make Me Over, Shall I Tell Her, 23 in all



5232. Plus: Baubles, Bangles And Beads, Change Partners, etc.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD R. HEWITT



HOLLYWOOD'S HOT AND UGLY STAR

True's Who
BY AL STUMP

Walter Matthau is not young or handsome or muscular. He's a rubber-faced mugger of enormous ability—and his sudden success may mean that movie men will once again employ actors

■ At 1:30 a.m. of January 10, 1966, Walter Matthau woke up in his Los Angeles apartment. He groped his way into the bathroom. Matthau was standing over the toilet half-asleep when a hammer blow struck his left chest. For a moment, he couldn't believe what was happening, but then full consciousness came and the thought hit him: *what a ridiculous way to die.*

No one can be sure how he'd react to a massive heart attack. In 1943 the 23-year-old Matthau, then a rookie waist gunner, had felt only numbness and had kept his gun firing when a shell blew a hole in the B-17 he was riding over Nazi-held France, killing two crewmen. Earlier in life, when he mangled his thumb by catching it in the rotating shaft of a buzz saw in a Montana timber camp, he had screamed for doctors, transfusions and Divine help.

Now he slumped to his knees, partially paralyzed, able to move only his right hand. Matthau began to snap the fingers. "It was a feeling of anger and futility, mixed," he says. "Every time in my life that things have been on the upgrade, when I'm in good emotional and financial shape, something comes along to mess me up. So I snapped the fingers. *Bastard,* was I disgusted!"

By the time Matthau's wife heard him snapping away on the bathroom floor, it was almost too late to save him. He had suffered a myocardial infarction, a blockage of the heart's arteries.

Matthau—born Walter Matuschanskayasky in a New York slum—is a lanky, rubber-faced, six-feet-three, 185-pound actor, 47 years old, who is neither handsome, young nor a "type" fitting any known mold of movie promoters, but who recently has become so hot in Hollywood that studios offer him blank contracts to fill in and he is booked solidly for major picture parts through 1972. Last July, he completed *The Odd Couple,* costarred with Jack Lemmon, for $300,000 and a share of the profits. Next he'll be seen opposite Barbra Streisand in the Technicolor version of *Hello, Dolly!,* and then as the evil Doctor Moriarity in Billy Wilder's forthcoming *Sherlock Holmes.* For this work, less than five months of it, he will earn about $1,250,000. Early in 1967 Matthau won an Academy Award for his impersonation of a crooked lawyer in *The Fortune Cookie,* a triumph of comic art which brought Matthau the unanimous vote of critics as the greatest screen conniver and con man since W. C. Fields. That paid him—for 12 weeks of his time—another $250,000. The toughest highbrow reviewers call Matthau "classically skillful," and say that he is a master of satire and one of the funniest, most versatile performers in the world. *No one* knocks him. From all sides the praise piles up. Adding the income from a current hit in which he stars, *A Guide For The Married Man,* between 1965 and two years from now he will bank in the vicinity of $2.8 million.

Six years ago Matthau came out from New York to California so broke that he borrowed $100 from Bill Schallert, an actor friend, for eating purposes. Richard Widmark put up Matthau in a spare bedroom and friends advanced him necessary gambling money—Walter being incapable of walking past a bookie joint eyes front.

"I'm desperate, can't get work, can't pay my gambling debts," Matthau puts it. "Kirk Douglas was doing a semi-Western of little merit, *Lonely Are The Brave,* and I played the sardonic sheriff in it for $15,000. Then I was forced into worse things. The worst motion picture ever made was *The Gangster Story,* thrown together by some amateur speculators;

In a forthcoming film, **The Odd Couple,** *Matthau plays a slobby sportswriter. He'll get $300,000 for the job.*

After years of being just another name in the cast, Walter Matthau was "discovered." Now he enjoys giving the needle to Hollywood

for playing the lead and rewriting the script, when they couldn't get anyone else, I got $7,000. In 1960-61 there were pimps and degenerates around town who had more class than I had."

The story of how he overcame the belief that he never would be more than another name in the cast is a long one. But the upshot is that the industry's leaders today defer to him and pronounce his name (*Math*-ow) properly. They send Rolls limousines to carry him each morning to the lot ("Walter, could we fly you up to Santa Barbara for cocktails with Ronnie Reagan and the Zanucks?"). And the laconic Matthau, who can recall without effort that these are the same people who treated him to years of rejection, takes pleasure in deflating them. At a conference where a Paramount or MGM nabob is spreading his ego and a great deal of money around, he will stare at the speaker with appraising interest. "Tell me, Charley," he'll ask. "Do you masturbate much?"

A Vienna-born director, known as a genius from the Cannes Festival to Chasen's parking lot, flew into a rage when he first ran into Matthau. In a thick Teutonic accent the director had begun a description of how he'd handle *The Odd Couple,* should he choose to become involved with it. Matthau's rheumy eye turned upon him.

"What the hell's this?" he said, in mystification. "This guy from out of town?"

A Universal Studio producer, Ross Hunter, asked Matthau one day how he'd like to appear in his *The Thrill Of It All*—advertised as a coming epic. "I'd rather catch the goddam cholera," growled Matthau.

He feels that most films are lousy. And that not many actors deserve the name. Matthau says this frankly, in the language he grew up with—as a young alley fighter competing for bread on Essex and Delancey streets on New York's Lower East Side, in Army barracks from England to Germany, in logging camps out West. All 10 of his fingers have been broken, either in fights or accidents. His nose has been broken six times.

In a rough and tumble life he's been a boxing teacher, cement-bag hauler, factory worker, waiter, timber cutter, railway hand, staff sergeant, Fuller Brush salesman and semipro poker player. When he first tried to break into pictures in 1953, the former Air Force gunner also happened to be—after a long struggle to get there—a highly-regarded actor on the Broadway stage. Manhattan critics had accorded him exceptional notices for his work as Nathan Detroit in *Guys and Dolls,* as a cop in *Twilight Walk,* as a cuckolding pilot in *In Any Language,* as a billionaire Frenchman in *A Shot In The Dark.* The fact that this accomplishment went ignored for 10 years remains much on his mind.

Now that he's on top of the heap, Matthau reminds you of Casey Stengel, who was stuck in the minors one day and on a World Series champagne diet the next. From there on in Casey had everyone dancing his tune. So does Matthau.

As soon as he had earned enough money, Matthau built a home as far from Sunset & Vine as he could get—near Saratoga, New York, on Lake Luzerne. He commutes year-round between his country retreat and a New York City apartment and the Holywood sound stages. In California he wears sandals and old pants, owns no swimming pool or even an auto—"I ride a bike and wear a Le Mans race hat to let them know where I stand"—passes up prémieres and parties and lives in a rented furnished flat far over the hills from Beverly Hills. His few friends include a jewelry salesman, a chauffeur and a retired bookie.

Big Walter has all the social graces. He is a cultured student of Mozart and Brahms and of good literature. But around the pix business, be adopts a mouth-ajar air of astonishment at what he sees, squints a pair of beady eyes at the boys in snakeskin shoes and mumbles words that hurt.

He has said of Hollywood: "It's easy for a woman to become a critic or paid gossip. Masculinity has struck out, Charley. But have you noticed how consistently lousy are the writings and the artistic standards of these broads? It stands out like an asthmatic's gasp." Studio spokesmen attempt to soften his bluntness by telling interviewers, in advance, "Walter is as honest as Abe Lincoln."

"Honest? Chrissake, once in the Army I stole $25 out of a pal's pants pocket. I've cheated in 5,000 poker and pinochle games," he corrects. "All that I've got in common with Lincoln is a large nose."

The fact is that he eventually replaced the $25 and is known to be dead honest in contractual matters. But he believes someone should do something about the decaying cinemagraphic art. A few years ago, in *Mirage*, starring Gregory Peck, he played a blundering private detective so well that, in a minor role, he walked off with the picture. *Time* Magazine's summation was: "When they killed off Walter Matthau early in the script, everything else died." A few months ago, I told him that I'd heard that Peck's agents had ordered Peck never again to appear before a camera with that low-life, sneaky, scene-stealing Matthau. He eased back and parked his skinny legs on a dressing-room chair. He said, "If it isn't true, it should be."

"Peck hears a thing in his head," he explained. "It reverberates. He hears the sound of his own voice, of which he is extremely fond. Rule One—an actor never is aware of his voice. He's too involved in blocking his squalid self out of whatever he's doing and delivering what the writer's lines are meant to get across. Peck is a bore and about as good an actor as a stick of wood. The same went for Gary Cooper and it goes for John Wayne and most of today's stereotyped leading men.

"What finally got me 'discovered' and has brought on others who aren't machine-stamped, handsome types—like Richard Burton, Albert Finney and Mike Caine, to name a few—is that producers were forced to go back to the forest, where accomplished actors grow. These men taste, smell and feel acutely any character they personify. Like Bogart did, they blank themselves out. They take the trouble to soak up life out and beyond them. The great ones wouldn't know how to do patterned imitations. However, for each of them there are 50 who can only mimic what they saw Cagney or Menjou or Tracy or Gable do long ago.

"I'm an instinctive actor, an interesting one, and the reason is that I've been around a lot, and still get around, and use what I see and hear. I've been poor, on the make, drunk, frustrated, hated, loved, happy, ashamed, punched up in fights, loused up by friends, and so on. Association with ordinary people remains a big thing in my life—I'm always around country stores, ball parks, bars and hamburger joints and I ride the subway. It's no problem. It was only recently that I became well-known enough to be recognized and bothered.

"I'm a sponge. You can't say three words to me before I'm listening to not just what you say, but how you say it, and why, and making the addition: what's this joker all about? Most of the 'name' stars can only mug, because they live in houses and studios behind high walls. In a vacuum."

Matthau first came to southern California 14 years ago. A decade later, just a few years before his 1966 heart attack, he reflects, he could have been run over by a truck in front of the Brown Derby with no tears shed. He was nobody. But when he was hospitalized and was reported "dying," there was panic. He was then shooting *The Fortunie Cookie* for Mirisch brothers and production was three-quarters completed when he fell ill. It had become clear to everyone on the set, including Jack Lemmon, that Matthau was dominating the two-man comedy. He couldn't be replaced in the remaining dozen scenes. He was cast as "Whiplash Willie" Gingrich, a notorious, thieving lawyer who made phony lawsuits a fine art and a way of life. Before the cameras, he was about to climb a flight of stairs and knock over an insurance company for a quarter-million-dollar settlement in a trumped-up injury case—when he fell down in the bathroom at his beach apartment and was placed in an oxygen tent. Mirisch and United Artists, co-backers of *Fortune Cookie*, could only pray for his recovery. Something like $10 million worth of prayers.

"His hospital room," says Bill Schallert, the actor pal who once lent him $100, "looked like a funeral already—flowers up to the ceiling." Others relate, "The studios had Walt's doctors wired with two-way radios for the latest report. Cads and Jags were parked out front, with messengers. Nurses were frisked for information when they came off duty. At Mirisch studio the morning greeting was 'He's still breathing.' "

Matthau says that, although he was deeply frightened, he was also grimly amused. "If it's true that an actor is one big insecure bag of vanity, I sure had a chance to get mine massaged. But grief because you love someone and grief that's tied to a financial concern aren't to be confused. [*Continued on page* 16]

[*Continued from page* 15]
Guys who wouldn't have given me a job in *Distant Cousin of Dracula* not much earlier were getting rabbis out of bed to say chants for me. Even while it hurt, I laughed."

One hundred and nineteen days after he'd been stricken, Matthau, insisting he was able to work, climbed the flight of stairs and spoke his interrupted *Fortune Cookie* lines. Doctors didn't advise it. Insurance companies had cancelled his on-job coverage. He was 25 pounds underweight. He not only finished, but made the film's closing sequence—where Whiplash Willie, who seemingly has been tricked out of his settlement, trumps up a whole new series of preposterous lawsuits—one of the funniest monologues since Groucho Marx's classic legal character, "J. Cheever Loophole."

"One reason they had to give him an Academy Award for the part," says Jack Lemmon, who has reason to be jealous but isn't, "was that Walter didn't look at all the same when he resumed the role. He'd lost all that weight, he was thin and weak. Yet he had to convince audiences that he was the same burly, cocky con artist who'd steamrollered everybody in the earlier scenes. This he did. Futhermore, he did this difficult thing easily, without padding his clothes or using added makeup."

"From Shakespeare to burlesque, Matthau is complete," states Gene Kelly, a leading admirer. "He's so versatile you can't classify him. He's the movies' ultimate weapon. You have a weak story and put him in it and you've got the closest guarantee of a hit that exists."

The plugs are helpful to his career, but they were so long in arriving that he pays them little heed and concentrates on hard bargaining. There are no harder bargainers in the business than Matthau. "He opens conferences by making cracks about our sex lives," complains one executive. "After that he knows only three insulting words: 'Up your price!' "

Early in 1965, Paramount, and others concerned, began negotiations with him to do his stage sportswriter in *Odd Couple* on film. They felt they had Matthau over a barrel, three ways. He had heavy gambling debts and needed a payday. He was in love with his former Broadway role which had brought fame. The part could make him a top movie star, etc. The promoters offered him $150,000.

"Three hundred thousand," said Matthau.

"Outrageous. We'll get Jackie Gleason or Sinatra to do it," threatened Paramount.

"Go ahead," said Matthau, indifferently. "Fat Jack would be good in it."

Calling his bluff, so they thought, the backers broke off talks. Matthau went out to Santa Anita track where horses continued to run out of the money for him. He badly needed cash. But he waited.

"He waited 18 miserable months," one of his associates says, "at a time when he was paying $60,000 a year in alimony, child support and upkeep for his mother and when the bookies were into him for a ton. He wouldn't budge, though. He sweated it out and gambled that he was so tightly identified with the part that Paramount wouldn't dare go elsewhere. They came up to $200,000. He still said, 'Up your price.' "

At length the promoters gave up and met his terms which included a share in the box-office receipts. His eventual take is expected to run past $500,000. "And the amazing thing is," adds Leonard Hershan of the William Morris Agency, which represents Matthau, "that Walter never had drawn more than $75,000 for any previous movie role. It was one of the greatest jumps upward in history."

If he hadn't been born into poverty, perhaps he'd have avoided this particularly tight corner. For it was while he was a ghetto boy that Walter got the betting habit, one which continued, disastrously, for many years. If he earned $2 sweeping out a store, he bet it on a baseball parlay, on lagging quarters or on 21. "I was 10-11 years old. After a while I couldn't stop," he says.

His father, Melas Matuschanskayasky, was a bearded, poetic little man of five-feet-four who came over from Kiev, Russia, around 1915 and failed at everything he did. Broken by the competitive system, he abandoned the family—Walter, a brother and their mother, Rose—when Walter was three. He never returned. The mother, Rose, worked in New York sweatshops for the next 15 years.

Before Walter finished P.S. 25 and Junior High 24, his mother repeatedly was evicted from cold-water flats for unpaid rent and all three Matthaus were malnutrition cases. Walter's case was most evident. At 15, he stood six-feet-two and weighed 105 pounds. In defiance of his poor lot, he became a loudmouth, a show-off, a street fighter. The battles with Polish, Italian and Jewish kids flattened his nose, built a bulbous cartilege (now his most notable comic feature) and instilled the habit of leaping away from sudden noises. Matthau still is a leaper. Critics see some W. C. Fields in him, partly because Fields had the mannerism, both on and off-screen, of twitching back when startled. "But Fields did it out of a conniver's guilt," observes Walter. "With me it could be that, deep down, I'm still scared."

Around Second Avenue settlement playgrounds he was known as "Stupid." But he won the most important fight of his kid days when he slugged it out with a rat-pack rival named Rocco Barbella in Tompkins Square Park. Walter broke Rocco's nose and beat him. Barbella grew up to become world middleweight champ Rocky Graziano. Recently asked about this, Graziano said, "Yeah, I remember. He licked me good. But he was a lot taller. And dirtier."

Equipped with loud lungs and a natural ability at pantomime, the teen-age Walter became a *farkoyfer*—a $3-a-week ice-cream vendor—in Yiddish playhouses along Second Avenue, where he watched some of the fine but unknown comedian-tragedians of the day, named Yablokoff, Fuchs, Rosenberg and Nathanson. He did some mugging of his own in the aisles and got laughs. To end the nuisance the performers brought him onstage in bit parts. He spoke his first professional lines dressed as a World War I soldier, crouched in a trench during a pinochle game. "I bid 400," he said, in Yiddish, after another player said, "Three-fifty." Just then a shell exploded, blowing up everything. A kibitzer leaned over from the next trench to observe, sadly, "He never would have made it."

In this excellent training school he did well. But his family and relatives hooted at his theatrical ambitions. Matthau ended up joining the Civilian Conservation Corps as an axman. In Montana timber camps the 19-year-old permanently lost the use of a thumb in a buzz saw accident.

Enlisting four months after Pearl Har-

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bor, Matthau became a radio operator-gunner with a heavy-bomber group at Attleborough, England. He describes his behavior as one of "erratic rebellion." He did his combat missions, but often did them while half-intoxicated. Failure to salute, sloppy dress and several AWOL's brought him to the brink of a court-martial. At one dressing down, Matthau told a captain, "If you didn't have that rank, sir, I wouldn't be averse to dropping you with a small left hook." Only a combat record of 14 missions over Nazi submarine pens, where he earned six battle stars, saved him.

After the war, back in New York, he was a bartender-waiter, a W.P.A. boxing coach, a construction stiff and was married and divorced. Mostly out of boredom he enrolled in 1946 in New York's New School for Social Research Dramatic Workshop.

After four years of stock-company apprenticeship, he landed minor parts on Broadway while earning $350-a-week side money in TV's *Philco Playhouse*. In 1955 he was a small sensation as the fiendish press-agent in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* He jumped up to star billing when Donald Cook dropped dead in New Haven, Connecticut, while rehearsing in *A Shot In The Dark*. Harry Kurnitz, the play's author, needing a quick-study replacement, wired Matthau tersely: COOK DEAD. YOU INTERESTED? Matthau replied: YES IF PRIVILEGES WITH UPSTAIRS MAID INCLUDED.

Matthau was a great success. Winning wide theatrical notice, he went to the $5,000-a-month class.

Along the way he had controlled but not shaken off his boyhood betting habit; in the late 1950's it became a mania. If horse, baseball or fight action wasn't available, Matthau created bets. At the Algonquin Hotel bar he laid $1,000 that the next man through the door would be five-feet-10 or taller. "Good odds, you're covered," said friends. In the doorway appeared two six-footers. Matthau chortled. The men bumped each other, paused to apologize and while they did, in walked: Peter Lorre.

By the shrewd expedient of gambling on big-league spring-exhibition ball games, Matthau was losing $15,000 here and $20,000 there and, today, can only shake his head at his stupidity. There is no form in the Grapefruit League. It's all rookie unknowns pitching, managers experimenting and scores not counting. "Nevertheless," he says, "I was so hooked that I'd lay $1,500 per exhibition game. Some days I had three, four bets going. Soon I can't pay my apartment rent. The manager asks, 'But, why? You're a big performer. You won two Tony Awards.' I tell him it's because of undependable bastards named Stengel, Lopez, Alston and Richards. The big bath, the one that killed me, came when the Yankees lost a doubleheader to Baltimore in Florida. I had $12,000 on the first game, $36,000 on the second."

The $48,000 setback made it a total of $170,000 he owed bookies, none of which he could pay, yet Matthau went to the headman ("by now they'd appointed one central collector") and pleaded for still more credit.

"You're smart and over 21, cut it out," replied Big Solly. "Quit now and pay us off in monthly installments."

"No, you got me wrong," said Matthau. "What I really am is a miserable, psychotic, masochistic degenerate. Now, what about the credit?"

Refused, he found another handbook and proceeded to lose $15,000 more in less than three weeks.

It wasn't until 1964 that Matthau finally paid off in full. He cashed in all his residual rights in several dozen TV shows, borrowed from friends and obtained advances on stage work. Loss of the residuals amounted to $75,000. Little was left for him to live on. What hurt as much was that bookmakers shut him off and he couldn't wager on such things as the Yankees to beat the Cardinals in the '64 World Series.

But the Cards beat the Yanks, he is reminded. "I *know* it," snarls Matthau, "but the odds in St. Louis were so damned good."

During this time he remarried. Carol Matthau is a small, pale-blonde beauty, the former wife of author William Saroyan, and she didn't reform him. Matthau says he did it by himself: "I quit. I wouldn't bet even on a sure thing." However, only hours after I'd been introduced to him, Matthau restlessly began to talk baseball. "Bet you anything you want," he offered, "that you can't name the third baseman in the infield combination of Tinker, Evers and Chance. Nobody remembers him."

"How does Harry Steinfeldt grab you?" I said.

Matthau got to his feet and stood as tragically posed as Macbeth. "See why I quit? Within 10 miles of here nobody knows the answer, but I gotta meet you."

To help make his second marriage work he has cut his former drinking habit to no more than two or three Scotches a day. Last summer, Walter presented Carol with a large diamond ring. Delighted and looking inside the band to see what he had engraved, she read: "To a Great American."

One morning I met Walter as he was leaving his beach apartment for the *Odd Couple* set. A gleaming Paramount Studio limousine was waiting to take him to work. Climbing into the front with the driver, he assigned me to the rear. "That's the celebrity seat," he said. "I used to sit back there and bow and wave to the crowds. I was trying to rib the star system. But the people on the streets didn't get it. They waved back and some of them cheered."

Many actors loudly proclaim that they hate the industry. Matthau is more subtle. Instead of the usual tooled-leather briefcase in which scripts are contained he carried a ragged old carpetbag, as old as the Civil War. He wore a sweat shirt and a New York Mets baseball cap.

At Paramount, other members of the company were rehearsing. Matthau didn't bother. He was ready. He has the veteran Broadway performer's ability to deliver the longest lines without flubbing. He finds it ridiculous that picture actors need "idiot" boards, prompters, and rehearsal—and still flub. Between shots, Walter listened to Mozart records in his dressing room, played poker with the scenery shifters and loafed. Later, a woman columnist interviewed him, but she didn't learn much. In an earlier, and classic, interview, he did a put-on of Hollywood publicity with such bromides as: "I have found my true metier in the silver screen" and "the part I have is only supercolossal." He added, "Readers also will want to know that I am partial to lavender aftershave lotion. And that I sleep in an extra-large bed with Carol. Wearing, of course, only the tops of my pajamas."

While "the old rounder," as he calls himself, has his fun, he works hard to improve his dramatic skills. When *Odd Couple* was completed last summer, he left for his luxurious 10-room brick-and-clapboard home in the Adirondacks. The two-story house features huge rooms, oaken floors, massive furniture, a pool table, an exercycle and a hi-fi complex throughout. Matthau designed it himself and acted as building supervisor. The place is remote and visitors are few. Here he can plan ahead and strengthen his heart with daily 10-mile hikes ("that thing in my chest never is off my mind," he admits) and read scripts which arrive by the dozen.

For 15 years he tried to convince someone that he could play leading-man roles, but remained cast as a heavy or comic relief. In a recent film, *A Guide For The Married Man*, he finally gets the girl, the gorgeous Inger Stevens. "This is amazing," he says. "I'd about given up hope that the movies would realize that most guys who get girls are ordinary-looking or homely. And that they can identify with someone like me, a common guy. Now, all at once, everybody wants me to do romantic leads." Matthau would far rather do something completely serious, something he would really be remembered for—on the subject of race hatred. Intolerance, he believes, is another word for lack of appreciation. "I know something about not being appreciated. I grew up as a ghetto Jew. And I was in 260 shows before I won the Oscar in 1967. You'd figure by then I'd be pretty well-known. But they had made me a second banana for most of my life. When I walked up to get my Oscar at the awards affair, feeling damned good and satisfied at last, somebody down front said it so loud I could hear him. He said, 'Matthau? Who's he?' " **—Al Stump**

COMING . . .

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men in the world's
smallest warships battle
the enemy at
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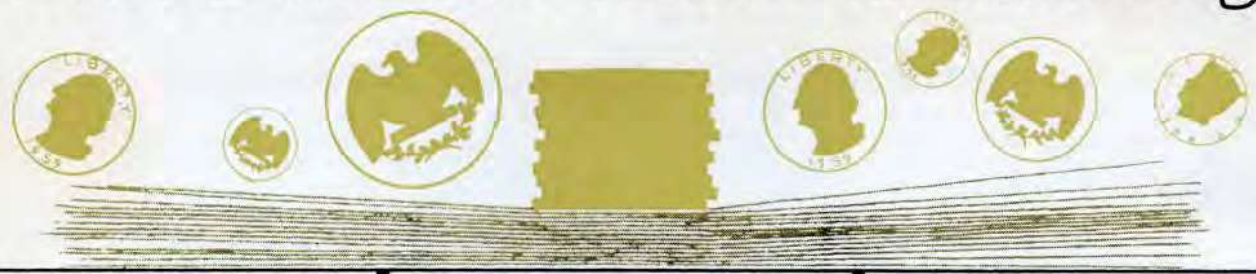

BY MAX GUNTHER

YOUR SAVINGS DOLLARS— WHERE SHOULD THEY GO?

The start of a new year is a good time to think about investments, and nobody knows this better than the people who make money out of your money. Each January, newspaper ads and TV commercials and peripatetic salesmen try harder than usual to lure your cash into the three main forms of investment: permanent or "whole" life insurance, savings and mutual stock funds.

Each investment medium does have advantages. But they aren't exactly the advantages touted by the barkers. It's up to each man to study all three with care, then pick the one or two that fit his particular situation best.

If you're interested mainly in a safe, sure buildup of retirement cash, your best bet is whole life insurance.

If you're more interested in leaving your family a big, guaranteed lump of cash in case you die before retiring, you're unquestionably better off buying term insurance and putting the difference in a savings bank.

If you're willing to take risks in hope of a much bigger retirement bonanza *and* a bigger estate at death, buy term and invest the rest in stocks.

To see how this works, consider the hypothetical cases of three married men. Each has $1,000 a year to invest for 35 years, beginning at age 30 and ending at 65. Each invests the same total of $35,000 through his working life. Let's see how they make out.

Joe buys whole life. With a typical policy now issued by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., $1,000 a year buys him (assuming he's in good health and isn't in a hazardous job) about $51,000 in guaranteed death benefit. The policy also guarantees him roughly $30,000 in retirement cash if he lives to 65.

The retirement cash is $5,000 less than Joe's entire $35,000 investment. In other words, his family's insurance protection over the 35 years has cost him $5,000, or slightly over $140 a year.

Metropolitan Life is a mutual company which, when it makes profits, returns them to policyholders as dividends. Let's suppose the company's current rate of dividend payments was in force through the whole 35-year period, and let's assume Joe reinvested this money in his policy. In this case he ends at 65 with a death benefit of roughly $83,000; and if he lives past 65, he can cash in the policy for $55,000. If he lives, he has made a $20,000 cash profit on the deal. But remember that this profit isn't *guaranteed*. It's only *possible*.

Harry takes a different route. He elects to buy term or "pure-protection" insurance and put what's left of his $1,000 each year into a savings account.

For comparison, let's say Harry wants the same guaranteed death benefit Joe has: $51,000. This protection cost Joe only $140 a year, but Harry must pay three to four times as much (because, among other reasons, Joe's mounting cash reserve helps pay for his insurance). There are scores of different types of term insurance with widely varying costs. To pick a reasonable round number, let's say Harry's cost is $500 a year. The policy will simply expire with no cash value when he reaches 65, and it will collect no dividends. But Harry has $500 a year left to invest in other media.

He plunks it into savings. No bank guarantees an interest rate, so Harry can only be sure he gets out what he puts in: over 35 years, $17,500.

This is Harry's guaranteed retirement cash—and it's less than Joe's guaranteed thirty grand. But if both men die just before 65, Harry's family will be the richer. Joe's family will get the $51,000 death benefit. Harry's will get the death benefit plus the savings: $68,500.

These are the guaranteed sums. How about the possible? Suppose Harry's bank pays four percent interest for all 35 years. His $500 a year, at four percent compounded quarterly, adds up to roughly $39,000. This possible retirement cash is less than Joe's possible $55,000. But if Harry dies just before 65, his possible estate now totals $90,000 ($39,000 plus $51,000)—more than Joe's.

Bill is more of a gambler. He buys term and sinks his remaining $500 a year into stocks. The stock market guarantees nothing. Thus Bill's guaranteed retirement cash is zero, and his guaranteed estate if he dies before 65 is $51,000. In terms of guarantees, Gamblin' Bill is clearly the all-around loser.

In terms of the possible, he wins. To pick a 35-year period that shows the stock market at its worst and best, take the years 1929-1963. Let's assume the stocks Bill buys go up and down in price exactly in step with the Dow Jones Average. He buys $500 worth on the first trading day of each year and holds all he he buys throughout the period. He ends in 1963 with stocks worth roughly $70,000. Dividends, reinvested, might add another $20,000. Thus Bill ends with possible retirement cash of $90,000 and, adding his insurance death benefit, a possible estate of $141,000 if he dies just before 65.

This is a highly simplified picture. It doesn't take into account the fact that taxes on a life-insurance payout, bank interest and stock price gains differ in individual financial situations.

Another individual factor that should be calculated in is your own psychology. You're the only man on earth who can do this. Consider the fact that a whole-life insurance program, once started, is fairly likely to be carried through. There's a hard and direct penalty for quitting early, since the cash values build up much more slowly in the early years than later on. Quit early, and you take out less than you put in. This isn't true of bank savings and isn't necessarily true of stock investments.

And you should be aware that the word "guaranteed," when used in any talk of investments, is a relative term. Nothing is guaranteed absolutely.

But the cases of Joe, Harry and Bill illustrate the main characteristics of each investment medium under normal circumstances.

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ROBBERY. This crisp, exciting film is based on the Great English Train Robbery which is still not fully solved. Stanley Baker stars as the mastermind who puts together the robbery with military precision and James Booth is the Scotland Yard man who tries to catch him. Joanna Pettet plays Baker's wife. They are all quite good.

OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE. The mother of seven children dies one night. The children conspire to keep her death a secret to avoid being sent to an orphanage. Then their no-good father shows up and causes a disaster. A beautifully done, suspenseful and creepy film. Dirk Bogarde is fine as the father and the kids are simply magnificent.

THE JUNGLE BOOK. A full-length cartoon feature from Walt Disney, this film is fine for adults and kids alike. Based loosely on Kipling's stories of Mowgli the Man-Child and his adventures with a variety of animals in India (including a man-eating tiger), it's more Disney than Kipling, but still worth seeing. Louis Prima, George Sanders, Phil Harris and others supply the animal voices.

Sophia: Beautiful in rags.

MORE THAN A MIRACLE. The major miracle here is that this silly movie was ever made. Sophia Loren stars as a sort of Spanish Cinderella and Omar Sharif is the prince. Set in medieval times, it is treated as a fable which only emphasizes the cliches of a very old story. Sophia is beautiful, even in rags, and the direction is vividly vigorous, but so what?

REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE. This film has everything going for it but a script, which makes it a clear flop. Marlon Brando, Elizabeth Taylor, Brian Keith and Julie Harris are excellent in the story of love, hate and homosexuality on an Army post, and John Huston's direction is fine, but the story is simply not cinematic material.

FITZWILLY. There's something old-fashioned and inconsequential about this comedy. Dick Van Dyke stars as a butler who turns high-class thief, aided by the household staff, in order to keep Dame Edith Evans in her accustomed style. The performances are good, with the exception of Barbara Feldon, Maxwell Smart's TV aide, who is awful. It's funny but forgettable.

CAMELOT. The musical saga of King Arthur and the Round Table has arrived, full of pomp and panoply, on the big screen. Like many ultra-big movies, it's a bit too long, but it's a cut above most screen musicals. Richard Harris as King Arthur is fine; Vanessa Redgrave, as his unfaithful Queen, is touching and lovely; Franco Nero, as Lancelot, is properly square. The songs are very good and help make it worth seeing.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. Thomas Hardy's classic novel of Victorian romance fails as a movie for a number of reasons. For one thing, nothing much happens; for another, the actors are dwarfed by their environment, as shown on the big screen. Also, the story seems cliched and dated: Julie Christie is loved by two good men (Alan Bates and Peter Finch), but marries a rake (Terence Stamp) and all come to grief, melodramatically.

books

ON THE YARD by Malcolm Braly. This tough novel is a standout. It details a year in the life of a prison and the men who inhabit it, particularly Chilly Willy, top con "on the yard." The author did his research the hard way, and his story of life and death in prison is told well, with gritty authenticity. Don't miss it. *Little, Brown; $5.95.*

KILL 3 by Milton Shulman. The three children of a poor widow are kidnapped. The kidnappers demand ransom from a high-class law firm which is apparently unconnected with the widow. The lawyers have enough money to pay the ransom, but do they have a moral obligation to do so? In this biting novel, the question is answered with suspense, shock and murder. *Random House; $4.50.*

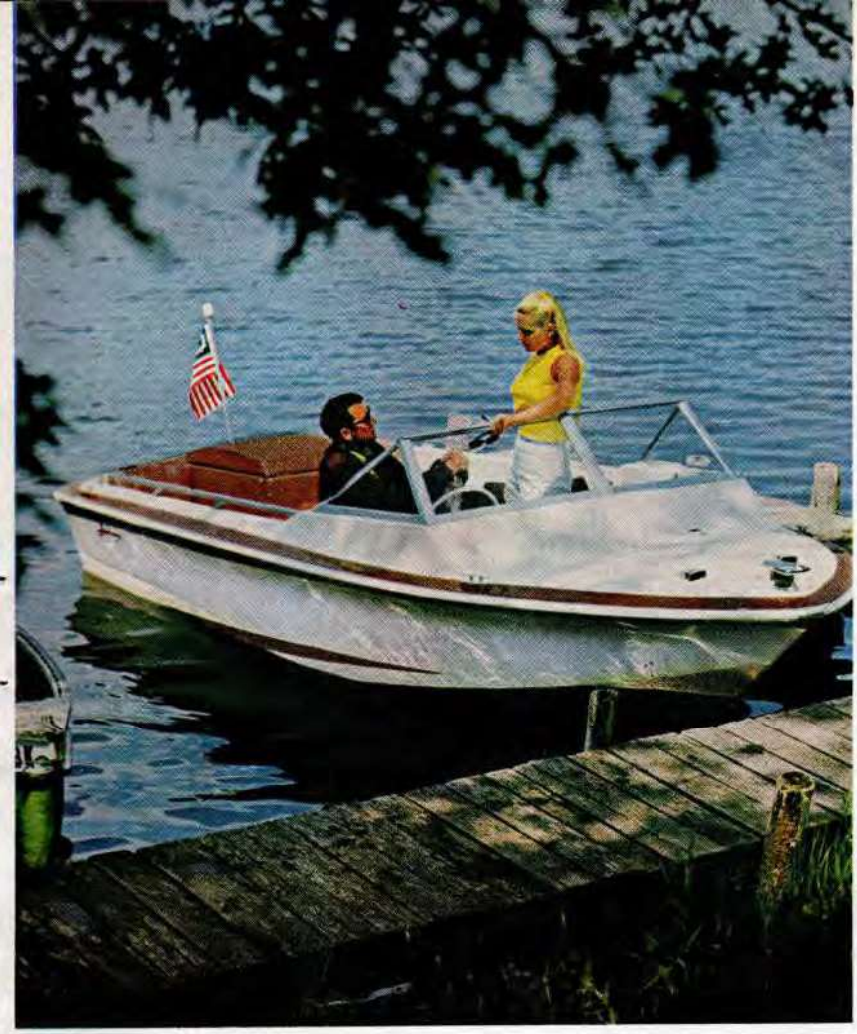
ARNIE by Mark McCormack. This book is subtitled "The Evolution of a Legend"—the extraordinary rise of Arnold Palmer as a businessman as well as a golfer. The author is Palmer's manager, the man who engineered many of his big money deals and evolved their philosophy. A very revealing portrait. *Simon & Schuster; $6.50.*

THE VILLAGE OF BEN SUC by Jonathan Schell. We hear a lot about "resettlement" and "pacification programs" in Viet Nam, but we get mostly sketchy accounts from official sources. Here is an unofficial, thorough book on one such program. How a village was evacuated, its inhabitants resettled in a dismal tent city and the effect on the villagers. Very disturbing. *Knopf; $3.95.*

THE ARMY WITHOUT A COUNTRY by Edwin P. Hoyt. During WW I, Czechoslovakia emerged as an independent nation. Its ragtag army fought beside the Allies on all fronts, but when the Russians signed an armistice with Germany, 70,000 Czechs trapped in Russia had to cajole and fight their way 2,500 miles across Russia—for two years. A grand epic of heroism and hope. *Macmillan; $5.95.*

THE EXHIBITIONIST by Henry Sutton. This tawdry novel has all the qualities of a prefabricated best seller—Hollywood stars, booze, pills, plenty of sex (including incest among its other niceties). In short, it's poornography. *Bernard Geis; $5.95.*

LEE by Robert Oswald, with Myrick and Barbara Land. This is a portrait of Lee Harvey Oswald by his elder brother. Robert's picture of his brother, mother and early life may be the clearest one we will ever have. Among its many points of interest is the fact that



You'll be the most hated man on the water

Go ahead, make enemies. Be the proud owner of a new 17′ Volero by Larson. Your boat club pals will avoid running with you for fear of being passed or feeling dowdy by comparison with Volero's handsome once-in-a-decade classic lines.

And as you bask on sunbather seats with the cool sound of your installed-at-the-factory stereo tape player drifting over the sand, be prepared to repel some beautiful boarders. (There are 19′ and 21′ Volero daycruisers available too.)

Complete as you see her here with deep vee hull, standard convertible top set and the bonus feature—adjustable driver's seat—17′ Outboard—**$1595** (w/o engine), (17′ Volero Comboard w/120 H.P.—**$3895**).

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Larson

See why Larson is the hot brand today. Write for 1968 Buying Guide to Little Falls, Minn., Petersburg, Va., or Nashville, Ga.

Yellow Pages

Robert accepts the findings of the Warren Commission. Awkwardly written, but still interesting. *Coward-McCann; $5.95.*

records

DOCTOR DOLITTLE. The original sound track of this movie is a delight. Rex Harrison, Anthony Newley and Samantha Eggar star in the saga of the doctor who knows how to "Talk to the Animals" and visits "Fabulous Places" (two of the best tunes). At least half the songs by Leslie Bricusse should be enduring hits. *20th Century-Fox.*

DOCTOR DOLITTLE. Sammy Davis, Jr., is a versatile singer, which is why his recording of the score of the movie is the best, so far, of similar efforts by other singers. The arrangements are superb. Davis stands out on "Beautiful Things," "At the Crossroads" and the whimsical title tune. *Reprise.*

SOMETHIN' GROOVY. Perhaps only Peggy Lee could sing songs like "Makin' Whoopee," "It Might As Well Be Spring" and other oldies and make them sound new and exciting. She also warbles "Two for the Road" and "Somethin' Stupid" beautifully. *Capitol.*

THE DAY THE FISH CAME OUT. Most soundtrack albums of movie music are terribly dull, but this one is an exception. Composed by Mikis Theodorakis (who wrote "Zorba the Greek"), it combines traditional Greek music with rock 'n' roll and way-out electronic effects, ending up with a zippy, zesty melange. The main theme's a standout. *20th Century-Fox.*

GENTLE ON MY MIND. Glenn Campbell is a fine country singer who also plays a mean guitar. Here he sings 11 of the best of a recent crop of country and folk tunes. The title song is a fine one, as are "It's Over," "Cryin'" and "Without Her." *Capitol.*

MOTOR CITY SOUL. Father Tom Vaughn, the Episcopalian priest who doubles as an excellent jazz pianist, here presents 10 numbers recorded "live" in Detroit. He weaves shimmering patterns from "Girl Talk," "Tenderly" and the rest with deft and impeccable musicianship. *RCA Victor.*

ANOTHER SHADE OF LANA. That bundle of excitement from Australia, Lana Cantrell, is back. She belts "Stairway to Paradise," croons "Yes Sir, That's My Baby," imbues "She's Leaving Home" with poignancy and generally does great things with the others. *RCA Victor.*

THE YOUNG GIRLS OF ROCHEFORT. This is the sound track of a forthcoming French musical movie made by the same team that created *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg.* Michel Legrand's happy, jazzy music is great. The two-record album is sung in French, but English lyrics are enclosed. Charming album. *Philips.*

CREOLE COOKIN'. Bobby Hackett's cornet sparks a merry melange of Dixieland tunes exploited to their utmost by him and a big band. "High Society," "Tin Roof Blues," "Muskrat Ramble" and other old favorites are here, all done to a good turn. *Verve.*

BEACH SAMBA. Astrud Gilberto, the queen of the bossa nova, turns out her best album to date. The dozen numbers are a mixture of good Brazilian and American songs. "Stay" and "You Didn't Have to Be So Nice" (sung with her son) are standouts. *Verve.*

BLAZE. Herman's Hermits, one of the better rock groups, have stayed popular because of their wit as much as their musicality. Two examples here are "Don't Go Out into the Rain" and "Busy Line." Another of their big hits, "Museum," is included. *MGM.*

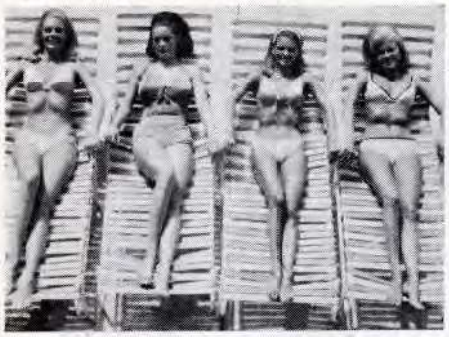
MARY IN THE MORNING. Al Martino, a fine balladeer, sings eleven songs of love with sincerity that never turns into corny sentimentality. His renditions of "Release Me," "I Dream of You" and "My Love is Stronger Than My Pride" are especially fine. *Capitol.*

THE WORLD WE KNEW. Bert Kaempfert and his orchestra play smooth dance music of the old-fashioned kind (what the kids call "touch dancing"), and they play it well. Sparked by Kaempfert's trumpet, they burnish the title tune, "Rain," "Lover," and several others to a warm glow. *Decca.*

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

GLEA GIRL WATCHING



Whether or not you are a fan of free-wheeling Jackie ("I am the Greatest") Gleason—and most men admire his elan—you'll have to admit that he has impeccable taste when it comes to dames. The gaggle of girls pictured here are known as the Glea Girls—and they serve no known useful function other than to decorate the beginning of the Saturday night Gleason show on CBS. They also serve, right now, decorously to decorate these pages.

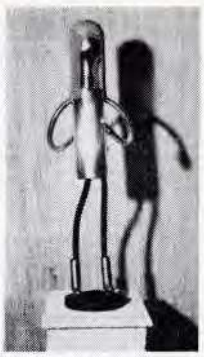
HOT TIP

Men of thick skin and icy stare may wish to join an organization that hopes to purge gutless society of the tipping nuisance. Anybody can join the No Tipping Society of the United States for $2 a year, a sum that the maitre d' of a posh eatery would hurl in your face but a pretty good tip for the Society considering that no bodyguards are furnished. The organization is the brainchild of Brian A. Sweet, a businessman of Escondido, California, a tough practicer of what he preaches. He has never left a tip in his life, and pity the bellboy who tries to stare him down. He even returns to the same restaurants. Instead of a tip, Society members can leave a printed card informing the waiter or whoever that he is well paid, and if he isn't to take it up with his boss. If he thinks he has performed some service beyond the call of duty he can fill out the back of the card with answers to a dozen probing questions, such as "Is this income reported to the Internal Revenue Service?" If all the answers are okay, the Society will send the guy some money. So far, Sweet says, not a single card has been returned. We believe him. We considered getting a card to leave with a barber who gets an exorbitant fee and tip for clipping a few hairs on the back of our neck, but thought better of it. The man has a razor. Sweet avoids confrontation with angry barbers rather adroitly. His wife has cut his hair for 40 years.

PETER'S LAW

So you think the fellow in the job you hope to be promoted to is incompetent? There's a good chance that he is, but he's likely to stay there for a' that. This is the gist of a new "law" propounded by Dr. L. J. Peter of the University of Southern California. It goes like this: every position in business, government, any organization with a hierarchy, tends to be occupied by someone incompetent to perform his duties. How's that? Well, Doctor Peter has discovered that workers are promoted and promoted until they get a position they are not competent to fill. Then they aren't promoted any more. But they aren't fired either. They just stay there, practicing incompetence, hampering the business, blocking the promotion of eager beavers who can't get around the roadblock and may try somewhere else. What about thoroughly competent men who do hold high positions? It's the fault of the organization, which doesn't have a position exacting enough to bring out the man's level of incompetence. Peter's Law is pretty heady stuff when you apply it to guys above you, as we discovered when we cast our eyes slyly around the office, but not so inspiriting when you apply it to yourself. We foresee years of hard labor working up to our incompetence level, and a pox on underlings who think we reached it long ago.

SPARE PARTS SCULPTURE



We're pretty low in the culture pecking order, so when a kind of modern art that tickles us comes along we can't help giving it a hand to show that we're right out there avanting with the garde. We refer to the sculpture of Ray Gill, who works down the hall from us putting out Fawcett how-to-do-it books and leads another life as a three-dimensional satirist whose one-man shows have won him a lot of kudos. Gill can use pen, brush and paint like any journeyman artist—he used to draw a comic strip, "Edison Bell, the Boy Inventor," and once wrote the rib-tickling comic book, "Archie"—but he has sharpened into a craftsman who somehow shapes nuts, bolts and machine parts into barbs of social comment. Take "Mini," his representation of a teeny bopper shown in the photo. The Go-Go kid has a hipless brass cocktail shaker for a body and brass boots made for stomping. Legs terminate at the shoulders. Her brain is part of a toilet bowl flush ball. For hair she has streamers of lamp pull chains—a bright young thing, easily turned on. Gill will be out of the symbolist's union if he doesn't stop calling things what they look like. He even dares to turn his sharp insights upon himself in a "Self Portrait" featuring a loudspeaker in the mouth for verbosity, a lens for curiosity, a plumb-bob neck emphasized by an anchor ring showing he's true to home and family, a steel mask revealing honest but beady eyes, a skull made from the gearbox of a gasoline lawn mower (he's a Long Island suburbanite). With perceptiveness like that, we've never dared to ask him what he sees in us.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A sorting machine that recognizes zip-code numbers spoken by a clerk into a microphone is being developed for the Post Office by RCA. —THE EDITORS

Something comes over us this time of year.

We wrap our regular bottle as a gift.
We pack our gift decanter as a gift, too.
And you don't pay a penny for the trimmings.
The treat's on us.
True, some others give you handsome packages, too.
But we're the only ones who put the world's most popular brand of whiskey inside.

Give Seagram's 7 Crown/The Sure One.

Seagram Distillers Company, New York City. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

46 races...31 victories

(and the beat goes on ♥)

A .674 average in any sport is rare. In NASCAR Grand National racing it's practically an impossibility. Nevertheless, of 46 races held this season, specially-prepared Plymouths have won 31. The following is a history of that accomplishment.

11/13-Augusta 150-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
3/5-Fireball 300-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
4/6-Columbia Spring 100-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
4/9-Hickory 250-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
4/23-Virginia 500-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
4/30-Richmond 250-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
5/13-Rebel 400-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
5/19-Beltsville 100-Jim Paschal, Plymouth.
5/20-Hampton 100-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
5/28-World 600-Jim Paschal, Plymouth.
6/2-Asheville 300-Jim Paschal, Plymouth.
6/6-Middle Georgia 300-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
6/8-Smokey Mountain 200-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
6/18-Carolina 500-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
6/24-Greenville 100-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
6/27-Montgomery 200-Jim Paschal, Plymouth.
7/9-Northern 300-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
7/13-Fonda 200-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
7/15-Islip 300-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
7/23-Volunteer 500-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
7/29-Nashville 400-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
8/12-Winston-Salem 250-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
8/17-Columbia 100-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
8/25-Savannah 100-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
9/4-Southern 500-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
9/8-Buddy Shuman Memorial 250-Petty, Plymouth.
9/10-Capitol City 300-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
9/15-Beltsville 150-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
9/17-Hillsboro 150-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
9/24-Old Dominion 500-Richard Petty, Plymouth.
10/1-Wilkes 400-Richard Petty, Plymouth.

And the beat goes on. With the season almost over, Plymouth-mounted Richard Petty has been setting a pace of his own, unequalled by any other driver in Grand National history. His records, to mention a few, include: the most career wins (75); the most wins in a season (27); the most consecutive wins (10); the most points won for a season and the most money for a single season, as well as career. Richard's car, in every race, was a specially-prepared Plymouth.

Moral:

The next time a car manufacturer talks to you about performance, ask how many races he's won. In the silence that follows, Plymouth might just step in and win you over.

Plymouth

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

Miller High Life
The Champagne of Bottle Beer
NEXT MONTH'S MONTHLY TICKETS NOW ON SALE
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Miller High Life
The only way to go...
with a hearty, robust beer!
Miller High Life
© MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

RICKENBACKER

Part one of two parts

BY EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER

One of America's greatest heroes recalls a lifetime of adventure in this widely-hailed autobiography

BOYHOOD

■ My life has been filled with adventures that have brought me face-to-face with death. I still remember an early escapade that involved a terrifying roller-coaster ride into a gravel pit when I was about eight.

The pit was in a deep quarry near my home in Columbus, Ohio. The rock was hauled from the bottom of the pit by a small steel cart on rails, which was drawn up the incline out of the pit, a distance of more than 100 feet, by means of a cable. The pit was closed down

Condensed from *Rickenbacker* by Edward V. Rickenbacker. Copyright © 1967 by Edward V. Rickenbacker, published by Prentice-Hall, Inc.

He began his love affair with cars as a boy. Then he built them, sold them—and raced them to his first fame and fortune

Young auto-salesman Rickenbacker gives William Jennings Bryan (rear, left) ride in 1909 Firestone-Columbus.

for the weekend every Saturday at noon. One Saturday afternoon my friends and I—we called ourselves the "Horsehead Gang"—arrived at the pit. The cart was down at the bottom, but with seven boys pushing and straining all the way, we inched it up to the top, where I secured it in place with wooden chocks. Everybody climbed aboard. I was the leader. I looked down the incline. It was like a ski jump, except that there was no landing place down there.

"Here goes nothing," I hollered and knocked the chocks from in front of the wheels. Gravity took it from there. We began rocketing crazily down the incline, jerking and careening, uncontrolled and unstoppable. Then the speed became too much and the cart flipped over. The other boys were thrown clear, but I didn't stand a chance. The cart went right over on top of me, threw me out, bounced on me once or twice and went crashing down to the bottom of the pit. I was a mess. I was bruised and bloody all over. One wheel had passed right over my leg and laid it open to the bone. I still have the scar. It was my first; there were many more to come.

My earliest memory is of a pleasant summer day in 1893 when our happy little family climbed down from the East Livingston Avenue horsecar at the end of the line and struck out into what was then virtually open countryside in Columbus.

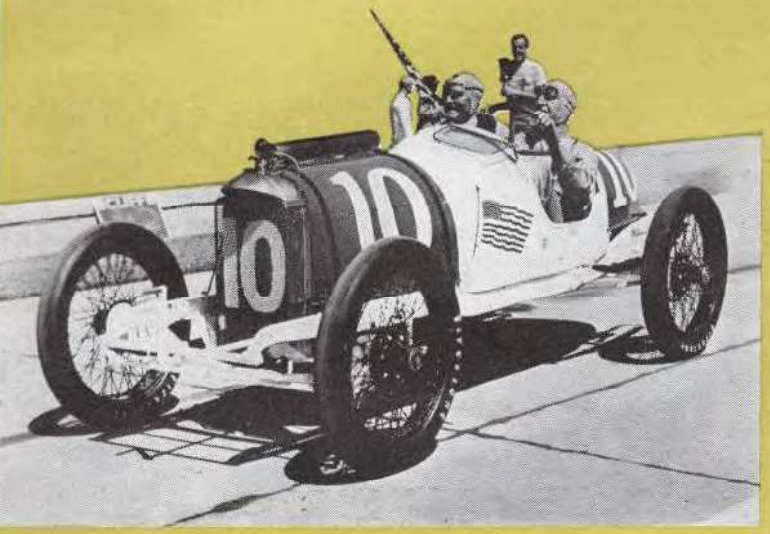
I was only three years old, but such was the excitement of the moment that I remember it to this day.

For the Rickenbacher family (the Americanization of the name to the name to Rickenbacker came years later) was moving into our new home. To us, it was America. On that plot of onetime farmland was combined the best of two worlds. From the Old World my parents had brought a sense of duty and a tireless willingness to work. The New World, where they had met and married, provided what was to them a lavish amount of fertile soil, opportunity and promise.

My parents, William Rickenbacher and his wife Elizabeth Basler Rickenbacher, were both natives of Switzerland. Mother was fair-skinned, of French descent, devoutly religious and a lover of art and poetry. Father, a tall, strong, black-haired man, was of German stock, stern and serious.

In his first years in the United States he worked as a laborer for the railroad. With their savings my parents bought a lot, 150 by 200 feet, in east Columbus, and with a little cash, a lot of credit and

Racing driver Rickenbacker survived numerous spills, including this one on a California track in 1913.



Reliving past, author gets behind wheel of a 1914 Duesenberg at Indianapolis Speedway reunion in 1961.

his own two hands my father built our little house. It had two rooms on the ground floor and two smaller lightless, unheated rooms in the attic, where the children slept.

We raised vegetables, kept chickens and, from time to time, fattened and slaughtered a pig. Papa had brought with him from Switzerland a custom rare in this country. He bought a huge hogshead—about 10 feet high and eight feet across—and we worked for hours digging a hole for it. The top was several feet underground. We climbed down into this underground storage chest by means of a ladder. Papa built shelves around the sides.

There were also plenty of trees, and we would go out periodically, chop one down, saw it and split it for stove wood.

America the bountiful was symbolized to us by the figure seven cents, a sum I'll never forget. I heard my parents mention it many times. Seven cents was the price of both a dozen eggs and a pound of sugar. When our chickens were laying well and we had an extra dozen eggs, we could always trade them for a pound of sugar. Then, with a little flour and some windfall apples from a neighboring orchard, Mama could make the most delicious dessert in the world, apple pie.

Where else, my parents would say, could a man begin with nothing and feed his children apple pie for dessert?

My father not only talked about his gratitude to America; he was also ready to back up his words with action. True and unashamed patriotism has been a part of my family life for as long as I can remember.

Above all, our parents taught us to love America. I have always loved this land of ours, and I shall never stop loving it.

I was so blond as a youngster that the other kids called me "Towhead." German was our household language. I spoke English with an atrocious accent, and I was also called "Dutchy" and "Kraut." Towheaded and speaking "mit ein accent," I had to fight

my way into school in the morning, stand up for myself at recess and fight my way home again after school.

As a small boy, I must confess, I was mischievous and devilish at times. I resented my older brother's seniority. I wanted to be the leader in anything that was going on. He and some of the older boys of the neighborhood, on their way home from school, used to leave the path and disappear into a thicket. One day I arrived at their secret meeting place first and shinnied up a tree. The older boys came along. They gathered under the tree, looked furtively around to make sure they weren't being watched and then rolled corn-silk cigarettes and began puffing away.

I wanted to do everything that brother Bill did. "Hey," I hollered down, "I can see what you're doing. If you don't give me a smoke I'll snitch on you."

They threatened me and pleaded with me, but I stood firm. "Give me a cigarette, or I'll tell Papa," I repeated. I won and smoked my first cigarette at the age of five. We soon graduated from corn silk to Bull Durham tobacco, at a nickel a bag. One day Papa caught Bill and me smoking in the barn, and he took a switch to both of us.

And then something happened. The strange realization came to me that one day I would die and that the world would go on without me. More and more wondrous marvels would be developed and become realities. But at some point along this interminable path, my life would stop, and time would flow on without me. In my despair, I would go off alone to the barn and sob for hours at a time.

It took pull and a lie to get America's future ace of aces into the Army's flying school

Flying Spads like this one, Rickenbacker shot down 14 planes in last month of WW I to raise his total to 26.

Quintet of heroes: Author in 1918 with other pilots of pioneer 94th ("Hat-in-the-Ring") fighter squadron.

On one of those occasions my father found me, sprawled face down in the straw and crying my heart out.

"What's the matter, Eddie?" he asked.

As best I could, I choked out, between sobs, the reason for my tears. Papa's reaction was typical, fitting and effective. He grabbed a switch. "You're too young to think of things like that," he said. (Whack!) "Life and death are my worry, not yours. Don't ever let me catch you crying about such foolish things again!" (Whack!)

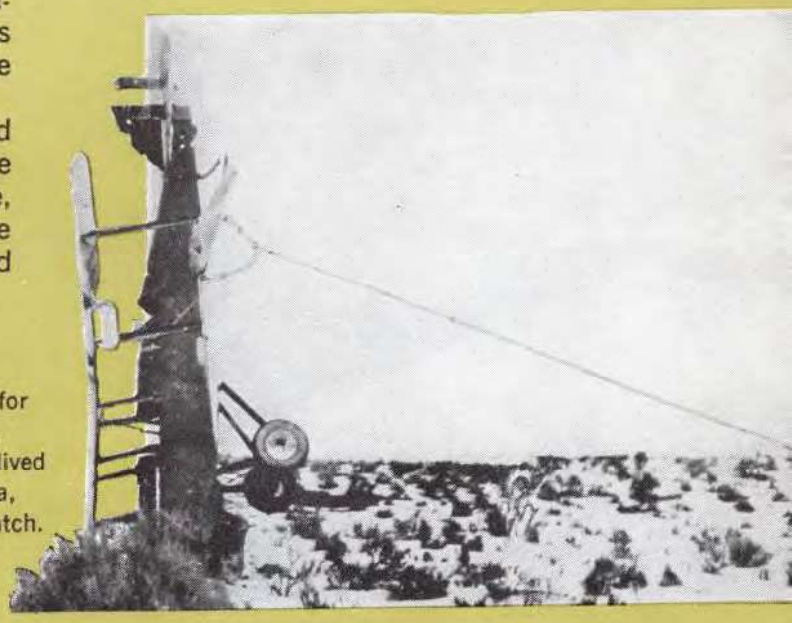
And so, at the age of nine, came the first turning point in my life. I still managed to get into a fight every now and then, but the days of rebellion, of destruction and meaningless mischief, were gone and gone forever.

It was my mother who taught us to pray. Thanks to her influence, I have always talked to God in my prayers, with respect and awe but also with full confidence that He listens and responds. My prayers have been answered too many times for me to have any doubt at all that He hears me.

My interest was turning toward the general field of mechanics. My sisters and my mother were the inside workers, making the beds, keeping house, cooking and washing. The boys worked outside under Papa's direction, gardening, gathering wood and maintaining and improving the property. We added a room and a half to the house and a cellar to take the place of the old buried hogshead.

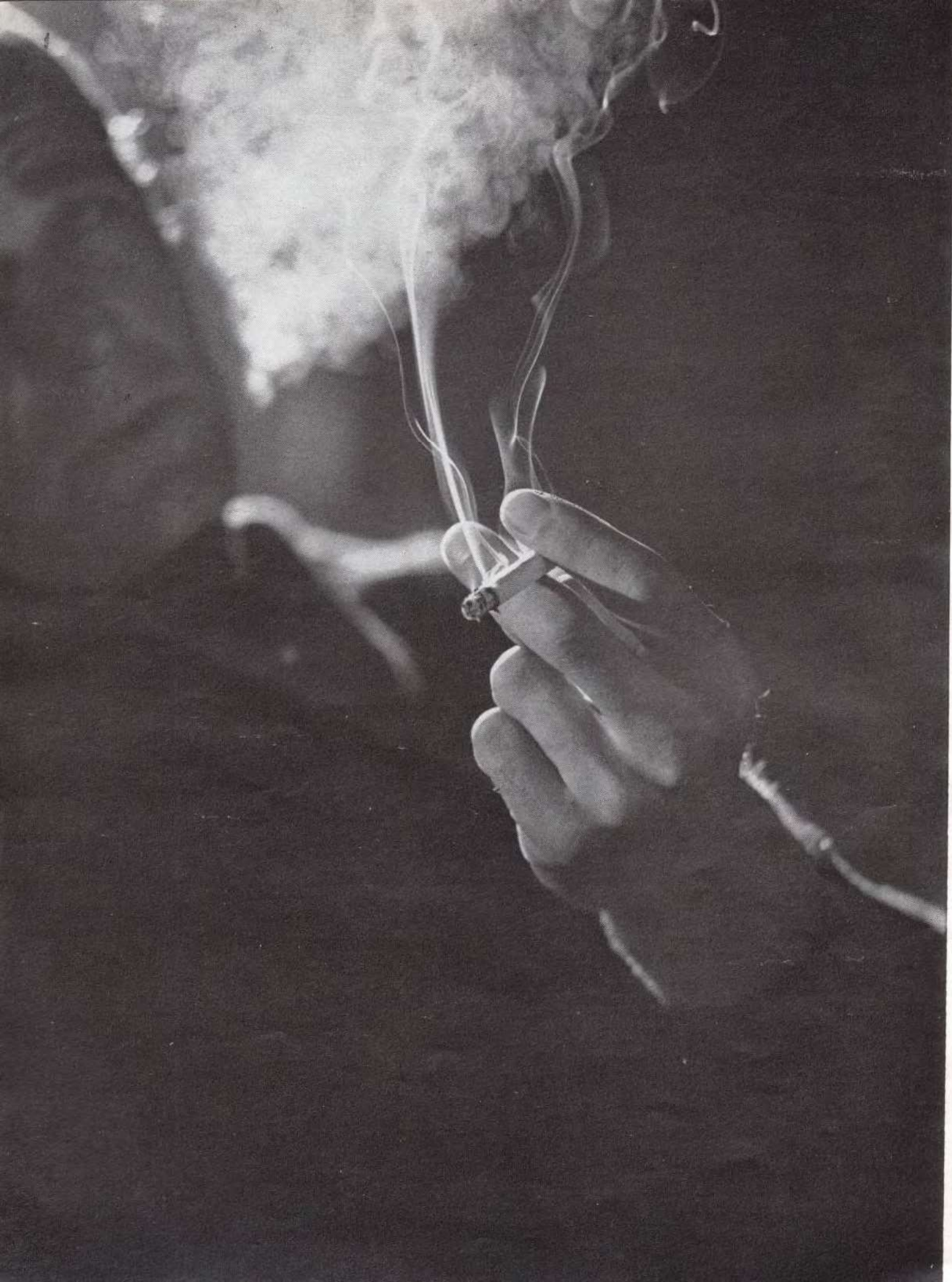
Though all those tasks were hard work and Papa was a stern taskmaster, I still loved to work alongside him. He inspired us to do the job right to begin with. He taught us to respect and take care of our tools. He had a phobia against leaving things lying around, and I caught it from him. My father taught me to *do it now.*

My business career began before I started school. I wanted money to buy Bull Durham tobacco so that I could smoke as much as my older brother Bill did. About that time, while I was looking for a source of income, who should come into the new, growing neighborhood but a [*Continued on page 90*]



Carrying letter for President Harding, Rickenbacker nose-dived plane in Nevada, emerged without a scratch.

Flier turned executive, Rickenbacker escorted Mrs. Roosevelt at christening of new Eastern Air Lines plane.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY OWEN BUTLER

to smoke or not to smoke— that is still the question

Are cigarettes really "hazardous to your health" like the package says? Nobody knows. In any case, Americans are smoking more than ever and, curiously, worrying less

Science
BY STANLEY FRANK

■ If there is one fact about tobacco that has been more clearly established than any other over the past few years, it is this: Americans like to smoke cigarettes. When the Surgeon General of the United States issued his report in January, 1964, indicting cigarettes as the chief cause of lung cancer, it figured that smoking would decline, tobacco prices would drop and cigarette company stocks would do poorly on the exchanges.

Surprisingly, none of that occurred. As a matter of fact, what actually happened was the opposite of what one might have expected. Sales jumped from 497.4 billion cigarettes in 1964 to 522.5 billion in 1966. The price of flue-cured tobacco in the wholesale market rose from 58.5 cents a pound to 66.9 cents over the same period. And the per share price of American Tobacco Co., for eample, a giant cigarette producer, around $28 in January, 1964, was up to $33 three years later.

Maybe cigarettes cause cancer and maybe they don't. In any case, it's clear that Americans were not convinced or, if they were, they were willing to take their chances. As a result, the tobacco business prospered.

Then, last summer, the industry received another shot in the arm. An obscure New Jersey chemist named Robert L. Strickman announced that he had developed a new filter material that would remove two-thirds of the tar and nicotine in cigarette smoke that current filters do not catch. His filter, he said, would not destroy the tobacco taste. And Strickman had some impressive sponsors for his claim. His partner in the filter enterprise is no less an institution than Columbia University.

Strickman's filter is not yet on the market so it's too early to make a final judgment on it. But a number of critics were clearly unimpressed by the original fanfare. Among these were spokesmen for the American Cancer Society and the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. They complained that Columbia's sponsorship of the new filter would undermine their efforts to keep people from smoking.

But it looks like Americans will go on smoking more and more cigarettes each year whatever the merits of the new filter may be. Which, of course, does not mean that smokers are not worried about possible dangers to health. What are these dangers? How real are they? The answer to that is that they may not be so real as we have been led to believe. There is, in fact, a good deal of scientific doubt about the Surgeon General's conclusion that smoking causes cancer.

"Acceptance of this theory is not only unscientific but dangerous, since it will lead to complacency concerning the etiology [cause] of this disease and might well prevent fruitful investigation along other lines," declared Dr. Thomas J. Moran, a pathologist for 26 years and a supervisor of training diagnosticians for the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society.

It was not only the conclusions but also the effects of the report that were criticized. "I am convinced that in our country a harmful psychological atmosphere

has already been created by otherwise well-meaning warnings and advertisements," said Dr. Joseph Wolfe, a founder of the U.S. Committee of the World Medical Association. "As a result, a great many people, particularly those who are impressionable, have been traumatized with fear of disease which has resulted in a prevalence of unwarranted anxieties and neuroses. The effect is harmful and, in my opinion, does more damage than good."

Nevertheless, after Surgeon General Luther Terry's reoprt asserted that "cigarette smoking is a health hazard of sufficient importance in the United States to warrant appropriate remedial action," the Senate and House Committees on Commerce held hearings for 16 days in 1965 to consider proposed legislation. Surprisingly, 39 of the 49 medical authorities and statisticians who testified disagreed vigorously with the report and charged its findings were distorted. Only two of the dissenting experts were connected with the tobacco industry.

The purpose of the hearings was to determine whether the Federal Trade Commission should be given authority to regulate cigarette advertising. England restricted TV ads in 1962 and officers of the U.S. cancer, heart and tuberculosis associations urged Congress to impose a ban here and to tighten restrictions on newspaper and magazine ads.

Congress wouldn't go along. All it would agree to do was to require cigarette packages to be labeled with an ambiguous warning that "smoking may be hazardous." After the Surgeon General's strong indictment, this struck many as a very mild phrase.

Some people charged that political wheeling and dealing was responsible for Congress's seemingly inadequate action. Tobacco growing states do, indeed, wield a good deal of power in Congress. More than 90 percent of the tobacco grown in this country is produced by six states, North Carolina, Kentucky, Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia. But the fact is that only two of the Senate Committee's 18 members were from those states and only seven of the 33 members of the House Committee.

So, while political logrolling could have had something to do with the mild stand that Congress took, it seems more reasonable to assume that the Congressmen were simply unimpressed by the anticigarette testimony. This could be due to the fact that the overwhelming weight of expert testimony during the hearings underscored four salient points:

1. The cause of cancer is unknown. It is an established principle that a factor thought to be responsible for a disease must be found in all cases of it—and cancer strikes a dozen sites in the body not remotely associated with smoking (the stomach, prostate, urinary tract, etc.). It is suspected there may be 150 different causes of cancer.

2. Ten percent of all lung-cancer victims never have smoked, proof that tobacco is not the sole cause of the disease. Conversely, 95 percent of heavy cigaret smokers do not contract it.

3. Long exposure to concentrated cigarette smoke *never* has produced lung cancer in an experimental animal—and researchers have been trying for 35 years. Doctor Terry conceded that "the chronic toxicity of nicotine is very low and probably does not represent an important health hazard." The tars, or chemical compounds, in burning tobacco have caused skin cancers only on strains of mice so susceptible to the disease that the same effect has been obtained with sugar, beef and vegetable oil.

4. Statistics alone link cigarette with lung cancer, a correlation that is not accepted as scientific proof of cause and effect. This was admitted in the opening of the report by the Surgeon General's Committee: "The Committee was aware that the mere establishment of a statistical association between the use of tobacco and a disease is not enough. The casual significance of the use of tobacco in relation to the disease is the crucial question." Yet they disregarded their own ground rules and condemned cigarettes on the basis of seven statistical studies made by groups whose objectivity and sampling techniques were open to doubt.

The Committee's findings have been sharply criticized by Dr. Joseph Berkson of the Mayo Clinic. *The Cancer Bulletin*, an official publication of the American Cancer Society, has referred to him as "the acknowledged dean of American medical statisticians."

"All relevant available facts considered, I think it very doubtful that smoking causes lung cancer," Doctor Berkson says. "Since 1954, when the statistical investigations on smoking and lung cancer were proclaimed, the U.S. Public Health Service has allocated almost a billion dollars for cancer research. How much has been expended for the experimental investigation of this particular problem of smoking and lung cancer? So far as I know, little or none.

"Albert Einstein remarked that if you want to know what a scientist really believes, don't listen to what he says but observe what he is working on. I suspect the reason the scientists of the Public Health Institutes are not working on this problem is that they don't see any reasearch gold in 'them thar hills.' Anyone who isolated from tobacco smoke a substance that could be shown, to the satisfaction of scientists generally, to be the cause of lung cancer, let alone all the other cancers that smoking is supposed to induce, would earn not one but a brace of Nobel prizes."

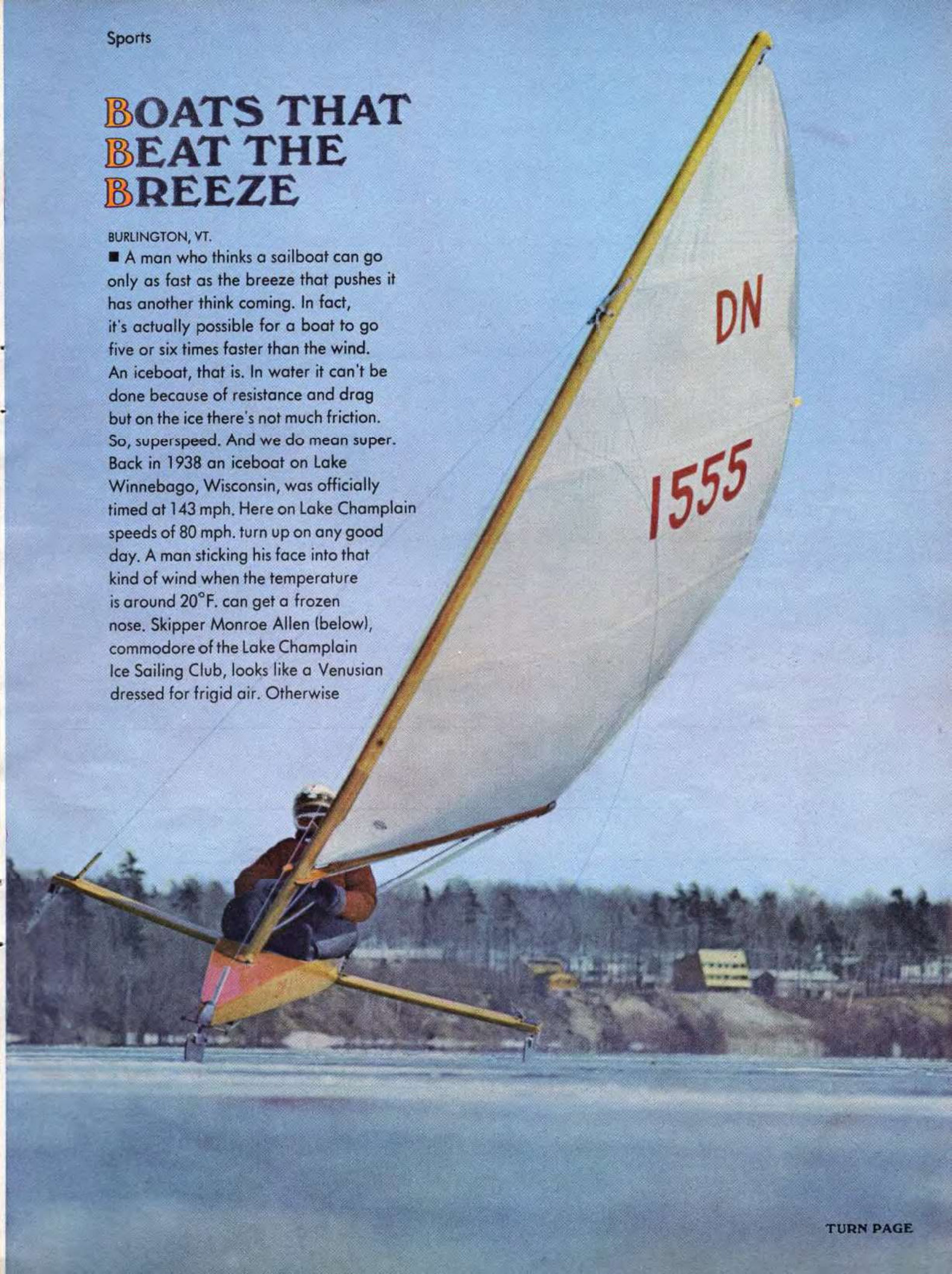
If there is one man in the field with a loftier reputation than Doctor Berkson he is England's Sir Ronald Fisher, a pioneer in developing statistical methods for biological research. [*Continued on page* 69]

JAN '68—ISSUE

BOATS THAT BEAT THE BREEZE

BURLINGTON, VT.

■ A man who thinks a sailboat can go only as fast as the breeze that pushes it has another think coming. In fact, it's actually possible for a boat to go five or six times faster than the wind. An iceboat, that is. In water it can't be done because of resistance and drag but on the ice there's not much friction. So, superspeed. And we do mean super. Back in 1938 an iceboat on Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin, was officially timed at 143 mph. Here on Lake Champlain speeds of 80 mph. turn up on any good day. A man sticking his face into that kind of wind when the temperature is around 20°F. can get a frozen nose. Skipper Monroe Allen (below), commodore of the Lake Champlain Ice Sailing Club, looks like a Venusian dressed for frigid air. Otherwise

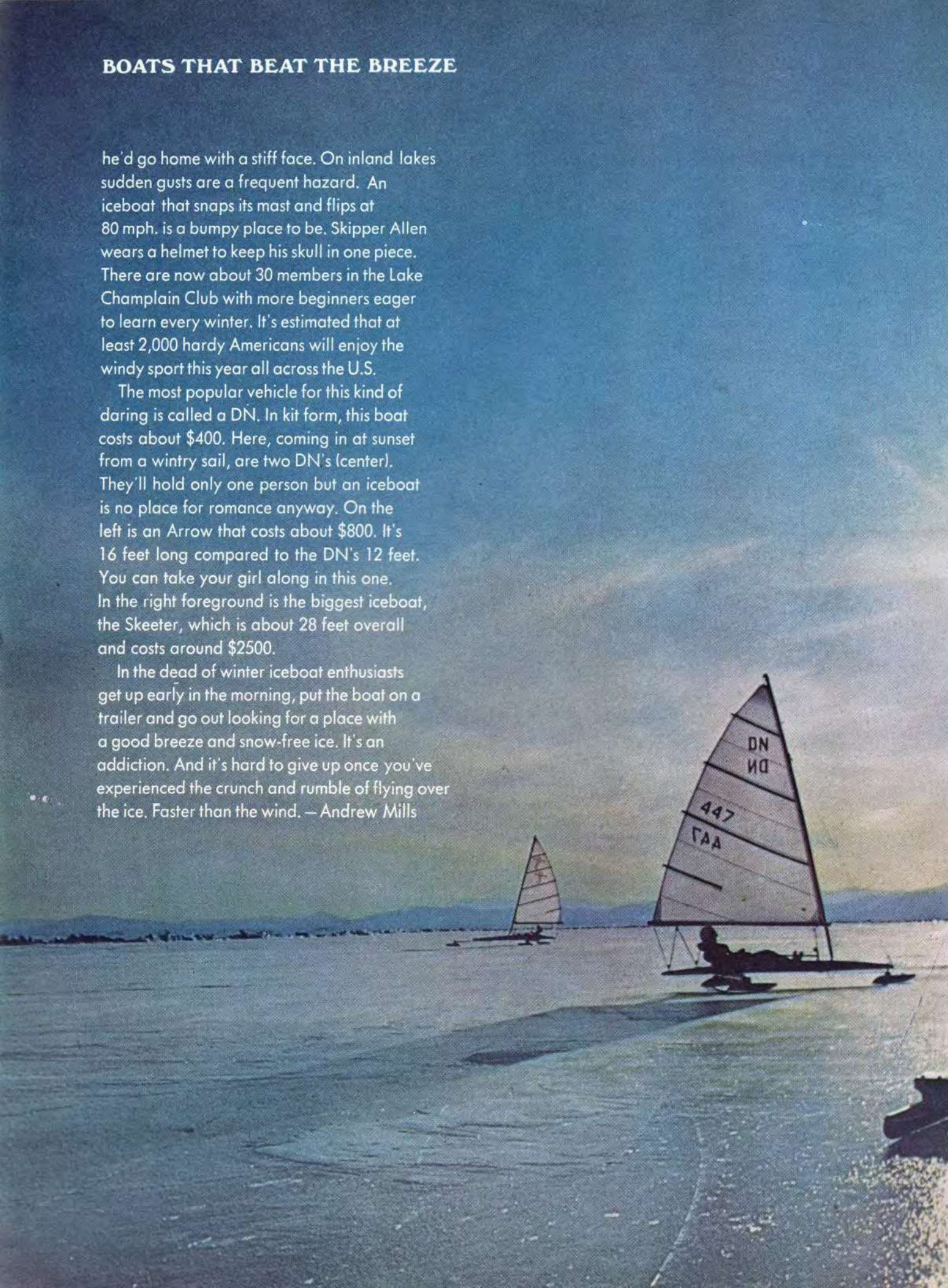


TURN PAGE

he'd go home with a stiff face. On inland lakes sudden gusts are a frequent hazard. An iceboat that snaps its mast and flips at 80 mph. is a bumpy place to be. Skipper Allen wears a helmet to keep his skull in one piece. There are now about 30 members in the Lake Champlain Club with more beginners eager to learn every winter. It's estimated that at least 2,000 hardy Americans will enjoy the windy sport this year all across the U.S.

The most popular vehicle for this kind of daring is called a DN. In kit form, this boat costs about $400. Here, coming in at sunset from a wintry sail, are two DN's (center). They'll hold only one person but an iceboat is no place for romance anyway. On the left is an Arrow that costs about $800. It's 16 feet long compared to the DN's 12 feet. You can take your girl along in this one. In the right foreground is the biggest iceboat, the Skeeter, which is about 28 feet overall and costs around $2500.

In the dead of winter iceboat enthusiasts get up early in the morning, put the boat on a trailer and go out looking for a place with a good breeze and snow-free ice. It's an addiction. And it's hard to give up once you've experienced the crunch and rumble of flying over the ice. Faster than the wind. — Andrew Mills



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ERNEST GAY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

When war breaks out anywhere in the world, former OSS man Mitch WerBell is eager and able to supply weapons to either side—or both. And he's only one of several high-flying operators in a dark and growing trade

the deadliest salesmen

Newsfront

BY ANDREW ST. GEORGE

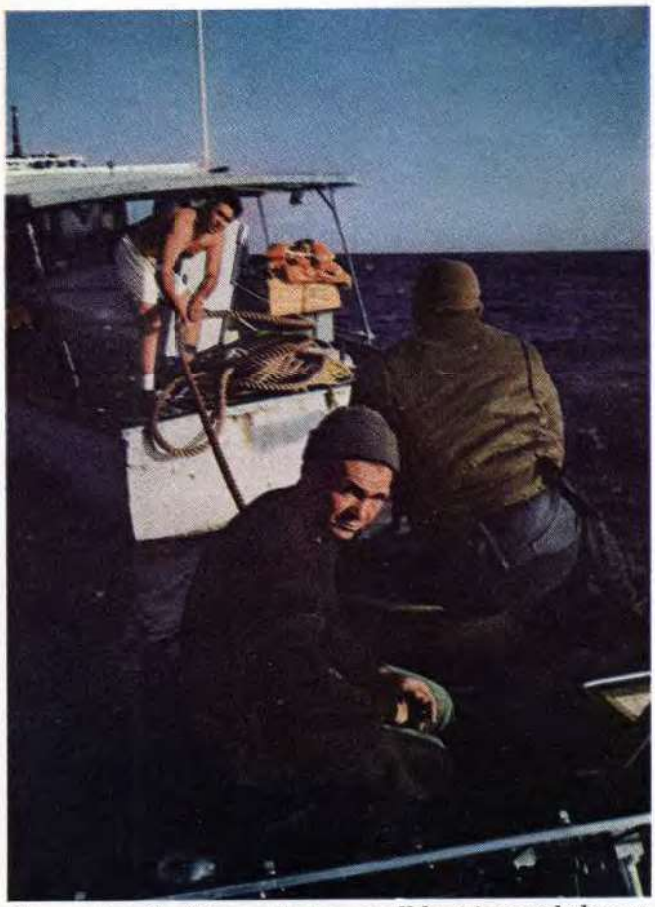
■ It is entirely possible, as claimed, that none of America's high-ranking officials received any advance warning of the outbreak of hostilities which ended in Israel's "blintzkrieg" victory over her Arab neighbors. But at least *one* American authority on modern warfare did. He is a ruddy, moustached, ramrod-backed, onetime OSS operative named Mitchell Livingston WerBell III. Two days before the Middle East fighting began last June, he left his Georgia country manor an hour before daybreak, drove the 25 miles to Atlanta airport in 19 minutes and boarded a jet for New York hand carrying a large, square valise which had been custom-made for him in Germany.

In Manhattan, WerBell checked in at the City Squire Inn, went to a double room still carrying the valise, and set it between his legs while he made several phone calls to numbers he looked up in a slim leather notebook. Precisely at noon, he reentered the elevator and pushed the "lobby" button with the unhurried cool of someone absolutely certain that a chauffeur-driven limousine is waiting downstairs—which he was; which *it* was.

A couple of hours later, after crossing Manhattan and boarding a private yacht

WerBell relaxes, above, at plush Puerto Rico hotel between arms deals. Note holster gun on job, opp. page.

Mitch WerBell and two aides look over route on map prior to a night delivery of weapons somewhere in the Caribbean.



For another Caribbean mission, small boat is towed close so that arms can be transferred for speedy run to the shore.

on the East River, WerBell finally opened his valise and displayed its contents: a half-dozen missile guns, both hand and shoulder weapons, which fire a small, self-guided rocket instead of the conventional bullet. WerBell had designed and built some of them himself.

Around him, crowding the yacht's stateroom, solid-looking, somber men watched intently as WerBell demonstrated the new firearms' awesome potential. Later that evening, recalling the demonstration over a drink back in the city, WerBell would describe his nautical hosts only by saying, "They were . . . let's just call them very important friends of Israel. They'd been warned that within days the Mideast would be at war. They were there to make sure that one way or another Israel got a crack at the very best weaponry there is. Not just for the campaign ahead, but for the stand-off which is bound to keep the Middle East under tension for years."

Clandestine meetings like this are part of Mitch WerBell's stock in trade. He is a firearms broker of the new breed known as M.M.'s—munitions manipulators. In a world of localized wars—from Yemen to

Arms brokers are a curious blend of past and present. Here WerBell, dashing as a Prussian noble, tests MBA rocket pistol.

WerBell, who likes to design arms as well as sell them, examines some of his collection in the "weapons room" of his Georgia home.

"Men like WerBell are the new VIP's of international politics"

Angola to Bolivia—M.M.'s are the new V.I.P.'s of international politics. It is their business to know even before diplomats do where tensions are brewing that bring potential customers. Their most satisfying status symbol is the discovery that somewhere on the globe their merchandise is shooting away, back and forth, on *both* sides of the same conflict.

Heading south from Miami, one's first look at the Bahamas schooners and converted subchasers plowing the blue water with cargoes of arms from such dealers, recalls nothing so much as the rum-running boom of Prohibition years. But a diligent student soon discovers that alcohol and armaments have little in common; the munitions business is a vast, worldwide trade influencing the destiny of governments, nations, political parties—and the men who command them.

Take the recent assassination attempt against Santo Domingo's military strong man, Gen. Antonio Imbert. Driving homeward on Henriquez Urena Street, General Imbert suddenly saw seven silver stars spurt across the windshield of his Cadillac. Even before [*Continued on page* 73]

Punch-card errors got you punchy, Friend? Are you sick and tired of trying to argue with a machine? Don't lose your cool—just strike back where it hurts a computer most...

FOLD! SPINDLE! MUTILATE!

Business

BY ROY BONGARTZ
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT VELDE

■ When, about 10 years ago, computers first seemed to be making a serious bid to replace humans, many people were ready to throw in the towel without a fight. How, they wondered, could a man compete with a big steel box that can perform a million operations per second? Today, as computers are becoming involved in nearly every one of man's activities, there are still worriers who will tell you that man's days are numbered. John Wilkinson of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions says, for example, "Man is being severely downgraded to the position of baby-sitter for a computing device."

But it's not really that bad. Except in very limited ways, computers aren't too bright, and man can beat them if he will fight back. Computers can work with amazing speed in solving problems they are given, thereby saving humans billions of hours of tedious work. But computers can do only what they are told to do, along patterns that have been established for them. And even within their narrow range of expertise, they are far from being infallible. These push-button boxes make plenty of mistakes, ranging from merely funny to calamitous. And they have the infuriating habit of making the same mistake over and over and over again, never learning by past experience.

It is in facing up to computer errors that man's mettle is put to the test. If a man flies into an uncontrollable rage when he gets a bill for $1,000,004.95 for, say, a phonograph record he has bought on a charge account, then the computer is winning. If the man expects the computer to see its own mistake and waits for another bill the following month, the bill will be the same, the man's credit rating may be downgraded, and once again the computer is winning. If humans let the computer get away with it, their future is dark indeed. But there *are* ways to fight back.

As with many threats, unfortunately, it is often easier to placate the enemy than to join battle with him. A California bank, for instance, recently refused to refund to a customer two dollars that had been incorrectly charged to his account by a computer, on the ground that it would cost too much to correct the machine. Instead, bank officers took the customer and his wife out to dinner, charging it to public relations. Again, the computer wins when it is treated as if it were too grand to be criticized. The fact is that computers should be expected to make mistakes much more frequently than their manufacturers will admit, and that man must react immediately when these

deaf, dumb, blind and heartless creatures begin messing up his life.

Defenses against stupid computers sometimes have to be drastic. The Bankers Trust Company in New York discovered this, last year, when its machine began bouncing many of the certified checks the bank issued, as if the electronic brain had no confidence at all in its employer. The exact amount of each certified check is taken from regular accounts and placed in a special one; these funds can be drawn for the certified check alone. But the computer, hurriedly cashing or bouncing thousands of checks all day long, could not read the word "Certified," so it neglected to look for the money in the special account. When the regular account lacked the funds, the check bounced, and the bankers couldn't think of any way to teach the computer any better.

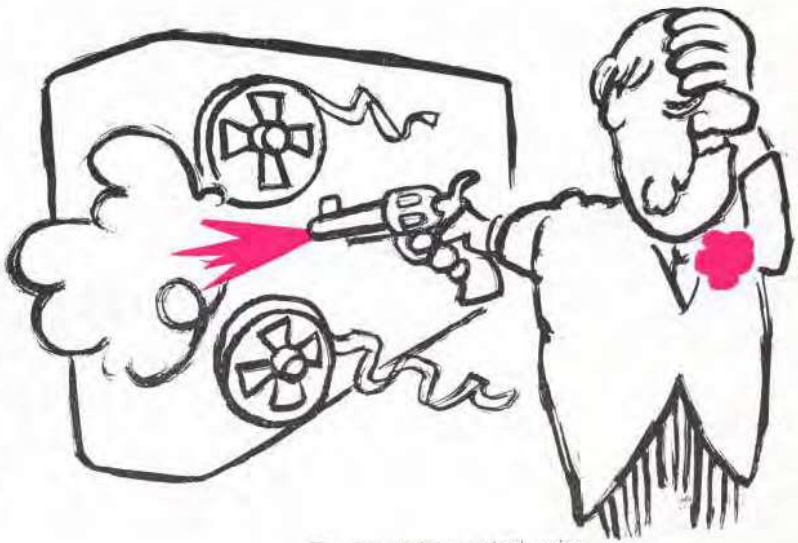
Finally the bankers decided to commit what is generally regarded as a cardinal sin against a computer: they *mutilated* every certified check by punching a hole in one of the magnetized numbers on it. This imperfection makes the computer kick out these checks, so that they can be read, and cashed, by humans. This may not be the ideal relationship to set up with a machine—it would be better to teach it to mend its ways—but nevertheless, man is still in control, and faith in Bankers Trust's credit has been reestablished.

The question of damaged credit ratings is a serious one. Some months ago, an official of the AFL-CIO in Washington deposited a check at the same time that he made a smaller withdrawal. Since the computer records withdrawals first and deposits afterwards, it sent the man an overdrawn-account notice, along with a two-dollar fine. The man's credit rating suffered a black mark. The man refused to pay the two dollars, but the computer kept billing him for it. He became so enraged that the bank finally asked him to take his account elsewhere. Such instances, where expensive computers are defended by their users even when they commit intolerable errors, occur frequently, perhaps only because so much money has been put into the machines. But this awe of the machine, amounting nearly to worship, can lead only to man's downfall. California recently took a hopeful step by introducing a law against *not* correcting an error that can hurt a person's credit rating—computers not being exempted. Passing laws is one way to keep computers in line, though not a speedy enough method to redress an immediate grievance against a stupid computer.

When a computer [*Continued on page* 66]

The computerized invoice said he owed a million for an LP.

At ticktacktoe, the electronic brain was no match for the moppet.



For misquoting a stock price, the computer would be shot.

PROTEST IN THE ROUND

■ Hippies, mods, squares, eggheads and little kids across the U.S. are blossoming out with buttons to express their feelings about everything from A-bombs to Zen Buddhism. Some of these pin-on slogans shout, some startle and some whisper slyly. Shown here is a random sample of pithy, irreverent, two-bit grafitti calculated to puncture pomposity, make good sports laugh—or make spoilsports shout about a commie plot.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD KAMSLER

HAPPY LIBIDO INC.
SUPPORT GYPSY CABBIES
BRING BACK PAGANISM
YOU INTEREST ME
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL
DON'T THINK, FOLLOW! DON'T TALK, SHOOT! THE AMERICAN WAY
AVAILABLE
SAVE RENT MOVE IN ON A FRIEND
LIBERAL DIVORCE LAWS
DODGE THE DRAFT
TONIGHT?
LEGALIZE BROWN RICE
INVEST NOW HELP STAMP OUT SOCIALISM
PEYOTE
GOD IS ALIVE AND WELL IN MEXICO CITY
ROOMMATE WANTED
FREAKS are a state of mind
"they're sneakin' in from california"
LET'S LOVE ONE ANOTHER
IGNORE THIS BUTTON
9 OUT OF 10 OLD MAIDS PREFER The New York Times
COFFEE TURNS ME ON
IT'S WHAT'S UP FRONT THAT COUNTS
SAVE WATER SHOWER WITH A FRIEND
Naked Breakfast
HANDS OFF CAPT. KANGAROO
I AM ANONYMOUS HELP ME
I Like Big Girls
PEANUT BUTTER IS BETTER THAN POT
I NEED LOVING
APPLE PIE CAN MAKE YOU STERILE
To go together is BLESSED, to COME together DIVINE
THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA IS A MOTHER
LET'S LEGALIZE POT
HOBBITS OF THE WORLD UNITE!
WE SHALL
VOTE BUDDHIST
IRISH POWER

SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN VIET NAM
OEDIPUS LOVED HIS MOTHER
I'M RADIOACTIVE
PEKING
THE REPORT OF MY DEATH WAS AN EXAGGERATION
BABIES KISS EVERYBODY WHY CAN'T YOU
DROP OU
REVIVE FERTILITY RITES
BETTE DEA THAN RED
NATURE WATCHER
BIKINI WATCHER
CHASTE MAKES WASTE
BLONDES NOT BOMBS
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL ANARCHIST
GIVE THE GRASS A CHANCE
Spiritual Discovery
PEACE OR PIECES
I DO MY BEST
FOLLOW ME IF YOU WANT UNCOMPLICATED LOVE
I AM A HUMAN BEING: DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE
MARY POPPINS IS A JUNKIE
IF IT FEELS GOOD I'LL DO IT.
I AM A LOSER
CANCER CURES SMOKING
ITALIAN POWER
I LIKE OLDER WOMEN
I AM ENEMY OF THE STATE
SUPPORT MENTAL HEALTH OR I'LL KILL YOU
ORGY ORGANIZER
FUN IS DEAD
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE
Let's SEX
IF HOT AIR WAS MUSIC YOU WOULD BE A BRASS BAND
SOME OF MY FRIENDS ARE
I'M FOR SEXUAL FREEDOM
OLD ENOUGH TO FIGHT, OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE
OYSTERS MAKE YOU STRONG
PLEASE I'd Rather Do It Myself
I HATE EVERYTHING
I'M MANIC DEPRESSIVE BE WARNED
WOMEN SHOULD BE OBSCENE
SEND BATMAN TO VIETNAM
Stay Single
I LIKE
MUZZLE MUZAK
DEATH IS NATURES WAY OF TELLING US TO Slow Down
MARCEL PROUST IS A YENTA
LET PROSTITUTES WORK
STAMP OUT PAY TOILETS
CHASTITY IS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT
GREAT!
REPEAL THE SA
MARAT LIVES
Jewish Power
BE CREATIVE INVENT A

Reies Tijerina, top, is as tough as the land he comes from; it took the help of the National Guard and tanks, below, to capture him.

JAN. '68—TRUE

"THE U.S. STOLE OUR LAND"

Ever since their acres were taken from them, the Spanish Americans of northern New Mexico have been mired in hopeless poverty, their pleas for justice ignored. Now a fiery leader has told them violence is the only way to make themselves heard

TIERRA AMARILLA, NEW MEXICO

■ When Doyle Akers, head of the Rio Arriba County bureau of *The New Mexican*, drove his pickup truck into Tierra Amarilla last June 5, he was puzzled. At the edge of town he had met the patrol car of Deputy Sheriff Pete Jaramillo. The veteran newsman had pulled to the side of the road, expecting the lawman to stop to exchange news, as was their custom. But the patrol car drove slowly past and the man driving it was not Jaramillo. He was a younger man who was wearing a red beret.

Akers did not see his friend Jaramillo sitting on the passenger side—attempting to signal him by shaking his head in a vigorous negative. Jaramillo's arms were handcuffed behind his back and the man in the beret held a .38 caliber pistol cocked against the deputy's side. In the back seat, a United Press International reporter sat guarded by a man holding a military model .30 caliber carbine.

In a moment Akers forgot the question of who was driving the deputy's car in a stranger puzzle. He noticed first that the streets of the shabby little town were utterly and eerily deserted, and next that two state police cars parked by the courthouse were riddled with bullet holes. He walked toward the silent courthouse, noticing a bullet hole through the window of the sheriff's office and another through one of the building's double front doors, noticing that the redness splashed on the front steps was blood, not yet dried.

The courthouse lobby was empty. Here, too, there was blood—a smear of it under the county bulletin board and more on the floor by the telephone booth. The telephone had been jerked from the wall and the glass shattered by a bullet. Through the door of the sheriff's office, Akers could see the county's radio transmitter had been smashed and scattered across the floor. The hallway around him was [*Continued on page* 82]

Looking like a campaigning politician, Tijerina, top, explains his cause to a follower; below, he is hauled into court in Santa Fe, charged with an "armed invasion."

Americana

BY TONY HILLERMAN

BY ALAN BURGESS
ILLUSTRATED BY STAN GALLI

When the Czech patriots killed their Nazi master, they did not know that they would set off a

BLOODBATH IN PRAGUE

PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA

■ Ladislav Vanek looked at me with hard, slate-gray eyes and wiped the beer froth from his upper lip with the back of a strong, stubby-fingered hand.

"We *had* to kill Heydrich," he said. "There was no alternative. I knew it would bring disaster to Czechoslovakia. But I did not know we were signing the execution warrant for Lidice—only God could have known that."

He set his glass tankard down on the scrubbed wooden table with a sharp rap of anger. "I was against the assassination attempt from the moment the boys parachuted in from England. I protested over and over again: no Nazi leader has ever been killed except by liquidation *inside* the party. If we succeed in this thing, I said, the Nazi vengeance must be—has to be—the most terrible in history. They are that sort of people. It must be Wagnerian in concept. And, I said, the deaths will not be worth it . . . all the deaths. . . ."

He paused now—this short, square man of epic courage who was once a great gymnast in the patriotic Sokol organization of Czechoslovakia. I had first heard about him and his story in 1949. Eighteen years later, I had finally tracked him down in Prague. He was now the only witness, the last survivor, the only one left of all the brave ones.

"I appealed by radio to Czech Intelligence in England," Vanek went on. "No answer. I appealed again. No answer." His voice was bitter. "What did those gentlemen safe and sound in England care about us? They wanted a headline. They wanted to say, 'Look, the brave Czechs are still in rebellion.' And the boys said, 'Why are we wasting time? We are soldiers. We have our orders. We are going to carry them out.' "

Ladislav looked down at the bright, black-marble surface of the smoked beer they sell in U Flecku, the ancient pub with a *pissoir* that smells of nearly five hundred years of urine. The place lies just off the tram-clanging streets of the picturesque turreted town of Old Prague.

"I could have stopped them," he said grimly. "I was head of resistance in Prague. I could have stopped them. But suddenly we got news that on 27 May, Heydrich was meeting Hitler in Berlin. In his briefcase he would carry a document of fantastic importance for Hitler's signature; it would obliterate

Instead of hiding the assassin, the butcher sent the German straight to him.

The man was close enough to smash the windshield—but his Sten gun would not fire.

The Nazis set up a display of evidence from the shooting, and asked for information.

our country and probably alter the course of the war. We had to stop Heydrich. We could not let him catch that train to Berlin. We had to kill him. . . ."

So Upon That sunny morning in May 1942 the two young men set out. It was not really a day for killing. The phallic white candles of the chestnut trees flowered along the Vltava's banks and dropped little blossoms on the polished surface of the river, which curved like an artery through the heart of the old city. Girls thought of love and men thought of girls and although, all over Europe a great war thundered and roared, in Prague, that morning, no one thought of killing.

Certainly S.S. Gen. Reinhard Heydrich, Acting *Reichsprotector* and the man whom Hitler had sent to crush and humble the Czechs, did not think about dying. He picked up his precious briefcase, kissed his shapely, well-rinsed Aryan wife, patted his two blond sons on the head, and climbed into the driving seat of his powerful green open Mercedes beside his giant bodyguard, *Oberscharführer* Klein.

It would take the two Germans about 20 minutes to reach that spot on the sharp downhill bend at Holesovice which the assassins had chosen for the settlement.

Of the two, Jan Kubis had been the more casual and unhurried. He smiled, kissed Anna Malinova on the cheek and whispered that he would meet her that evening. The second killer, Josef Gabchik, was taut and edgy. With the Sten gun wrapped in his mackintosh, he stood holding their two bicycles. Finally he called out impatiently, "Oh, for God's sake get a move on, Jan, we haven't got all day."

Ladislav Vanek Finished his black beer and put the froth-rimmed mug back on the table. "It was strange how they both fell in love," he said. "They were both involved in this operation of fantastic peril, and they both fell in love. Josef even got himself engaged to Liboslava Fafkova. It was incredible."

I did not think that it was incredible at all, but I did not say so. (They were both young. They believed that they did not have long to live: that had been made quite clear to them when they undertook the assignment. They were both—the young Bohemian named Jan Kubis, and the young Slovakian named Josef Gabchik—trying to catch just a little of life while there was still time. Just a memory of a girl's lips and a girl's body to take with them to the grave.)

I said instead, "Let's go back to my hotel and have a drink." We had swilled down three pints of the famous black brew made without interruption since 1499, and I simply could not stand a repeat visit to the ammoniac atmosphere of the U Flecku men's room.

We caught a streetcar. It rattled and jolted through the streets, and conversation was impossible. As we sat there I remembered how, after I had uncovered the first clues to the story, I had met General Moravec who had been Czech Chief of Intelligence in wartime England. Moravec told me he had chosen Jan and Josef from Special Forces Czech Army volunteers, and made it clear to them that if they parachuted back into Czechoslovakia on this mission to kill Heydrich, death for both of them was absolutely inevitable. The eyes of this strong and inflexible Czech officer, who in the course of a long and brutal war had had to dispatch many men to a possible death, had clouded with tears as he told me of their immediate acceptance of the mission. "They were brave boys," he said emotionally. "I have never known any braver."

When we reached the bar of my Prague hotel. Ladislav Vanek and I resumed our conversation. "You were against the assassination attempt in the first place because of the destruction it would bring to Czechoslovakia—what made you change your mind? Wasn't there any other way except killing Heydrich?"

"None at all," he said simply. "If it had been any other Nazi leader except Heydrich there might have been a second way. But Heydrich was a monster."

Hour after hour, the underground fighters covered the opening to their tomb with desperate fire.

Because Heydrich controlled the apparatus of terror known as the R.S.H.A.—the hard core of secret police and executioners *inside* the Gestapo itself—he was the hidden pivot around which the entire Nazi regime revolved. His climb through the ranks had been swift. In 1937 Heydrich was responsible for the forgeries which deceived Stalin into thinking his own high command were plotting with German generals against him—in the purge which followed General Tukhachevsky and most of the Russian general staff were tried *in camera* and shot.

Heydrich manufactured the "incidents" which gave Hitler the excuse for occupying Czechoslovakia after Munich. In 1939 Heydrich masterminded the fake attack (by German criminals dressed as Polish soldiers) on the German border radio station which gave Hitler the legal pretext for invading Poland. Heydrich was in charge of the mass murder of the Jews; Eichmann was merely his deputy.

The man was evil, sinister and malevolent. When he arrived in Prague, the Czechs were still, despite German occupation for the previous four years, ostensibly a free and sovereign state. No Czech battalions fought for the Nazis; their industry was not turned over completely to war production. Within six months Heydrich altered all that. He bribed the workers with increased rations and executed mercilessly anyone who opposed him.

"The Czech government became his puppet," said Vanek harshly. "He forced them into drawing up this document which would join Czechoslovakia irrevocably to Nazi Germany. All our industry and 25 fresh divisions would be available to Hitler. It would also be an enormous propaganda victory. And all that was needed to make this reality was Hitler's signature on the document." Ladislav punched his fist into the palm of his hand. "This is what we had to stop. If we killed Heydrich and stole that agreement, Hitler could never sign it, never hold out again that sycophantic hand in friendship. We would be enemies forever. We knew the price would be great, but we thought it was worth it." [*Continued on page* 62]

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON HUNTER

Automotive
BY DALE SHAW

Richard Lee Petty won more stock-car races last year than any man who ever lived, including his famed daddy. And throughout the South, the stands are crowded with pretty girls shouting

love that Richard!

MARYVILLE, TENN.

■ JUNE 8. The streak of blue shot beneath the dancing checkered flag in brilliant spotlights. Seven-thousand cheering fans stood as a man. Car 43 circled with other circling cars, some revving down, out of the money, grinding teeth as the blue winner shot through. Petty had beat them again.

The roar of the engines subsided. One by one they coughed out, popped, spat and died. They had sounded between violins and machine guns, running, wide open, dangerous and somehow beautiful—turning at 7,000 rpm., which sounds, at two firings per revolution, a marvelously toned A below middle C. Now they shut up. Over. No crashes. No deaths. No disappointment. Richard Lee Petty had won.

Car 43 parked near the flagman's bridge. A crewman rushed to the glassless side window to scrub the hero's face of Tennessee clay and Firestone-Goodyear rubber dust. A pretty girl with breasts like headlamps handed Petty a large piece of lightly gold-plated statuary as he stepped out into the glaring light. A 4-H band played something martial. Petty grinned the pre-kiss grin, then accepted an embrace which to this devoted, moral and somewhat religious father of three has become both habitual and meaningless.

Seeing it first from the stands, you understand what this man means to Dixie. He is their folk hero; their Lil Abner. He has turned Dixie into his Dogpatch; he rules it against the forces of evil, meanwhile packing away most of the turnips. Fathers and sons pay as high as $20 a seat to see him run. Pretty girls, many of them untried, gush at the railings, his picture already in their purses, to have a better look.

"Bonnie Joe, she's rootin' fo' ya!" screams Bonnie Joe.

"Theah he is, Richahd Paytee, see him, honey?"

"If thayt man git hut, Ah don't know whut Ah'll do."

"When *he* die, they dip him in gold, lahk that statue."

"Heeeeeell, he won't git killed. He too dang careful, he no charger."

Men, women and children surge into the infield where Petty has put his car on display with the other cars and maintenance trucks and pit crews. Go with them, the two or three-thousand autograph-hungry fans who surge over their hero; but linger when they have gone. Stay, study the strange world of Richard Petty, where every day is Sadie Hawkins' Day.

Grand National stock has come of age; it has changed. In 1964 four drivers died including the renowned Fireball Roberts. Since then, although superspeedway speeds have [*Continued on page* 86]

His wife Linda, left, and a girl named Winkie Louise help Petty celebrate win in Southern 500.

Coca-Cola
Firestone

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB & IRA SPRING

Nature

BY JEAN MUIR

■ You can add another baffler to the mysteries of the world—and this one is more than a match for the Riddle of the Sphinx, the Loch Ness monster and all the jazz about Abominable Snowmen. The Mima Mound Puzzle in Washington State has been around a good bit longer than the Sphinx for one thing. It may be as old as 15,000 years. And a lot more people have tried to solve it than ever came face-to-face with monsters or snowmen.

Near the southern tip of Puget Sound there are hundreds of acres of strange mounds. Everybody is trying to figure out how they got there, and not even the geologists have a firm answer.

Maybe these thousands of mysterious mounds were built in times long ago by some ancient race of men.

Maybe they were the wallows of prehistoric elephants.

Maybe they were made by giant fish during a period when the prairies were submerged by water.

And maybe they are just enormous anthills.

These, at least, are some of the theories scientists of the past have come up with. Since they are the most spectacular earth mounds in the country—in the world for that matter—scientists are understandably embarrassed about leaving the puzzle unsolved on their doorsteps.

If you look from a [*Continued on page* 72]

THE MYSTERY OF THE MIMA MOUNDS

Thousands of neat,
round piles of earth: how did
they get there in Washington State?
The theories range from burial mounds,
to glacial deposits, to gopher burrows. Some
people even believe the mounds are still growing

Wild Wing Shooting In The Land Of The Shamrock

Hunting

BY ED ZERN

Woodcock hunting in the U. S. is frustrating sport: low limits, short seasons, migrating birds that are always just passing through. Ireland is a dream: no limits, long seasons and birds that stay around day after day to get shot

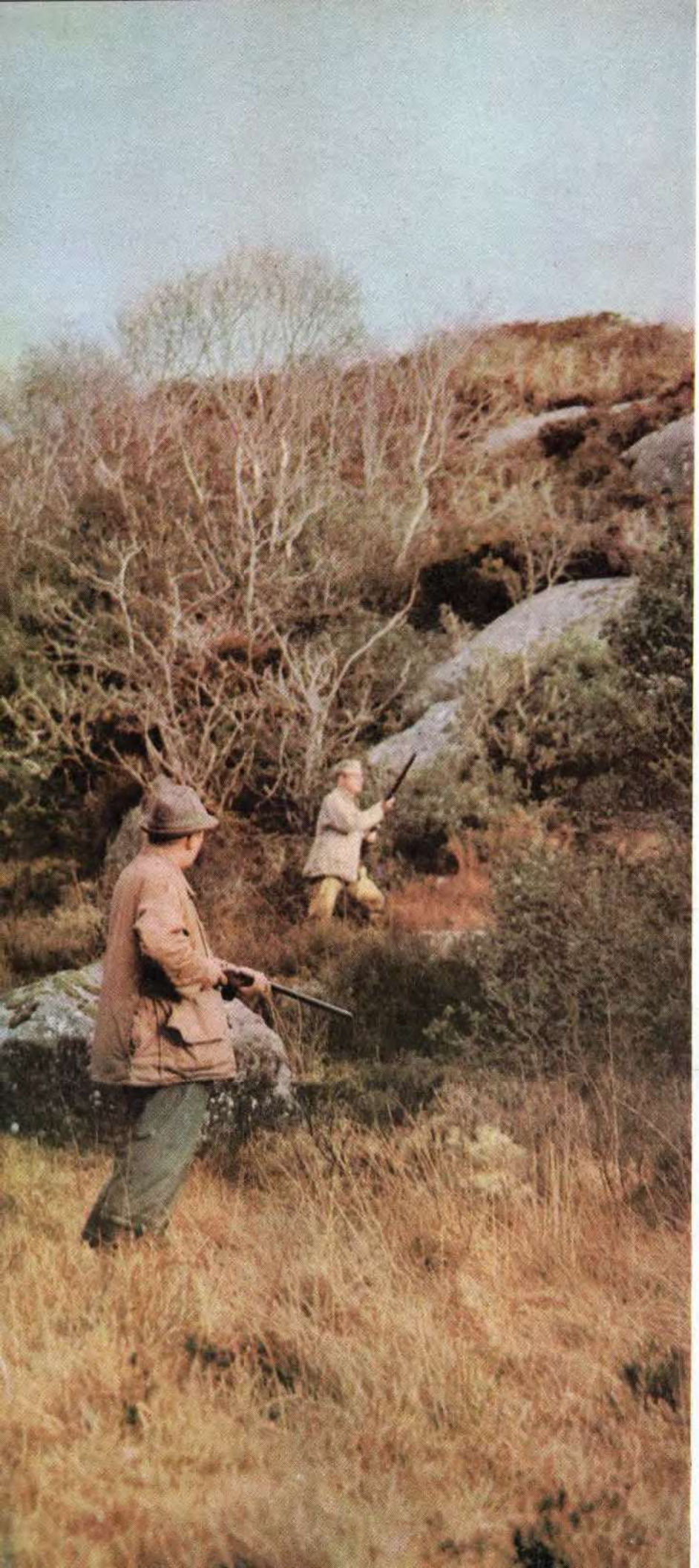
GALWAY, IRELAND

■ When I asked my friend Sam a few years ago why he had given up woodcock hunting, he said he couldn't stand the monotony. "The way I figure it," he said. "when you've missed one woodcock you've missed them all."

Gentlemen, Sam was wrong. Last winter I found woodcock that were every bit as easy to miss as the ones he and I used to search for in New York and Pennsylvania and New Jersey. They performed the same zigzag, whoopsey-doodle stunt flying when flushed, and the same disconcerting trick of flying straight at your head like a feathered fist. They also showed the same baffling ability to dissolve into thin air, seemingly, in covers where they had been thick as mosquitoes a few days or hours before. But in other, wonderful ways the woodcock I'm talking about is a different bird.

For one thing, these woodcock weren't transients, migrating southward in such a hurry that you might miss the flight altogether. These birds were at the end of

The author swings his gun for shot at bird winging for cover behind picturesque castle ruins.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY GEORGE DOUGLAS

Ireland's double-size woodcock make fast action in the field, hearty talk in the pub

the line and settled in for a solid four-months' stay. For another, they were almost precisely *twice* the size and *double* the weight of any woodcock I had ever seen before. (Twelve ounces on the average, against six for the ones I knew, with an occasional monster sometimes weighing in at as much as 15 or 16 ounces.)

To top all this, when you hunt these woodcock there's no four-bird limit to send you home early on that one-in-a-thousand day when you strike it rich. No eight-bird limit. No 20-bird limit. No limit, period.

And finally, the season for these birds begins on September 1, starts hotting up about the time woodcocking closes down in most eastern states and goes on until the end of January.

Too good to be true? Yes, indeed, but true it is—as true as that Irish bogs are the quakingest, Irish pubs the coziest, Irish weather the changingest and Irish whisky the warmingest. Because that's where these superwoodcock are found: all up and down the west of Ireland, from Macgillicuddy's Reeks in County Kerry to Connemara's Twelve Bens and County Galway's Ballynahinch, but especially in the Galway area.

I first met this feathered phenomenon at a driven-pheasant shoot at Lord Dunsany's estate near Dublin (a private

Because birds must be flushed out of thick cover, success depends very much on use of dogs.

A woodcock from a full game bag makes conversation piece as hunters end day with drinks at bar of town pub.

syndicate affair that's sometimes open to American paying guests). Standing in a "ride," or clearing, cut through the woods that surround the 1,000-year-old castle, I heard the cry, "Cock up!" I remembered having read that this was the traditional warning when beaters flush a woodcock toward the guns, and I waited anxiously.

Hoping the bird might come my way, I watched for the woodcock I knew—long-beaked, short-necked, broad-winged, brown-and-black, about the size of a bobwhite quail.

Instead, what suddenly rocketed out of the woods directly at my head—so that I couldn't shoot without endangering the beaters—was a bird with the same conformation and color as our U.S. woodcock, but looking almost as big as a great horned owl and flying as swiftly and noiselessly. When it zoomed up over my head I took a fast snap shot but missed the bird by three feet; pivoting, I tried a going-away shot behind me but the No. 6 pellets rattled off the screen of trees behind which the bird had zoomed.

A few seconds later I heard a shot. Arthur Williams, the Dublin businessman who captains the shoot and was serving as a flanker, dropped the bird when it cut across his stand. When we gathered after the drive there were 40-odd pheasants laid out neatly on the ground, but it was the woodcock which got all my attention.

The bird looked exactly like a North American woodcock seen through a two-power enlarger: same oversize-for-night-seeing eyes near the top and rear of the head (so it can watch for enemies while its beak is buried in the ground, probing for worms); same rich, rufous-brown plumage mottled with black (to provide near-perfect camouflage when blended against a forest floor of dead leaves); same flexible, forcepslike tip at the end of the beak (for latching onto a worm deep in mud). In short, this was Europe's giant, economy-sized woodcock, *Scolopa rusticola*—one of the great game birds of the world, and a delight to gourmets as well as gunners.

But my excitement turned to disappointment when I asked about the possibility of doing some serious woodcock hunting. Williams explained. "You're too early for the best of it. These birds start arriving from their breeding grounds in Finland and northern Russia and Scandinavia about October, but until the heavy frosts come they stay on the mountains, so scattered it's no use to hunt them. Come back in December or January."

And so, one evening shortly after New Year's Day, I boarded an Irish International Airlines jet at Kennedy Airport. I had an Irish [*Continued on page* 77]

BLOODBATH IN PRAGUE

[*Continued from page* 53]

I said, "Do you think now that the price was worth it?" Ladislav's eyes were stone hard through the glass panes of his spectacles. "No," he said. "Now I am not sure."

"But on that morning you were there at the corner in Holesovice with the others?"

The gray eyes flashed momentary disapproval. "Of course," he said.

The next day Vanek took me to the scene of the assassination; from his description of the action, it was easy to visualize what happened on that morning in May in 1942.

Jan Kubis and Josef Gabchik rode their bicycles through the cool, cobbled streets still wet from the watercarts, crossed Charles Bridge and followed the river until they came to the long hill which led up to the sleepy suburb of Holesovice.

Jan was 27 years old, a farmer from Bohemia, a quiet romantic young man. Josef was 29, a Slovakian, gay, volatile and dramatic. Their temperaments dovetailed; they had seen a lot of war and death and hatred and their friendship was solid. Josef carried the Sten gun which was to do the main work; in Jan's pocket was a hand grenade. Both had revolvers.

They propped their bicycles against the fence on that sharp corner in Holesovice where the streetcar tracks swept down the hill and turned in a tight curve against the curbstone. They stood idly at the stop as if they were two workmen waiting for a tram. Ladislav Vanek—masquerading as a patient from the nearby hospital—sat in a wheelchair attended by a young woman on the opposite corner. Under the blanket which covered his knees he held a revolver. Farther up the hill three other parachutists were stationed at 200-yard intervals, each ready to flash a signal by hand mirror as Heydrich's Mercedes approached.

"Heydrich was late," said Vanek. "He should have been there by 9:15 at the latest—we had timetabled his movements by careful surveillance. Now it was almost half past 9. I was sweating with apprehension and I could sense that the boys were getting agitated also."

Then, suddenly, the mirrors began to wink, and in the distance the assassins could see the green Mercedes. Only a man as foolhardy and arrogant as Heydrich would have traveled without an armed escort. They knew this and had planned for it. But they had not reckoned in their meticulous researches with the tram that was now lumbering up the hill. It looked as if it would arrive at the corner at precisely the same moment as the Mercedes.

But the open car was traveling fast. Heydrich geared down and slowed for the bend, and Josef dropped the raincoat which hid the Sten gun and stepped out into the roadway.

"He was so close," said Vanek, his voice low with remembered agony. "Josef could have shoved the barrel through the windshield. He had them like sitting ducks. I waited for the hail of bullets which would smash the windshield and blow them both to hell. And nothing happened! I screamed, 'Shoot! Shoot!' But I couldn't hear my own voice, and still nothing happened!"

Josef swung his barrel, following the path of the car, but his gun might just as well have been a stick of wood for all the good it did. If Heydrich had accelerated, he would most certainly have escaped. But that someone should have the fanastic impudence to point a gun at the *Reichsprotector* enraged him. He braked hard. Jan pulled the grenade out of his pocket, ran three steps and lobbed it after the slowing Mercedes. It exploded against the rear outside door with a red flash and a puff of black smoke. The car jolted another two yards and stopped. At that identical moment the tram arrived alongside and every glass window shattered. Thirty disbelieving faces gaped out at the scene.

Klein and Heydrich jumped out of the car. Both had revolvers and both opened fire at Jan and Josef. Jan ran back toward the fence, grabbed his bike and raced around the stationary tram. The passengers, now pouring off, moved threateningly toward him, but Jan fired one shot, brandished his revolver and they fell back to let him through.

"He jumped into the saddle and, with blood pouring down his face from a flesh wound, shot off down the hill," said Vanek. "I knew he was safe for the time being, but my main thought was, 'Oh, God, we've failed! We've failed!' "

Josef, stunned by the failure of his Sten gun, was slower to react. He threw down his gun but by the time he turned for his bicycle the crowd from the tram had cut it off and Klein was racing toward him firing his revolver. Heydrich started after him as well but ran only a few steps before he stopped and pressed his left hand into the small of his back. He lurched back to the car, lifted out the vital briefcase and stuck it under his arm. Then, half stooping and obviously in pain, he leaned against the car hood.

"I didn't have time to see anything else," said Vanek. "The girl pushing my wheelchair had been frozen in horror. Now she panicked. She jerked my wheelchair back on two wheels, nearly throwing me on my head, and towed me backward away from the corner as fast as she could run!"

Josef ran up the hill and turned down the first side street to the left, with Klein sniping at him 50 yards behind. He dodged behind a telegraph pole and ricocheted a couple of bullets off the pavement a few yards from the *Oberscharführer,* sending him diving for cover. Like two schoolboys playing cowboys and Indians, with the considerable difference that their bullets could really kill, Josef and Klein fought their revolver duel to the T-junction at the bottom of the street.

Across to the left stood a butcher's shop. Breathless, needing time to reload, Josef dashed into it hoping that the butcher might help him. But the butcher, a fat man in a striped apron, his eyes glued to Josef's revolver, hardly bothered to listen. He sidled out of the shop into the street and Josef stared after him in amazement. Surely no Czech would betray a fellow countryman?

He was wrong. The butcher walked out into the center of the street and, as Klein came round the corner, walked across and told him what had happened. He must also have indicated that Josef was out of ammunition because Klein, suddenly abandoning discretion, made a mad dash for the shop doorway. Josef, waiting there, let him close to within five yards and then fired at point-blank range. The bullet smashed Klein's thigh and sprawled him on the ground. Josef ran forward, leaped over his body and raced down toward the main road. A tram bound for Prague had just halted, and, just as the automatic doors began to close, Josef leaped in and took a seat as if he was an ordinary commuter. He spent the journey into town trying to figure out why the Sten had failed. Had he forgotten to thumb off the safety catch? Or had the hay, which he had stuffed into the raincoat pocket to keep the gun from rattling, jammed the mechanism? He would never know.

Jan, Josef and Vanek met in a flat—as prearranged—next morning. Jan had gotten to the hideout without attracting attention, and there had changed into a railwayman's overalls and a large peaked cap which hid the wound over his eye. All three of them were convinced that they had botched the attempt and were very depressed.

What none of them knew was that they had not failed. The grenade had blown a tiny speck of horsehair from the seat stuffing up through the back of Heydrich's uniform. It left only a minute puncture in his back but it had driven deep into his spleen and there it would spread infection. A baker's van ferried him to the hospital near the corner in Holesovice; he would leave it in a hearse. They rushed the best doctors from Berlin but slowly and inevitably Heydrich was dying. Penicillin could have saved him but the Nazis had no penicillin.

"The thing now is to keep you all safe," said Vanek. "Get under cover and stay under cover until you hear from me. I shall find a safe hideout for all of you."

His words were brave but he knew that now it was essentially a matter of self-preservation. Day and night the radio snarled out threats, and the Nazis had already begun their dreadful reprisals. The night before they had carried out random

COMING . . .

Man and fish team
up to form

THE STRANGEST PARTNERSHIP IN THE SEA

The eyewitness account of
a fantastic alliance
between an island fisherman
and a giant barracuda

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

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house-to-house searches throughout the city and anyone found without papers or acting suspiciously was shot immediately. In the prisons they began to execute systematically all political hostages. Ten million crowns was the reward offered to anyone giving information which would lead to the arrest of the assailants; anyone withholding information was threatened with immediate execution. Every hour the radio broadcast more threats, more long lists of executions.

In a shop window in Wenceslaus Square the Nazis exhibited the one abandoned bicycle, the Sten gun, raincoat and Jan's cap, and asked for people to come forward who could identify them. No one came forward but Vanek had many other things to worry about. A dozen more parachutists had been dropped and made contact with his group since Jan and Josef's arrival five months previously. The underground had them hidden in flats all over the city, and now that the Nazis were combing huge areas, that in itself was a danger.

Vanek desperately needed one secure hiding place for *all* of them. Fortunately, a few could be sent out of Prague. Parachutist Karel Curda, for example: his wife and mother lived on a farm out in the country. Ironically, Karel Curda was the one fatal mistake they made.

The secure hiding place was found. It was a church in Resslova Street not far from the river. Chaplain Petrek, with the authority of his church elders, had contacted Vanek and offered it as a sanctuary. Jan and Josef and the five parachutists remaining in the city were smuggled into the church's ancient crypt.

They didn't like it much. No one was enthusiastic about a tomb as a shelter. An iron ring set in a flagstone in the church floor—and concealed by a strip of matting—was the only way in. The only daylight filtered through a ventilation aperture some 20 inches by nine, opening about 10 feet above the outside pavement. It wasn't so bad in the daytime because they all had proper identity cards and could go out in twos and threes. Jan often visited Anna, and Josef, Liboslava. But none of them liked it at night.

Nine days after the attack Heydrich died and the entire city was draped in black for his state funeral. From Hitler came shrill and constant cries of hatred. And the Nazi terror finally reached its climax when the notorious hangman, Karl Frank, who had been sent as Secretary of State to replace Heydrich, carried out his orders to teach the Czechs a lasting lesson.

In the early hours of the morning of June 10 an entire S.S. regiment surrounded Lidice, a large village 10 miles west of Prague. The men and boys were lined up against a barn and machine-gunned to death. The women and children were piled into lorries and driven off to concentration camps where most of them were killed. The dogs and cats and farm animals were shot. They dynamited the church, the town hall, the shops, the school, all large buildings. Bulldozers knocked down the houses, rooted out the lampposts, leveled the site. By the time the SS had finished, they had erased Lidice from the face of the earth, and this news was shrieked from every radio transmitter throughout the Nazi empire.

As justification for their bestial act, the Germans claimed that arms and ammunition and direct links to Heydrich's assassins had been discovered in Lidice. It was a lie. Vanek's group hardly knew of the village's existence. The people of Lidice knew no one in the underground. The news was monitored throughout the world and decent people everywhere caught their breath and knew that if the Nazis could commit such crimes there would be no lasting peace anywhere until they were defeated.

The effect of the news upon Jan and Josef was paralyzing. Pastor Petrek sent Vanek an urgent message urging him to come at once. When he arrived he found both young men in a state of shock. They declared they were going to give themselves up; they could stand no more. Jan said passionately, "We are going out into the park. We shall hang placards round our necks saying that we killed Heydrich. Then we shall swallow our poison pills and shoot ourselves."

"You will do no such thing," said Vanek in contemptuous anger. "Do you think such naïvete would satisfy the Nazis? Do you think they would accept such evidence? We have won a great victory and to jeopardize it now would be cowardice. Do you hear me—cowardice!"

In the months he had known them, Vanek had come to love these two young men as his own sons yet he hit them with the word "cowardice" like a punch in the face, and they blinked under its impact. By the time he left they had quieted down and promised to hold firm.

But Vanek had forgotten his other men—like parachutist Karel Curda. He had forgotten what the news of Lidice might also do to them. As soon as Curda arrived back at the farm, his wife and mother began to weep. Why had he done this terrible thing to them? How could he get mixed up in such a dreadful affair? They would all be killed and it was all his fault. They listened to the news of constant executions and wept day and night and they broke his nerve with their grief. He said he would make it all right for them. He took the train back into Prague and went to Gestapo Headquarters. He told them he was a parachutist. He told them that Jan and Josef were the assassins and he gave them an address where he thought they might be found.

The flat was owned by a woman resistance worker called Auntie Marie. In the quiet days before the assassination most of the parachutists collected there on various occasions. Auntie Marie had a 20-year-old son named Ata who also wanted desperately to help. Ata knew about the church in Resslova Street; he delivered food there for the parachutists.

The Gestapo raided the flat in the early hours of the morning. Auntie Marie managed to swallow her poison pill but they took Ata back to headquarters. And they broke him there. He was young and he had courage, but they knew all about youth and courage and they tortured him with the severed head of his mother standing on a table nearby. He talked. He told them of the church.

That evening Vanek had confided to Chaplain Petrek the good news. They had prepared a hideaway in a hunting lodge miles away in the country. The next morning a hearse would arrive at the church bearing two coffins. Jan and Josef would be loaded into them. There were no longer guards on all exits to the city. Within a week or so they might be back in England.

Instead, as the gray light dawned, the three of them on guard on the church balcony, Jan, a Lieutenant Opalka and a Private Svarc, looked down through the high window and saw the S.S. troops taking up their places to cordon off the entire area. The three of them moved quickly into position to repulse the first

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attack; they knew that the four down in the crypt would be awakened soon enough.

A whole regiment of crack S.S. troops had been summoned from their barracks for this operation. They crashed in through the rear entrance, pouring into the church firing wildly and indiscriminately. They were mowed down and driven back by the accurate submachine gun fire of the three defenders. The troops outside opened up with a stream of small-arms and machine-gun fire, smashing every window and turning the interior of the church into a hive of whining, ricocheting bullets. Back came the attackers, and once more they were driven back without their dead.

Time and time again the S.S. troops stormed into the church and each time they were repulsed. For two long hours, while the June sun rose behind the church spires and the sleepy town woke and yawned at the mists rising from the river, Jan and his companions kept the S.S. at bay. But the odds were too great. At last the S.S. managed to infiltrate the church, taking cover in window recesses and behind pillars. While the infiltrators kept the defenders down with covering fire, one S.S. man ran forward and tossed a stick grenade accurately onto the balcony. It fell among the three parachutists and exploded. Lieutenant Opalka was badly wounded, Private Svarc's legs were shattered. Time had run out but they were not going to be captured alive. Each blew out his brains. Jan could make no decision for he was unconscious and dying. All three were dead when they rushed them to a hospital.

After that it did not take the S.S. long to find the flagstone. They wrenched it up and flinched back from the volley of bullets fired up by Josef and the other three. Idiotically they lowered a volunteer through the hole; he was killed instantly and they did not try that route again.

Instead they turned their attention to the ventilation aperture on the outside wall. The opening was much too small to admit a human being, but they tried another method of getting at the trapped men. They summoned a crew with a smoke-making machine and stuffed in the pipe of this peculiar apparatus, hoping to smoke out the defenders. Josef and his companions climbed up their ladder, cut the hose pipe with a knife and sloshed it back on the pavement.

At this turn of events the Germans heard the four young men in the crypt roaring with laughter. Although their life expectancy was short, they were surrendering neither their courage nor their sense of humour.

But by now the Nazi demolition experts had discovered a second entrance, an immense stone slab in the floor of the church in front of the altar. The demolition team blew the slab apart and dragged it aside. They rigged up a searchlight and trained it down through the wide hole revealing a short flight of stone steps. And now the parachutists were particularly vulnerable because it was possible to enfilade the entire length of the crypt with machine-gun fire.

In fact Josef and his friends had used up all their ration of good fortune. An adventurous fireman poked his hand through the ventilation slot, grabbed the slender ladder, jerked it up, dropped his full weight upon it and slid it out into the sunshine. Now it was simple for the firemen to push their hose through and turn on the water. Before long a swirling torrent nearly three feet deep washed across the floor of the tomb.

Calmly, indomitably, repulsing every frenzied charge down the stone steps so that S.S. bodies sprawled in the water and it ran with their blood, the entombed parachutists defended themselves until well into the afternoon. But their ammunition was expendable, and they had analyzed that situation before they reached it. When it finally ran out each had saved a single bullet in his revolver. Like the others they had sworn not to be taken alive.

When the S.S. heard the four single shots echo, one after the other, from the dark crypt they knew that the unequal fight was over.

"They fought to the bitter end," said Ladislav, "and we could do nothing to help them. I was betrayed later in the year. I was sentenced to death and despatched to a concentration camp for execution. But the Nazis were methodical: I was late being arrested and low, therefore, on the death list. So I was still alive at the end of the war." His jaw tightened, his strong hands clenched together in a convulsive movement. "After the war we hanged Karl Frank. We hanged Karel Curda. But what good did that do? What good does vengeance ever do? We should have learned that from the Nazis."

It was a long time ago, but for Vanek the pain will never be assuaged, the sorrow never requited, the responsibility never relinquished. The boys have been in their graves for many years now, and in Lidice the new grass and the freshly planted trees have quite obliterated the scars the Nazis left. Ladislav Vanek is the sole survivor. And he will never know if he was right. And nothing will ever erase the scars he carries. **—Alan Burgess**

FOLD! SPINDLE! MUTILATE!

[*Continued from page* 45]

makes a mistake, it is not an imaginative mistake; it is not because it was trying to solve a problem in some new way. The mistake comes either from an electrical fault or from a human error on the part of the operator. Such human error can be intentional, as in the recent case of a Minneapolis bank teller who withdrew money perfectly legally from his own account, except that he told the computer not to record any of these withdrawals. Every night, when the computer made a search of all accounts for overdrawn funds, it obediently skipped the teller's account, and kept the secret. But even using the computer as an accomplice, the teller was unlucky; by chance the fraud was discovered, and he was charged with embezzlement.

Of course a man who has direct access to a computer has a big advantage over the average person oppressed by a computer in a store or a bank somewhere, because the average man has no way of communicating with the machine. Its operators in fact have created special arcane languages for these machines, that only they and their computers can understand. The operator may feel secure in his human superiority over the machine, because, if he wants to, he can give it impossible tasks, such as telling it to divide some huge mathematical figure by zero. When the machine finds that this is impossible, it may quite literally go mad and burn out its fuses.

Basically a computer is an extremely simple electric switch that goes either on or off. Thus it provides a plus or a minus and nothing more; these can be read as the figures 1 and 0, which are the basis for the binary mathematics the machine works with. The plus and minus can also be read as a yes and a no. When millions of these switches are hooked up together, they can do all kinds of computations with the speed of light merely by adding one and one and one and one for as long as necessary, or subtracting in the same tireless way. Division and multiplication are beyond the computers' ability, but it gets a result by adding or subtracting much faster than the human can do it by multiplying or dividing.

Being capable only of a yes or a no, the computer is obviously very narrow-minded, very stupid. An early model was challenged to a computing match back in 1946, in Japan, by a clerk with an abacus. The abacus won. A General Electric computer-manufacturing employee in Phoenix has a computer keyboard in his home, wired to a centrally located electronic brain at the plant. His six-year-old daughter learned how to beat it at ticktacktoe by finding a pattern that the programmer had overlooked.

This limited intelligence in no way prevents these machines from doing tremendous amounts of useful work in short periods of time, but it should reassure man that he can count on his own survival against their competition. In fact, it seems that computer stupidity, the mistakes the machines make, poses more of a threat to man than computer intelligence. While in New York recently I tried to find out something more about what causes these mistakes. I called International Business Machines first. "Computers don't make mistakes," said a spokesman. I didn't believe him, but I figured there was no point in arguing with IBM.

I called RCA out in Cherry Hill, New Jersey. "Computers don't make mistakes," I was informed. I wrote to the National Cash Register Co., which makes computers in Dayton, Ohio, and asked them what goes wrong, but I got no reply. I tried Honeywell's New York office, and found out that Honeywell computers

never make mistakes because of "an electronic crossfooting technique that enables automatic regeneration of missing, garbled or incorrect data." I called General Electric, but nobody there could remember anything ever going wrong with their computers. They promised to let me know if anything came to mind, but they never called back. I talked to a man at Univac. Yes, once a Univac "did behave strangely, and finally chugged to a complete stop." I perked up sharply. What had happened? "Engineers found several mice burned to a crisp alongside one of the high voltage wires."

Were *mice* to blame for all the wrong bills and bounced checks? I could not believe it. I telephoned the Control Data Corporation in New York. "No, computers don't make mistakes," a man's voice told me. But then he laughed and invited me to his office to talk it over. Soon, in a towering steel-and-glass crate on Third Avenue, I was listening to Peter J. Stevens, a tall, hospitable man with thick gray hair and the resonant voice of an actor. A Control Data district manager, he assured me that computers really do not make mistakes very often, but that when they do, it's very hard to discover exactly what went wrong. Engineers blame the programmers, who are the people who tell the machines what to do, and the programmers blame the machines. (Machines are called "hardware" and the written-out programs "software.") A burned-out transistor could cause an error. "We buy them 50 million at a time. An average computer has three million of them in it, and here and there we do get a bad one," said Stevens. A slight lapse in electric power can throw off a calculation; if an electric pulse is doubled in strength for only a nanasecond (a billionth of a second) it could flip an extra "1" into the million-dollar column.

But most of the trouble crops up in the "software"—in human programming errors, or in physical defects in punched cards or magnetic tapes. John M. Ricci of the Celanese Plastics Co. says, "It takes only one mote of dust, as small as 140 millionths of an inch in height, to cause a tape malfunction. This error can be compounded many times when tape is wound on reels and the pressure of layer upon layer produces indentations in the surface of succeeding layers of tape. One such error can be cumulative throughout the whole computer program, and render it useless." Any wrinkle or pleat in the tape, or imperfection in the sharpness of a hole in a punched card can also cause a misreading.

But the onus of computer errors falls mainly upon the programmer, perhaps simply because he is a human being and can be yelled at. I discussed this profession with Lawrence E. Littwin, a dark, energetic young man who is applications supervisor for Control Data. The aptitudes of programmers are the same as those of carpenters and ministers, for some reason that nobody has quite figured out. In fact the author of nine books on programming, one Dan McCracken, has left the field to enter the ministry. Programmers make from $7,000 to $20,000 a year, and are usually college graduates who have taken special postgraduate training.

"Just what is the nature of the side effect of this new drug, doctor?"

Littwin agrees that the machine is stupid. "It understands only a sort of baby talk, one little step at a time. If a single step is left out, the machine won't work. We try to design a man's judgment into the machine, but it cannot do anything it's not told to do. It cannot do anything creative—design a dress, for example. But it can do anything for which it has been given exact specifications; if you describe a size-14 dress to it, it is capable of producing a size 16 if you want it." The specialists use various languages that have initialese names, such as FORTRAN (formula translation), SALE (simple algebraic language for engineers), or JOVIAL (Jules' own version of the international algebraic language). These languages, which basically substitute binary numbers for letters, are first written out on specially printed forms, and then are transferred onto punched cards or magnetic tape, to be thus fed into the machine.

Though manufacturers are very touchy about the subject of computer error, the people who own or lease the machines, and use them, don't deny that mistakes are common. Instead, they protect themselves against computer goofs by taking out insurance on losses their clients may sustain because of such bunglings. A current claim against a Wall Street insurance company concerns a mail-order list of several hundred thousand names that was drawn up by a computer and sold for 10 cents a name. When mailings went out, it was discovered that all the names were repeated from 10 to 20 times each. The flap grew worse and worse when it turned out that the list had been repeatedly resold from one firm to another, chain-letter fashion, until now some 200 mail-order houses are demanding their money back from one another—and all the demands are being quickly ushered back to the wayward computer. The insurance company people do not very much want to talk about the case. (Such a policy against computer error costs a dollar per thousand dollars of fees charged by the insured client for his services to others.)

Businesses can protect themselves against wayward computers by taking out these special insurance policies, but the average individual so far has no such recourse, and when he gets tangled up in electronic foul-ups he has to thrash his way free by himself. In talking with various computer people, I heard of a good number of odd blowups caused by computers and their operators. One happened in Kansas City, Missouri, where a machine programmed to keep track of plane reservations consistently reported full planes as being empty, empty planes as being full, and other planes actually on the ground to have disappeared. All kinds of tests were run on the machine, until finally a technician decided to watch a buxom girl programmer operating the computer. The trouble was soon discovered; as she leaned forward to push her buttons, one of her breasts would poke another button, thus causing highly unusual results to come forth. The solution was simple and quick; the girl was given a higher chair to sit in.

Another computer made such a botch of handling ticket reservations at the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater in New York that it took the human staff 45 days, working 12 hours a day, to unravel it. The machine was replaced by an "improved method"—a 19-year-old girl named Kate Brown, who gets $900 for the three-month season. (The computer charged $6,500.) In the 1965 New York City primary election, a CBS television computer declared Orin Lehman his party's nominee for city comptroller. But the next day it turned out that the voters had named Mario R. Procaccino instead. An anticomputer editorialist wrote, "The people *may* have nominated Procaccino, but according to the computers they *should* have nominated Lehman." He ironically suggested a new election, in which people would simply vote for their favorite computer.

Computers have been set to translating

foreign languages without any very great results. One machine was told to translate into Japanese, the English expression "out of sight, out of mind," and produced the Japanese words meaning, "invisible, insane." A translation from the Russian for "Time flies like an arrow" produced "Time flies enjoy eating arrows." Computers assembled 260,000 word entries in the new Random House Dictionary of the English Language. But one computer couldn't tell the difference between "shamefaced" and "Schvernik." It gave this definition: "shamefaced, Nicolai (ni ko lai), born 1888, President of the Soviet Union, 1946-53." Computers sometimes talk back to their operators. An American Airlines executive, showing off the firm's new $30,000,000 Sabre computer to a government official named Minetti, asked it to confirm his guest's flight, but by mistake he misspelled the name. Instantly the computer replied: "We hold a Mr. MINETTI on that flight. He is a board member of the Civil Aeronautics Board and a VIP. We do not have a record of a MINNETI." Computers irritate human programmers by popping up with such automatically typed phrases as "ILLEGAL USE OF PUNCTUATION—PROGRAM ERROR." One programmer says, "I wish the machine would simply correct the mistake, go on with its business, and leave me alone."

One imaginative computer use was devised a while ago by the Rev. A. Q. Morton of the Church of Scotland. He programmed a computer to check on the authorship of the 14 Pauline letters of the New Testament by having it compare each letter to the others on the basis of the frequency of certain parts of speech. The computer concluded that these missives had been written by six different authors. Doubting the computer, the Rev. Dr. John W. Ellison of the Parish of the Epiphany in Winchester, Massachusetts, ran a similar test on the writings of Reverend Morton. The computer showed that Reverend Morton's own work was the product of half a dozen different hands. In further tests, a computer told Reverend Ellison that James Joyce's *Ulysses* had five different authors, no one of whom could have written "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Besides the bounced certified checks, the Bankers Trust people have been occasionally mystified by ghostly deposits that get into people's accounts from out of nowhere; recently there was a $130,000 bonanza in one computerized account. It no longer matters, by the way, whether checks are signed or not, because computers read only the magnetic numerals on them. These days, checks are smoothly cashed bearing the signatures of Donald Duck, Genghis Khan, or Zeus, Father of Gods and Men. One man borrowed a blank check from a friend to pay a debt to him, crossed out the name of the bank and the friend's printed name, and wrote out the check and signed it. The computer of course charged the check to the wrong man.

Jerry Frankel, in charge of Associated Press computers that send out stock reports all over the world, says the computers have many built-in safeguards against error, but he admits that the chance of making a big mistake—possibly causing a run on a certain issue—"always haunts us." If it ever should happen, he says, "We'll fire the programmer and shoot the computer."

Computers are also getting into the medical field. In a test by Pfizer Laboratories, a computer gives a diagnosis of a patient's illness after a doctor has checked off certain symptoms listed on a card. One result read:

THE SYMPTOMS YOU HAVE CHOSEN INDICATE MOST PROBABLE DIAGNOSIS ADDISON'S DISEASE, SYPHILIS, CONSIDER ALSO, TUBERCULOSIS OF THE KIDNEY.

Patients at the Vishnevsky Institute of Surgery in Moscow all undergo computer diagnosis; doctors boast that the machine is right 91 percent of the time.

As computers become more and more involved in almost all of the activities of man, the chance of one wreaking havoc by mistake becomes greater all the time. A computer can design a suspension bridge from the standpoint of the strength needed to support a given amount of traffic. It can predict the risk of investing money. Computers sort out flight plans for airline pilots; these machines have "fail-softly" or "graceful degradation" safeguards, which means that if they conk out they're supposed to hand over their work to a fellow computer—"Take over, Charlie, I feel weak." Computers are scanning every federal income tax return this year at a new Internal Revenue center in Martinsburg, West Virginia. A Stuttgart, Germany, art show opened only to computers was won by a picture which was "the result of producing uniform squares with a kind of regular irregularity specifically suitable to a computer's patience," according to the computer's master.

COMING . . .

A controversial daguerrotype poses the question:

IS THIS THE REAL LINCOLN?

At stake is $150,000, and many traditional ideas about the Lincoln we thought we knew

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

No area seems too personal for computer involvement. Dating services like Meet A Mate in New York use computers to match up men and women. Problems are often caused, however, by the computer's gullibility. If, for instance, a young lady who looks like Clarabelle Cow rated herself on the computer card as "beautiful" and "petite," the machine would simply take her word for it. But the fellow who insisted on a beautiful, petite date would certainly know the difference and next time would probably go back to a more traditional method of meeting a girl.

But in spite of all the wonderful and terrible things a computer can do, a man is still better than an electronic brain. If he will remember this, he can beat back the computer and make it serve him the way he wants it to serve him. Dr. Warren S. McCulloch of M.I.T. says, "Computers can add and subtract a million numbers in one second. No man can do this, but man can slip into any of 14 different modes of action—from sleeping to fighting—in about three tenths of a second. Man has about one trillion computing neurons that bring together two million separate biological components all at once. I don't know any computer that can do this." All right, then, if man is really superior, he can survive computer harassment. How he does it depends on his personality.

I have a friend named George who has simply given the world's computers an entirely separate identity to deal with. This identity is called Andrew Carlson, and all the computers in stores and banks have Carlson's name and serial number on their punched cards and taped reels, not George's name. George admits this does not prevent the computers from making errors in his accounts, but he gets a certain satisfaction from knowing the computers can never quite get to him personally. "We just have no contact with one another, me and computers," George says. "They can only screw up Andrew Carlson. And Carlson doesn't exist." But George has been criticized for evading the issue with this chimerical and probably illegal use of a false name. Most computer victims would prefer to give the computer a taste of its own medicine.

Actually, this can be done. If a bill comes in with a mistake on it, and a telephone call fails to bring a corrected bill, you can simply take a razor blade and make a tiny slit in one of the magnetized numbers on it, and then mail it back. The computer will eventually throw it out, where there is always a chance a human will deal with it. In other words, fold, spindle and mutilate, and keep folding, spindling and mutilating if a correction is not made on a bill sent to you. Send it back registered, with a return receipt requested; the computer, so far, cannot sign for letters sent to it, so here again you encourage the possibility of some human contact. Keep a careful record of all payments you make, and then try to relax—flying into a vengeful rage is only playing into the computer's hands. Just remember that in the long run the computer is more stupid than either you or the store or bank manager. And also remember that proof you haven't paid what you owe rests on the creditor. The computer itself cannot take you to court; this requires some human attention. And human attention is all you want, anyway, when you're bedeviled by such mechanical mistakes.

I know only one person who has so far completely eluded computers—a retired carpenter who lives alone in a cabin on the shore of Brassua Lake in northern Maine. He deals with no utilities, telephone companies or department stores. He deals only in cash. But, one of these days, he may slip up. He may get a parking ticket in some computerized city. Then the fun will begin.—**Roy Bongartz**

JAN. 68—TRUE—PAC. #2, S. CAL., CAN., MID. ATL. #2, N.E. #2, W.C. #2, S.W., S.E., E.C. #2

TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE—THAT IS STILL THE QUESTION

[*Continued from page 36*]

"The increase in lung cancer over recent decades gives not the least evidence of being due to increasing consumption of tobacco," he declares. Sir Ronald suggestes that air pollution and genetic patterns—inherited physical characteristics—may be the prime causes of cancer. As we shall see presently, the statistical association between these factors and the disease is stronger than the connection with cigarettes, but the Surgeon General's report glossed over those important clues.

Since the argument against cigarettes rests largely on statistics, it is illuminating to examine some of the inconsistencies and contradictions in the figures. For example:

- Lung cancer is rare in women. The male vs. female ratio today is 6:1; in 1930 it was 1.5:1. There has been a tremendous increase in women smokers during the last generation, but their death rate from lung cancer has remained almost steady. This clearly suggests a sexual factor that makes men more susceptible to the disease.
- Cancer of the trachea—windpipe—is very rare. Yet this is the area that gets the greatest exposure to tobacco smoke.
- When lung cancer appears, in the overwhelming majority of cases it is in the lower part of the lung which never is reached by smoke. A study made recently by the Los Angeles County Hospital, dating back to 1927, showed that cancer of the lung tubes, which get the heaviest dosage of smoke, has been stabilized in recent years.
- If smoking causes lung cancer, heavy consumers of cigarettes should contract it earlier than nonsmokers. They don't. The peak for the onset of the disease is between 57 and 62—for chain smokers and people who never have used tobacco. Further, there is no proof that the chances of getting cancer are reduced by giving up smoking.
- Inhaling should induce lung cancer if cigarettes are hazardous. Not a scrap of evidence has been found to corroborate the theory. A British survey actually showed there were fewer cancer victims among steady inhalers than nonsmokers.
- British men smoke only half as many cigarettes per capita as Americans, but they have double the incidence of lung cancer—a differential of four to one. Why? More air pollution in England? A genetic factor?
- The most potent cancer-inducing agent in tobacco smoke is believed to be benzopyrene. Although the amount of it is infinitesimal, there is four times as much in cigar smoke and 10 times as much in pipe smoke than in cigarettes. Yet cigars and pipes are said to be safer than cigarettes. According to the statistics, pipe smokers have lower mortality rates than men who gave up the habit. What does this prove—the danger of quitting?
- Since 1914, cigarette consumption in the United States has increased 200-fold, but the incidence of lung cancer has not increased nearly that much in spite of better diagnostic methods and a greater awareness of the disease. The current mortality rate of 26.6 per 100,000 population would be vastly greater if cigarettes were guilty as charged.

Commenting on the discrepancies in the report, Prof. K. Alexander Brownlee of the University of Chicago told both Congressional committees it was "a splendid example of the technique of flatly denying the existence of an inconvenient fact if you cannot explain it away." Among other figures calculated to frighten the public, the report claimed the death rate for lung cancer is nearly 1,000 times higher for cigarette smokers than for nonsmokers. That assertion was refuted by Dr. Ferdinand C. Helwig, clinical professor of pathology at the University of Kansas who has studied 30,000 cancer cases. "I do not believe that cancer is caused by smoking cigarettes," he said. Dr. Thomas H. Burford, chief of chest surgery at the Washington University School of Medicine, was more emphatic: "I do not believe that lung cancer is caused by cigarette smoking and I do not believe that smoking is responsible for any shortening of life."

The Surgeon General's advisory committee had many reservations about the conclusions reached by Doctor Terry in the report. Shortly after it was published one member, Dr. John B. Hickam, told the North Carolina Heart Association: "The more we looked at the statistics, the more difficult it was to understand. The picture is not at all as clear as the numbers appear at first."

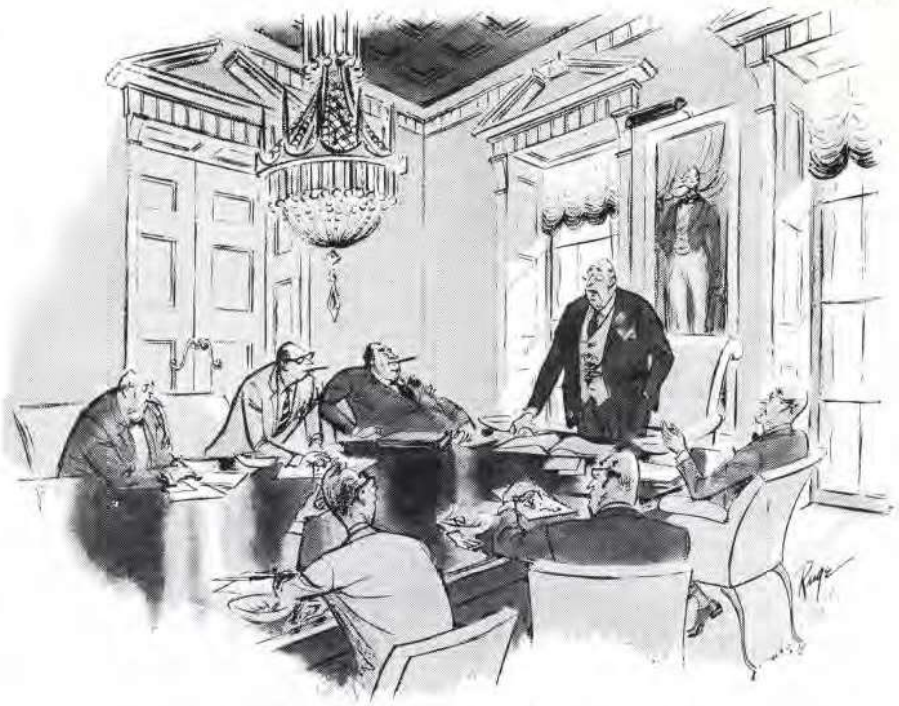
Doctor Terry was in a tough spot. Like a district attorney confronted with a shrill clamor to solve a scandalous murder, the heat was on him to bring in a suspect in the fight against cancer, the leading killer after heart disease in this country. People wanted some concrete results for the millions spent annually on research, and prominent laymen with a lot of political clout were on the executive boards of national health organizations which had pointed the finger at cigarettes.

Besides, Doctor Terry and his associates had a mass of material which did seem to indicate that cigarettes were a menace. The figures showed that the mortality rate for male cigarette smokers from *all* causes was 70 percent higher than for nonsmokers. It was 70 percent higher for heart diseases, 500 percent higher for chronic bronchitis and emphysema (deterioration of the air cells in the lungs) and that ominous 1,000 percent higher for lung cancer.

However, it is difficult to understand Doctor Terry's abrupt dismissal of other possible causes of lung cancer. Scores of surveys have shown that the mortality from the disease in rural areas is less than half the rate in urban communities, for smokers as well as nonsmokers. Many experts attribute this variation to air pollution in industrial centers, and it hardly is a new theory. In 1775 a London surgeon, Percival Potts, reported a high incidence of cancer among chimney sweeps. In recent years campaigns to reduce air pollution have been spurred by the strong suspicion that components in coal and gas fumes are cancer-inducing agents. Experiments with animals also suggest that the overcrowding typical of living conditions in cities produces stresses that contribute to cancer.

These important leads were mentioned only in one sentence buried in the report: "The least that can be said is that the intensity of urbanization or industrialization may have a residual influence on lung cancer mortality." But why was so much attention focused on cigarettes, to the exclusion of other pertinent areas of investigation? Doctor Terry was like the surly waiter who snapped at a cus-

TRUE



"We've had a very good year. Now, how will we keep the stockholders from finding out?"

tomer asking where the men's room was, "This is not my station."

Since the time tobacco was introduced to Europe from the American colonies 450 years ago, smoking has become an addiction throughout the world. The habit seems to satisfy a need and have some therapeutic value. There is no other explanation for the enormous popularity of smoking despite efforts to curb it. There never was a kid who didn't feel nauseated after sneaking the first forbidden puff on a cigarette, yet that unpleasant experience does not deter most adults from smoking eventually.

There is growing support among cancer specialists and psychologists for the genotype theory advanced 30 years ago by Sir Ronald Fisher. He maintains that an individual's peculiar constitution creates a craving for tobacco and the same chemistry makes him more susceptible to lung cancer than a nonsmoker. The kicker, though, is that a heavy smoker is more likely to get cancer if he is deprived of cigarettes which serve the important function of relieving his tensions. This revolutionary concept from a man of Fisher's stature merited attention, but the Surgeon General's report gave it the once-over-lightly treatment:

"The significant beneficial effects of smoking occur primarily in the area of mental health, and the habit originates in a search for contentment. Since no means of measuring the quality of these benefits is apparent, the Committee finds no basis for a judgment which would weigh benefits against hazards of smoking as it may apply to the general population." In other words, since the benefits could not be measured, they were not considered.

A similar situation came up when heart specialists testified on the relationship between smoking and coronary attacks. Dr. Henry Russek, former director of cardiovascular research and now a consultant at the U.S. Public Health Hospital on Staten Island, New York, told both Congressional committees: "After years of study it is my present belief that coronary disease is not caused by the consumption of tobacco. . . . Emotional stress associated with occupational activity appears far more significant than heredity, dietary fat, tobacco, obesity or physical inactivity in the development of heart attacks."

Such opinions have been published regularly in medical literature during the last decade. Again, the report overrode the experts: "Although the causative role of cigarette smoking in deaths from coronary disease is not proven, the Committee considers it more prudent from the public health viewpoint to assume that the established association has causative meaning than to suspend judgment until no uncertainty remains."

Psychiatrists who have studied the prevalence and persistence of the smoking habit are agreed it is a carry-over from the first pleasure of infancy, the oral satisfaction of sucking. After an infant is weaned he continues to test every new object by putting it in his mouth, then in childhood resorts to thumb-sucking when he is frustrated or tired. Pulling on tobacco serves much the same purpose for an adult. Everyone smokes more when he is under tension, and there is reason to suspect that emotional stress is a contributory factor in cancer.

Some clues to this approach were reviewed by Dr. Bernice C. Sachs, then president of the American Medical Women's Association and an authority on psychosomatic medicine. "With every emotion—and man has some kind of emotion every minute—changes take place in muscles, blood vessels, in the viscera, in the endocrine glands. . . . There seems to be a correlation between cancer and certain types of psychological situations." Many doctors here and abroad have reported that patients developed symptoms of cancer soon after a severe emotional shock such as the death of a close relative, sudden financial insecurity or divorce.

Everyone does not suffer a violent reaction to such crises, of course, but the mounting tensions of daily life can be compared to the tiles in a mosaic. Separately, each irritation is insignificant; put together, they form a pattern of constant stress. Although it seems farfetched, there may be a connection between the high divorce rate and cancer. Marriage is the normal condition for an adult. It is a fact that the mortality rates from all causes are much lower for married men and women than for single and divorced people, in that order. No sweeping conclusions can be drawn from this one detail, but it may be that the health of unattached and divorced adults is affected by frustrated sex drives and unhappiness stemming from a feeling of rejection.

The chemistry of stress is a young science, but there are tentative explanations of why some people are hooked on smoking while others never cultivate the habit. Some fascinating material corroborating Fisher's genotype theory that heavy smokers need tobacco to cope with nervous tension has been assembled by Dr. H. J. Eysenck, professor of psychiatry at Maudsley Hospital in London. He has found that smokers and nonsmokers tend to conform to distinct personality traits. There are more extroverts and neurotics among smokers, but they are more vigorous and aggressive. It is no coincidence that smoking is a symbol of virility and power. New fathers pass out cigars; tycoons and political bosses usually are depicted puffing on big heaters. Smokers as a rule are bigger, heavier and more athletic than nonsmokers. They marry and have children earlier than the abstainers. They drink more coffee, whisky and beer than nonsmokers, who favor tea, wine and milk.

Practically every smoker tries at one time or another to break the habit. Some succeed; the majority suffer such acute discomfort that they go back to tobacco. Does this mean that those who stick it out have more will power? "Not at all," says Doctor Russek. "The man who cannot quit simply is unable to handle stress as well as the other fellow. They are two distinctly different types. It is not a scientific observation to say that a smoker is more liable to get lung cancer, a coronary or any other disease than a nonsmoker. There are too many variables involved in such a comparison."

One factor that may be decisive in lung cancer is the genetic pattern an individual inherits. It is not facetious to say that the best protection is to have parents who live to a ripe old age—and whose antecedents go back to a country with a low incidence of the disease. The mortality rates, especially for men, differ so sharply around the world and the variations crop up so consistently among descendants of emigrants that attention is focusing on heredity as the key to the mystery.

Americans are the heaviest cigarette smokers in the world partly because we can afford them. Despite the federal, state and local taxes slapped on our brands—without them a pack would cost 12 cents—smokes in foreign countries are usually much higher in price. Our per capita consumption is substantially greater than that of England, Finland and Holland, but we have a much lower mortality rate from lung cancer. The rate is the same as ours in Canada, Australia and Denmark although we smoke much more than the men in those countries.

Cigarettes obviously do not have the same effect—if any—on health in every country. For example, New Zealanders are very heavy smokers, but the death rate there from lung cancer for native-born men is half the rate for immigrants from England. Cigarette sales in Russia and Poland are increasing as fast as here, but Dr. A. B. Savittski of the USSR's Academy of Medical Science reported recently that the number of lung cancer cases is "astonishingly small and hardly changes from year to year." Cancer of the upper throat was a widespread problem in China and Formosa long before cigarettes were introduced. Three generations later, American-born Chinese still have a very high incidence of it despite their adoption of our food and health customs.

All this suggests that each individual inherits a genetic pattern which largely determines whether or not he will maintain an intricate balance between various tissues and organs. When that balance breaks down, cancer cells grow with such speed and tenacity that they quickly stifle vital organs. A dramatic example of the potential "immortality" of a cancer cell are the masses of cancerous tissue in laboratories throughout the world. They were taken from one mouse in Austria in 1900. The mouse could not have lived more than 45 months, but after 1,000 transplants its cancer cells are as young and vigorous biologically as ever.

COMING . . .

He's moving in
on the hard-core hippies

UNCLE SAM'S ACE ACID SLEUTH

Meet the undercover agent
who battles the
bad-trip peddlers of LSD

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"Really, Herbie, you can obey the Boy Scout oath and still have fun!"

Lung cancer is complicated by so many intangibles that it is almost impossible to attribute it solely to cigarettes or any other single cause. The Surgeon General's report was criticized on that score by Dr. Israel Rappaport, a man with impressive credentials as a physician and a former professor at Columbia University's School of Medicine. Among other achievements, in 1928 he initiated at Bellevue Hospital in New York a research project in pulmonary diseases which brought Nobel prizes in 1956 to two younger associates who carried on his work.

"The often-used argument that preventive action may be justified before the cause of a disease is established hardly applies in this case," Doctor Rappaport declared. "The assumed possible link between cigarette smoking and chronic lung disease cannot be compared with the link which exists, say, between an infection, the agent of which still is unknown, and a definite disease. Where we are dealing with a definite disease clearly linked to an infection we need not wait for determination of the particular infectious agent. In chronic lung disease we have an ill-defined disease indefinitely linked to a number of undetermined agents. Action against any particular one of the possible agents is illogical, unjustified, unreasonable and purposeless."

The first statistical studies purporting to associate cigarettes with lung cancer appeared in the 1930's, prompting Congress to consider legislation to curb smoking. It was dropped in 1937 after medical authorities challenged the validity of the findings. In 1954 the tobacco industry set up a research council to investigate the relationship between smoking and health. As of 1964, the council had given 731 grants totaling $7,450,000 to independent scientists in medical schools and hospitals. Since then the industry has awarded another million for research, but no one working on these, or any other, projects throughout the world has isolated a substance in cigarettes or tobacco smoke that is a proven lung cancer-inducing agent.

The data that was the source of the conclusions in the Surgeon General's report was criticized by many competent witnesses. It was drawn from questionnaires sent to seven groups of men who, the advisory committee admitted, did not represent a true cross section of the population. Volunteers for the American Cancer Society polled two groups, who comprised more than half the 1,123,000 subjects in the study. Three surveys were made of American and Canadian war veterans who once passed physical exams a high percentage of the general population failed; they were, therefore, in better than average health. The remaining groups were British doctors and California workers in nine occupations suspected of high cancer risk.

The main difficulties in the studies was the large number of men (30 percent) who did not answer the questionnaires. Prof. Alexander Brownlee, a top statistician, asserted that the nonresponses were "seriously high" and added, "It is notorious that these defects can, and usually do, produce serious bias." Brownlee probably alluded to the American Cancer Society's volunteers who handpicked 10 subjects each and, in their crusading fervor, might have weighted the survey with known lung cancer victims.

The gravest distortion in the report was the assertion that deaths from lung cancer have been rising at an "extraordinary" rate since 1930. "Statistics showing a tremendous increase in lung cancer during the past 30 years are misleading," Dr. Milton R. Rosenblatt, chief of medical clinics in New York's Metropolitan Hospital, told the House Committee. "The increase is only apparent and is the result of greater skill in the detection of the disease. All the techniques currently used to diagnose lung cancer were either discovered or perfected during the past three decades.

"It must be emphasized that during the years when national mortality statistics showed a very low incidence of lung cancer there were physicians who challenged their accuracy. More than 50 years ago, the first American textbook on lung cancer ridiculed the low census figures. In 1930, when the official number of lung cancer deaths was reported at less than 3,000 for the entire United States, one doctor in Philadelphia specializing in bronchoscopic diagnosis" (the famous Chevalier Jackson) "had records of almost 500 cases."

After tracing the steady drop in the percentage of certified deaths during the last generation, Doctor Rosenblatt added: "The progressive decline in the increase of lung cancer in the United States occurred during the same period that cigarette consumption multiplied 200 times. If cigarette smoking produced lung cancer, directly or indirectly, the tremendous rise in cigarette consumption would have resulted in a sustained or greater rate of increase. The fact that the opposite has occurred indicates that there has been a relatively fixed prevalence of lung cancer in the population. The studies of an eminent statistician of the National Cancer Institute showed that the trend of the increase was not in the direction of an epidemic but toward stabilization similar to other cancers in which diagnostic procedures have been standardized for long periods of time."

An interesting hypothesis that a man who is a lung cancer victim at 60 might have lived on borrowed time for half a century is advanced by Dr. Joseph Berkson. Tuberculosis once was a terrible scourge in this country. In 1900, the mortality rate per 100,000 was 201.9; now it is 3.9. "A significant proportion of those who would have died from tuberculosis in childhood or youth now die of cancer of the lung," Berkson speculates. "There has been, so to speak, a survival of unfit respiratory systems."

Some authorities argue that cancer is primarily a disease of aging. They say that anyone lucky enough to escape other maladies will eventually die of cancer if no cure is found for it. Thus, with the general life-span increasing, more and more people will succumb to it.

Others maintain that cancer is due to emotional stress, to genetic makeup, to air pollution or to personality factors. And certainly there is some evidence that lung cancer may be caused by cigarette smoking. But proof? It simply doesn't exist. Heavy and prolonged doses of tobacco smoke never have produced lung cancer in an experimental animal.

Maybe Doctor Strickman's new filter will solve the health problem, if it exists, for America's 70 million smokers. Maybe not. At the moment, all we can say for sure is that the cause of cancer is not known and that there is absolutely no proof that smoking causes human cancer.

—Stanley Frank

THE MYSTERY OF THE MIMA MOUNDS

[*Continued from page 56*]

good vantage point at the edge of one of the prairies, you will get the idea. What you will see are literally thousands of the mystery mounds, all beautifully symmetrical, rising up out of the ground like huge globes, half buried in the earth. Some people say they look like haycocks, or like enormous sauce bowls turned upside down.

Statistics only add to the bafflement. One early estimate set the mound total at nearly a million. In some areas there are as many as 10,000 to the square mile. The biggest ones are seven or eight feet high, and the smallest are barely discernible bumps. They may be anywhere from six to 70 feet in diameter, and the bigger they are the more symmetrical they seem to be. The sight of them is all the more dramatic because mounds in any one area are approximately the same height. Big mounds in one location. Middle-sized mounds in another. Insignificant mounds in a third. Since the most beautiful examples are found on Mima Prairie, the whole kit and caboodle have come to be called Mima mounds.

But none of this clears up the main question: how did they get there in the first place? Scientists have put their backs to the problem. Every so often one of them will break out with a learned paper and it will look as if the mystery had been solved at last. Then other scientists step forward and punch holes in the new theory, and the arguments start up again.

This sort of thing has been going on ever since Com. Charles Wilkes of the United States Exploring Expedition sailed into Puget Sound back in 1841. He took one look at the mounds and said that they had been made by "savage labor." Thinking they were ancient burial mounds, he set about having one of them excavated. Not a single bone was found. Then he had two others excavated. Still no bones.

The commander decided that they could not be burial mounds after all, but he stuck to his "savage labor" theory. They were probably a project of Indian medicine men, he wrote: "such an undertaking as would have required the united efforts of a whole tribe."

Nowadays scientists do not think much of the "savage labor" theory. Hundreds of mounds have been opened, but no one has found the smallest relic to suggest that human beings had a hand in their building. There are no known Indian legends to explain the mounds, though the word Mima is from the Chinook language and its meaning is related to the idea of death and burial.

Still, the human-origin theory made better sense than a conclusion reached, some 30 years later, by an eminent scientist, Louis Agassiz. When he had looked at a sketch of the mounds and heard them described, Agassiz said he knew exactly what they were. They were the nests of fish—a species of sucker—built at a time when the prairies were covered by water. He went on to explain that modern suckers regularly constructed similar mounds in the ponds of New England. But this was a terrible blooper to be made by a scientist with the standing of Louis Agassiz. Other absurdities aside, the Washington prairies were never covered by fresh water and they probably were only under postglacial seawater for a short time.

And still nobody knew what had caused the Mima mounds. Setting up Mima mound theories and knocking them over again became a sort of scholarly bowling game. Were they buffalo wallows or were they gas vents? Were they made by shovel-nosed sharks or by some kind of burrowing animal? Were they caused by uprooted trees? Were they the result of water erosion, chemical solution, wind action, glacial action or volcanic upheavals?

For a time the ant theory had quite a play. A large black ant, called *Formica sanguinea,* lives in the sparse stands of evergreens near the prairies. The nests which it builds are made of pine needles and bits of twigs, but they are sometimes five feet high. It is not too hard to imagine some ancient breed of ants building even higher mounds of gravel and silt.

But the theory collapsed when some

good-sized pebbles and stones were found up inside a number of the Mima mounds.

While scientists pondered these various theories, laymen hung onto the human-origin idea. Over the years some of the Mima mound beliefs have been stranger than the Mima mounds themselves.

One early-day circuit rider made Mima mounds the subject of his most stirring sermons. "Abominations!" he would thunder, pointing a long forefinger at the mounds. "Built to strange and bestial gods by an evil race of men." This race of men, he would add with satisfaction, had been wiped off the face of the earth for its sins.

While his congregation listened with scandalized attention, he would describe in detail the vile rites and foul goings-on which took place among the Mima mounds. Then he would lead his flock out and set them to digging up mounds, "to level the abominations to the ground."

Followers of the occult came along later, warning that the digging up of Mima mounds was bad business, far more dangerous than the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb, because the doom was more widespread. Each Mima mound, they claimed, held an evil spirit, imprisoned there since earliest times. Whenever somebody dug up a mound, he released the evil spirit (pretty hot under the collar by that time, too) to sweep through the cities of men, creating havoc and destruction.

Treasure hunters have always taken a more practical view. They hold to the burial-mound theory and have a pat explanation for the absence of bones. The builders were simply too smart for us. Out of all the thousands of mounds, possibly only one is a burial site, they claim, but that one is the grave of a great chieftain, buried with a rich treasure in gold and ornaments. All the other empty mounds were built to discourage grave robbers.

Over the years, a number of geological clues have been discovered. Nobody agrees just where the clues point, but at least they have to be reckoned with. Some of the findings are described by J. Harlan Bretz for a Washington Geological Survey bulletin.

Bretz stresses the location of the mounds. Well-developed mounds are found only on outwash plains of the Vashon Glacier, which covered the area some 15,000 years ago. The mounds range from the town of Ranier westward, 20 miles, to Gate, and from Offut Lake south to Grand Mound. This region was near the farthest reach of the ice sheet.

The mounds are set close together, but there is no pattern to their arrangement. They are simply scattered haphazardly over the prairies.

The same sort of pebbly-gravel, black-silt mixture which makes up the mounds, also covers the prairies between the mounds. But between mounds the gravel-and-silt mixture is only a few inches deep. In the mounds it reaches from top to bottom. Mound and prairie both rest on gravel which extends downward to an unexplored depth.

A good many boulders are strewn around some of the mound prairies, Bretz points out. When you look at a cross section of a Mima mound, you sometimes see this same scattering of boulders across the mound base. So it seems that the boulders were there first and the mounds were built on top of them.

A cross section also turns up some other clues. While the silt-and-gravel mixture between mounds ends abruptly at the gravel base, under the mounds it extends a little into the gravel. The effect is of a big half globe rising above ground and of a shallow "bi-convex lens" below ground.

But the oddest clues, pointed out by scientists other than Bretz, are arms of black silt, about a foot long, which stretch down into the gravel below the mounds and which people generally call "mound roots." To add a little confusion, not all the mounds have those silt roots. Only some of them.

Rather skimpy clues to solve a mystery.

At the moment, betting odds are on Arthur M. Ritchie, formerly a geologist for the Washington State Highway Department.

This is the way he sees it. The stage was set at a time when ice had retreated from the present mound area, but while the ground still remained frozen. Subsequent thawings and freezing cracked the mud into innumerable polygon

shapes, not an unusual pattern to find in various parts of the world today.

On the mound prairies, ice formed in the cracks. As the ice built up, more soil was shoved up into the polygons of earth and the cracks themselves widened. Finally the earth blocks froze too. When a big thaw set in, the ice in the cracks thawed faster than the earth blocks and flowed away, leaving big polygons of earth standing on the prairies.

What happened next is what happens to a melting ice cube. Its outside edges melt away first so that the cube dwindles into a sphere. The polygons of earth went through the same process. The corners of the earth blocks thawed faster than the sides. Then, while the cores were still frozen, the whole area was submerged for a short time by an ice-choked flood river. The rush of water swept away the thawed material and when the water subsided, what was left were dome-shaped Mima mounds.

In areas where the running water had covered them for only a short time, the mounds were big. Where the water flowed longer, more thawing took place and the mounds were small.

A very satisfying theory. But as usual, other scientists have picked flaws in it. For one thing, they question if the area had the sort of climate which Ritchie describes. They say it was not much colder during the mound-forming period than it is today. And they doubt if the prairies were swept by a flood of water deep enough to cover all the mounds. It would have had to be over 100 feet deep.

Some of the critics are gopher-theory men. The pocket-gopher theory has been around for 25 years, gaining supporters steadily. It particularly excites biologists, because if Mima mounds really turn out to have been made by gophers, they would be the most extraordinary structures (if not the biggest) ever made by any mammal except man.

The gopher possibility first occurred to Walter W. Dalquist back in 1941 when he was making a survey of the mammals of southern Washington. He later developed the theory with Victor Sheffer, a biologist with the United States Fish and Wildlife Service.

As they point out, wherever there are Mima mounds, there are also gophers, with the exception of Mima Prairie where the finest mounds of all are found. And at one time there were gophers on Mima Prairie, too. Evidence proves it.

The gopher they are talking about is a small brown animal, looks rather like a rat, and is called a "pocket" gopher because it has a fur-lined pocket in its cheek for carrying around food and nest material.

This is the way the biologists explain the gopher theory. As the Vashon ice sheet retreated and vegetation grew up in its wake, pocket gophers began moving in from the south, probably only advancing a hundred feet or so in a gopher generation. Finally at the southern end of Puget Sound, they ran into a new young evergreen forest which had sprung up ahead of them.

Gophers will not live in the shade of a forest so instead of pushing on farther, they dug in on the prairies. As a protection against predators they dug deep.

Each Mima mound represents what at one time was the "territory" of an ancient gopher family. When they built their foraging tunnels, they kept on dragging a little more soil back toward the home site than they took away from it. After thousands of years, those infinitesimal amounts of soil would have built up into a Mima mound. The mysterious mound roots which extend into the gravel below the mounds are abandoned gopher tunnels which have filled up with black silt.

"But not all Mima mounds have mound roots," opponents of the theory point out. They carp at other details, too. As one geologist wrote, "After diligent search, more than 50 stones, ranging in size from two to 20 inches in diameter have been found inside the mounds, well above their base." And how could any gopher shove a stone the size of a football up to the top of his nest?

What the next theory will be is anybody's guess, but the ultimate touch of confusion has already been added. There are those who say the Mima mounds are growing. Nor is this a new idea. Over 30 years ago, farmers in the area started talking about it. "Sure they're growing. When I was a kid they were level with the top of the chicken coop. Now they're several inches taller."

The growing theory cannot be passed off with a hearty chuckle either. Some keen observers have been taking the idea seriously—Doctor Sheffer, for one—although nobody can prove scientifically whether they are growing, shrinking or staying the same. In fact, only one thing is sure about the whole Mima hassle. If something is not done soon, there will not be many Mima mounds left to puzzle over. Acres of them have been leveled for farming. Still others have been dug up for gravel pits and cut through for highways and railroads. Not that the conservation-minded State of Washington would ever let them disappear entirely. A good thing, too. Because if those mystery mounds really are growing, we are going to have more puzzles to grapple with—like what on earth is making them grow bigger? And where, by all that is sane, are they going to end?—**Jean Muir**

THE DEADLIEST SALESMEN

[*Continued from page* 43]

he heard the stutter of silencer-equipped submachine guns, he knew that a long-anticipated event was taking place—an attempt was being made to kill him.

To duck the assassins' bullets, the general dropped sideways. His arm snaked behind the front seat of the limousine where his own submachine gun hung in a rack. But Imbert's life was saved by a different and wholly unexpected sort of weapon.

In the escort jeep, the general's chief bodyguard, Maj. Marino Garcia, flicked a spring-loaded switch on the brown leather swagger stick under his arm. The stick—suddenly converted into a miniature missile launcher—spat forth a high-speed .50-caliber rocket projectile. With a chilling *"SWOOSH"* the small missile from the most powerful handgun now in existence blew apart the windshield of the attackers' Oldsmobile. The car turned and fled.

Outside the island confines of the Dominican Republic (where it set off yet another national crisis), nobody heard the news of the ambush with greater interest than WerBell. He was delighted by General Imbert's escape. He has warm personal relations with a number of Latin strong men, and the portly Dominican warlord has been an especially close friend. And it was WerBell who had invented and delivered the shooting stick that apparently saved the situation. Moreover, WerBell discovered, from a detailed description of the assassins' guns, that the ambush weapons, too, came from a lot he had passed on to the Dominican armed forces some years earlier.

In relation to the total worldwide munitions trade the equipment supplied by the private dealers is a drop in the sea—the world turnover in munitions is estimated at 350 billion dollars a year. Still, munitions manipulators like WerBell account for the fastest-growing portion of this vast business.

"The impact of private arms shipments into the underdeveloped world has been sensational," wrote military specialist Jack Raymond of *The New York Times* last year. "So fragile are the instruments of government, so slender, sometimes, their base of popular support, so vulnerable are they . . . that the timely arrival of some mysterious arms merchant can mean survival of one regime or the fall of another. . . ."

One week last March, 240 Americans were killed in Viet Nam. During the same week in Latin America, where undeclared guerrilla warfare rages in half-a-dozen countries, the death toll was near 300.

These guerrilla conflicts are no longer waged with fowling pieces and cane blades. "The guerrillas are as well armed as the government troops," the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency revealed recently. "Often, the guerrillas' weapons are more modern. And they fire thousands of rounds in each encounter."

The regular armies, in turn, are growing anxious to reestablish their traditional overwhelming superiority in firepower. Hard pressed, they are turning to controversial ordnance—napalm, harsh nauseous gases, special infantry rockets built to smash entire houses—which must often be bought in the black market.

Down briefly from its World War II peaks, the munitions business began to rise again in the late 1940's. For a while, however, large well-organized corporations controlled most of it. A firm called Interarmco, for example, had become a worldwide octopus by 1958. Independent operators found that it was often possible to cooperate with Interarmco, but seldom to compete with it. Then, in the late spring of 1958, the U.S. State De-

"This is okay, but when are you going to teach me to chase wimmen?"

partment did an odd, little-publicized thing; it suddenly revoked licenses to export munitions to the Cuban government of President Batista.

General Batista had long been one of Washington's favorite clients, but Cuba was racked by internal disorders. The State Department had decided as a political gesture to curtail the flow of arms to him. By 1960 the official U.S. line on selling firearms had become completely confused. An old friend would be suddenly denied a paid-up munitions shipment, an ostensible outcast in, say, the Middle East, would be suddenly invited to bid on some coveted hardware.

The great corporations were hamstrung by the State Department's vacillations. Independent ordnance salesmen moved into the vacuum. Less troubled by red tape and day-to-day policy changes, they were prepared to make deals and deliver goods swiftly. A new prototype of global gun merchant emerged—the successful munitions manipulator. He came wearing custom-made English tropicals and a platinum-banded watch. He talked in the vernacular of the British officers' mess, adopted by the whole international firearms fraternity.

M.M.'s cover a broad spectrum. They range from the officially licensed, eminently respectable WerBell to a mysterious, Hungarian-born munitions salesman, whose lifelong skill in using false documents is believed to have inspired the Continental underworld term *Hundertpassler,* i.e. man of a hundred passports.

With some exceptions, successful M.M.'s seem to share an upper-class or military background. They often arrive at the munitions business through years of devotion to firearms as gun collectors or tinkerers. Mitch WerBell was still a gun hobbyist, who planted and shipped tropical fruits for a living when he developed—in his home workshop—what is today considered the finest muzzle silencer on the international market.

Sure political instinct and diplomatic skill are essential in the successful manipulation of munitions.

Andrew McNaughton, scion of Canada's most distinguished military dynasty and a former RAF squadron leader turned arms dealer, explained: "The fellows who got somewhere in this business all started out with a common insight. The big corporations had grown used to dealing with governments, but the independents, who were a lot smaller and quicker on their feet, recognized that it was easier to deal with government *departments.*

"Someone, say, had a nice order for machine guns . . . from, perhaps, a group of Kurdish freedom fighters who carry their hundred-dollar bills rolled as thick as a telephone book. Then he had a nice offer from, say, an arms firm in Hamburg to fill the order: MG-34 machine guns, almost as good as new—*better* than some—a spare breech thrown in for $220 each, belted ammo with it, tracer-spaced, $25 per thousand rounds—everything very nice. Except that to move the shipment out of West Germany and around the world, you needed a quiet little okay from Washington. Why? Because that's the way modern bloc politics works, I suppose. Anyhow, you went to Washington, clear-eyed and trusting, and the State Department said, 'No.'

"Now the big corporation might try a little wire-pulling. If it got another 'No,' it might quit for a while. But the independents had discerned that if you got a 'No' from the State Department, you could often go to the CIA, or the DIA, the military intelligence establishment, and get a 'Yes'—provided you were small enough and savvy enough to do it quietly and kick no furniture on the way. Of course, it is a bit riskier this way, turning the trick. You have to charge more. But then you often make a bit more, too."

This seems to be a point on which most M.M.'s agree. Charles Mevs, a philosophical Haitian ("Indicted, but never convicted, my friend!") put it this way: "Everyone knows that small countries are changeable. They have many subsequent governments. A lot of the big corporations had learned to live with that. But the small independents appreciated something else—that big powers tend to have many *simultaneous* governments."

Mevs grinned a huge white, triumphant grin. "It's the same East and West. Think not? Russia? England? France? No difference, my friend. Remember last year the Moroccan government went to the French Foreign Office trying to extradite one of their exiles, Ben Barka? Yes? And the French Foreign Office said, *'Non, non,* our traditions of political asylum . . . the sacred freedom of choice . . . and *patati,* and *patata.'* So the Moroccans went to the invisible government, to French Intelligence. And they made a little deal. And French Intelligence just said, 'How d'you want this Ben Barka delivered, bagged or crated?' Eh? No difference, my friend."

It is a fact, shared by governmental insiders around the world, that great-power politics have seen a resurgence of old-fashioned Machiavellianism. Take the curious case of John Richard Hawke, 29, a bearded Britisher from Cornwall who, after eight years in the RAF, has turned up as an M.M. doing ferry flying by appointment—bomber planes and bombsights a speciality.

One day early last year, Eugenie Anderson a U.S. representative in the United Nations, spoke in the General Assembly. She seemed to be promising that this man Hawke would go to prison for a long, long time. It appeared a curious UN undertaking—Hawke had not yet been convicted of anything. He still hasn't been. But the background of the matter illuminates the workings of modern munitions dealings.

Portugal, a NATO member in need of some ground-support planes for its forces in Angola and Mozambique, had approached Washington with a request to buy 29 B-26 Invader bombers. At the State Department's suggestion, the request was turned down; the U.S., in the United Nations, had promised not to purvey supplies for "colonial warfare." But there were other agencies in Washington more favorably disposed to Portugal, perhaps because they were troubled by the Angolan guerrillas, perhaps for other reasons. At any rate, the situation was ready-made for experienced M.M.'s. The total deal involved over three million dollars.

There now appeared a distinguished French aristocrat, wearing the *Legion d' Honneur;* a hard-boiled Australian aircraft broker operating from Arizona; some mechanics; some maps; a code name

("Sparrow"); some special radio rigs for confidential communications, and a pilot: John Hawke. In short order Hawke was flying over the Atlantic in the first of the seven bombers he was to deliver to Portugal in less than three months. Ostensibly headed for Bordeaux, France, he flew instead to a Portuguese air base where he was met by the Comte de Beaumont, representing a Swiss munitions firm.

Hawke was paid $3,000 for each flight. Although expenses ate up two-thirds of the fee, the deal seemed satisfactory. "Those planes had bomb racks, armor plating, ready gunports—there could be no question in anyone's mind what they were for," he told a visitor recently in Miami. Nevertheless, a question of sorts arose in *some* minds. One day Hawke was arrested and charged with violating the U.S. Munitions Act by exporting bombers without written State Department approval.

At the trial, the prosecution maintained that the United States government had neither known about, nor countenanced Hawke's flights. The pilot had a lone defender: Edwin Marger, a Miami lawyer-pilot, who has been developing munitions law into a specialty. Marger proved that U.S. intelligence did have tacit knowledge of the plane exports to Portugal.

Ferrying his third B-26, Hawke had flown into a pea-soup fog over Washington and blundered across a prohibited zone over the White House. The Federal Aviation Agency radioed up an urgent order to land. When Hawke put the B-26 down at Washington National Airport, he was inspected and questioned. By using the code word "Sparrow," Hawke got clearance to continue his flight. After Hawke's arrest, there seemed to be no proof that the incident ever occurred. The original FAA report of the incident had mysteriously vanished. But Marger finally managed to come up with a copy of the report. Together with the Customs declaration for the same plane, it proved the lawyer's point sufficiently to bring an acquittal.

"The jury realized some official hanky-panky must have been involved," Marger explained, "and they felt Hawke should not be made the goat."

Marger, however, appreciates the American dilemma: "Keep in mind," he says, "what a variety of roles a great power must play. In the UN it must play the benign anticolonialist. At an international conference, the principled pacifist. In the legislature, the protector of its domestic armaments industry, whose congressional friends resent restrictions on exports. In a secret emergency meeting with some battle-weary Latin president, it must be the powerful antiguerrilla leader. In its own National Security Council, it must be the champion of worldwide strategic interests. And so forth—there's no way to reconcile all this in public. That's where the M.M.'s come in, and very usefully, too."

Such geopolitical factors do not concern most munitions manipulators. Dominick de Fekete von Altbach und Nagyratoth is an arms dealer who in name and background seems straight out of a Graustarkian novel. A former cavalry subaltern of the Royal Hungarian Horse Artillery, he worked his way up in the firearms business because it satisfied his two lifelong interests—guns and money.

After World War II, De Fekete, a shrewd, handsome cosmopolite who spoke five languages, rose to quick eminence in the European contraband business. In the early fifties, he moved his headquarters to South America and turned to the munitions business. He concentrated on foolproof methods of delivering contraband by sea.

De Fekete's clientele was divided equally between rebels and governments—frequently in the same country.

"With rebels you have an easier sale," he once told a friend. "They want whatever you can get for them. But with governments you have an easier delivery."

Such an expert trader along the "Mosquito Coast" as Andrew McNaughton confirms that doing business with arms-hungry banana regimes demands a rather large variety of special skills. "The first time I went to Cuba—before Castro—with a very nice list of secondhand military merchandise," McNaughton recalled, "I thought it would be a simple sales deal. But it wasn't.

"I was offering first-rate stuff at bargain prices," McNaughton explained. "Belgian ceramic-jacketed hand grenades by the hundred at $4.75 each; surplus Garands with spare clips at $44; English Staghound armored cars under $11,000. It was precisely what the Cubans needed and the generals with whom I had daily meetings could barely conceal their interest.

"Then, one evening there was a knock on my hotel room door. It was the Cuban C-in-C's secretary, Pancho. He told me my wares were satisfactory, but why hadn't I given the general a price list? 'What do you mean?' I said. 'We've been talking prices for five days.' Pancho just grinned. 'You know, McNaughton,' he said, 'you're an imbecile, but you're a pilot and I like pilots—I'm a pilot myself. Let me show you what a price list is.'"

In the tropical weapons trade, McNaughton learned a "price list" is the most important sales gimmick. For each item, three different prices must be listed. One is the current market price of the item in question, brand-new, retail: for an M-1 rifle this might be $100. The second price shows the amount for which the weapon had been purchased: in the case of an M-1 rifle, offered as surplus by a government which had bought it in 1946 and warehoused it ever since, the original price may have been a lot lower, say $80. The third figure is the real sales price which the salesman is asking for his surplus item—in the case of the same rifle, this real sales price might be $50.

To close the deal, you must conclude by making up two bills of sale, said McNaughton. "One lists the current, brand-new market price—this goes to the general's auditors. The second bill of sale

TRUE

"First, let me congratulate everyone for the fine turnout. . . ."

lists the surplus price, the real price you're getting—this goes into the general's pocket. Into the general's pocket also goes the difference between the two prices—in the case of the hypothetical M-1, $50 on each rifle."

The staple of the private arms trade is the assortment of weapons known as Old Reliables. These are hardy perennial items of ordnance which sell steadily everywhere from the Congo to Cochabamba. There is, for example, the 20mm. automatic cannon, priced anywhere from $100 to $650. Delivery price will depend on condition, availability, accessibility of ammunition and shipment difficulties (open or clandestine?).

Other longtime favorites are the Browning Automatic Rifle (from $95 to $350); the big-bang M-1 Garand rifle ($40 to $155); the Enfield No. 4, popular because of its low price (around $25); the Madsen .30 cal. machine gun ($200 to $550); the infantryman's Big Daddy: the .50 cal. Browning machine gun ($400 to $1,600), and the 57mm. recoilless rifle, which will convert a launch into a warship at close range and in the jungle can make a guerrilla platoon's firepower equal regimental artillery (from $1,400 to $3,000). Mobile perennials are the B-26 bomber, the Staghound armored car and the T-28 jet trainer.

But it is the modern, hard-to-get weapons, kept in short supply by political considerations, which are in greatest demand. The U.S.-developed M-79 grenade launcher, which looks and handles like a stout, single-barrel shotgun but fires a 40mm. grenade shell or bazooka rocket with riflelike accuracy, commands up to $1,700, ammo extra. There is great interest in the science-fiction MBA rocket guns which fire small, self-guided ballistic missiles at twice the velocity of the blockbuster magnum cartridges—and without explosion or recoil. The experimental *flechette*-spraying light bombs, which explode with a cloudburst of thousands of tiny barbs, are coveted by militarists and "freedom fighters" alike, as are the fantastic new image-intensifying and heat-seeking superscopes, which let the rifleman see and shoot as well at midnight as at noon.

This curious mixture of old and new weapons is reflected in the personality of the successful M.M.'s. For all their space-age interest in munitions technology, their personal outlook tends to be curiously old-fashioned. Perhaps because of an inner identification with adventurous types of a bygone past, they tend to affect charming, eccentric, turn-of-the-century manners. This is true even of such old-style pistol-packing characters as Rolando Masferrer, who is often called the Caribbean's most feared gang lord. An astonishingly literate, brilliant, erratic Cuban who was raised in the United States and graduated at the head of his law-school class, Masferrer has been fascinated by violence since his first taste of it at 19, in the Spanish Civil War. He left half his left foot in Spain, but came out of the hospital an officer of the International Brigade and for years afterward lived the life of an international Communist Party enforcer.

After World War II, Masferrer swung to the right and became a newspaper tycoon, senator, cattle magnate and overlord of the Caribbean's biggest gang of gunmen. Now living in the United States, he is a colorful demonstration of the mysterious ways of munitions manipulation. While officially restricted to residence in the State of New York, he managed to equip, in Miami, a 300-man Haiti invasion army with everything from infantry boots to a B-25 bomber. Now under indictment for this stunt, Masferrer is awaiting trial in the Miami Federal court.

The last time the U.S. government tried to convict him on similar charges, he got the case thrown out of court—much like Hawke—by pointing out that "I wasn't doing anything the government was not doing, too."

Other hazards in the trade can be more worrying. Since the Korean War, at least 20—and possibly twice as many—M.M.'s have been murdered. The "Red Hand," a notorious French right-wing organization, is believed to have killed seven private arms dealers in five countries simply to keep down the flow of arms to Algerian rebels during the last years of French colonial warfare. One of them, a Swiss *munitionsmakler* named Maurice Leopold, was killed with a poisoned arrow.

Masferrer usually carries under his arm a paper bag containing reading material, some Ramon Allones cigars, and a fully loaded National Match Colt .45 automatic pistol. His two bodyguards carry the same model of pistol in empty cigar boxes, which they place beside their napkins when dining in a restaurant.

Right now Africa, where live bullets have been known to replace coins as the preferred tender, is the most fertile private firearms market. Latin America comes next, with a huge turnover in hardware of every kind. Comparative volume is hard to establish, because the same firearms travel back and forth repeatedly, from country to country, continent to continent, wherever supply and demand may take them.

The trajectory of such firearms from factory to firing line can be fantastically far-flung. The following history has been put together of a 20mm. cannon sold to Haitian rebels last year. The cannon was made in Finland during World War II and used on the Soviet front. In the late forties, it was sold in a lot to an Interarmco agent in exchange for some carloads of Sten guns. Shipped to Italy, it was taken over by Dominick de Fekete in one of his first weapons ventures and sold to the Israeli Haganah. In 1950 it returned to De Fekete in the mixed lot of surplus Israeli hardware consigned to Costa Rica. In 1955, it made a second transatlantic trip, back to the Mediterranean, where agents of the Algerian FLN were waiting for it in Tunis. In 1960 it went overseas again, to Panama, and thence north to the United States, in a shipload officially described as "Deactivated War Souvenirs." It was then sold to Cuban rebels for delivery by airdrop to the Sierra Escambray mountains, but something went wrong with the delivery and the cannon ended up firing instead in Santo Domingo. In 1965 it was brought back to Miami in a mysterious converted subchaser known as the *Texana*. Later the same year, it was acquired by Rolando Masferrer. In mid-1966 Masferrer sold it, in a mixed boatload of light weapons, to a group of rebels preparing to invade Haiti under the leadership of a Catholic priest.

In a quarter of a century, the cannon has seen action in a half-dozen wars—big and small—and brought sizeable profits to each M.M. who has bought and sold it. And how do these arms dealers feel about their business.

Mitch WerBell summed up the attitude of the fraternity when he told a visitor recently:

"Please don't call me a 'merchant of death.' All it is, really, is that I've been fond of guns all my life. Guns don't kill people, you know: people kill people, and always have, long before anyone invented the trigger."—**Andrew St. George**

"Hello, Harry? First, I'd like to apologize for saying I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. . . ."

WILD WING SHOOTING IN THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK

[*Continued from page* 61]

whisky, had another, had dinner, had an Irish coffee, fell asleep and woke up at Shannon Airport. There I breakfasted, and then drove a rented car 60 miles due north to Galway, a city of strange gray beauty, mild weather and friendly people. Through Williams I had introductions to two Galway woodcock experts, one of whom, John Buckley, is reputed to be Ireland's "Mr. Woodcock" and the owner of the best woodcock dogs in the country.

But because Buckley was in Dublin on business, I telephoned Sean Murphy, a tall, heavyset, genial Galwegian who lives at Kinvara near Galway City. He has hunted woodcock for most of his 50 years. When he picked me up next morning at the Great Southern Hotel, we drove east to Athenry. From there we traveled north into gently rolling country checkerboarded with shoulder-high stone fences and stands of hazel saplings.

The brush was so thick that even the pair of borrowed red setters Sean had brought along had trouble working through the tangled undergrowth. Once the setters disappeared in the thicket there was no way of knowing when one of them went on point, or where. Fortunately the dogs weren't paragons of steadiness—they just kept moving, bumping occasional birds. But few of the fliers gave us more than a glimpse as they skimmed the treetops and settled, probably, in another section of the same thicket.

Once, in a smaller coppice, two woodcock thrashed their way out of heavy underbrush a few yards from me and took off across the open field. With plenty of time for an easy right-and-left, I fired at the nearer bird, swung and fired at the farther, then watched both of them disappear over the hill unscathed. The lesson here was clear. Because they're twice as big as North American woodcock, these Irish giants seem to be flying much slower. If anything they're going faster, and require a corresponding lead.

An hour later I caught a glimpse of a woodcock as it flashed behind a holly tree and got off a conditioned-reflex snapshot. Only a few pellets could have penetrated that foliage, but when I looked behind the tree there it was, stone dead.

Lesson Number 2: For all its size, the Irish woodcock can't carry much lead and a single 7½ or 8 pellet may ground it; if you shoot and don't see the bird fly away, check carefully even if you think you missed.

By noon we had climbed two dozen fences, seen one dozen woodcock, and killed two birds apiece. For lunch, Sean suggested a visit to Paddy Burke's pub in nearby Clarenbridge for a plate of the fat, succulent oysters that come out of Galway Bay beds a few yards from the pub's back door.

We also ate some of the smoked Irish salmon and Irish brown bread that have made this pub renowned throughout the country—sluiced down, of course, with a pint of draft Guinness. Paddy, the fifth generation of Patrick Burkes to be hosts at this same oasis, greeted us and explained that the bottle of Tennessee sour-mash whisky on the bar was kept there because it's a favorite of John Huston, who lives down the road.

"For heaven's sake, Alice, they're both alike—just *take* one!"

While Sean drove us to a new location after lunch I admired the bucolic, billboardless countryside and thought about the differences between woodcock hunting in Sean's country and mine. For one thing, in Ireland as in most of Europe, there's no such thing as free shooting. Game is the private—and valuable—property of the landowner, and it's taken for granted that permission is required to shoot or fish. (Most of the land we had gunned that morning belonged to friends of Sean, who had their permission to hunt it.) There's still some poaching in Ireland, but with the gradual disappearance of absentee English landowners it's no longer considered a patriotic duty.

Another difference is that most U.S. woodcockers do their hunting for migrating birds, which move down each fall from their breeding grounds in the Northern states and southern Canadian provinces, to their wintering grounds in Louisiana, Texas and the Gulf area. Because woodcock depend for food almost entirely on worms and grubs, a sudden hard freeze can send them barreling southward in their here-today-gone-today haste. But if the weather doesn't prod them, they may dawdle for a week or more at favorite spots along the migratory route, laying up in thick cover by day, feeding by night, and providing sport for local gunners.

Our woodcock frequent the same favorite covers year after year—until the vegetation or trees undergo a change through growth, fire or cutting. Because these patches of cover may be no more than a few yards in diameter and no different, to the human eye, than a score of similar places along the same hillside, a U.S. woodcock hunter has to stumble onto them. When he does find one of these hot spots he seldom gets up and announces its location at a meeting of his rod-and-gun club.

Hence the hard-core, card-carrying woodcock hunter in the eastern United States will usually go from cover to cover and waste no time hunting "blind." He parks his car, walks a few hundred yards up the hillside to an alder clump, kicks around it, flushes a woodcock, and takes his shot; then he walks back to his car and drives a mile or two, or 10, to the next stop on his itinerary. A day or two later the same covers will often hold replacements, if birds are still migrating through the area. Nobody knows for sure why a specific cover will always attract the birds, but it does.

The woodcock hunter in Ireland, on the other hand, doesn't worry at all about

missing the migrating flights. Because this is the end of the trip. The birds stay right here, from the first full moon in October to the first full moon in March. Along with the nonmigratory, resident birds, the woodcock may vanish from a particular piece of woodland or thicket, but they won't move out of the general area.

What the Irish hunter worries about is, "Where the devil are the birds, right now?" It was a question we couldn't answer this particular afternoon. Although the covers we hunted were spattered with the fresh "chalk" of woodcock droppings, we didn't see a bird. With dusk coming on, Sean suggested we do a bit of "flighting."

When flying out of a woods at dusk to feed in open fields, woodcock stick to the same flight paths year after year, and local shooters soon learn their locations. Sean stationed me in an open pasture at one corner of a woods, and told me to watch for woodcock against the darkening sky. He moved on 100 yards to another flight path. Deep in the woods a fox barked, and was answered from far away; starlings chattered as they settled down for the night; an owl mourned, a heifer lowed for love, and miles across the fields a dog howled faintly. It was the soft sound of night descending on the Irish countryside, and when Sean's gun boomed twice I realized I had been daydreaming.

I had looked up just in time to see a woodcock flitting by. I missed it neatly. In a minute Sean came over to me, carrying one bird: "Not much of a flight this evening," he explained. "But I've seen the evenings here when you'd shoot up a box of cartridges in 10 minutes, they'd be coming over that thick. And perhaps we got here a bit too late—let's call it a day and see if Paddy Burke's still in business." (A good bit of the time I had difficulty understanding Sean—most Irishmen around Galway speak English with such strong Gaelic inflections that it takes a week or two of getting used to.)

For the U.S. sportsman who wants to try his hand and his gun at this great wing-shooting sport, there are several approaches. Simplest is to sign up with one of the travel agencies that specialize in packaged shooting trips. Or you can write to the Irish Tourist Board, 33 East 50th Street, New York City. They'll send you a list of shoots open to visiting sportsmen, with information and rates. They can also provide a list of "sporting hotels" which own shooting rights in their areas or have arrangements with local gun clubs or landowners.

And, of course, if you're adventuresome and extroverted, you can barge right in without arrangements of any kind. Bring rough clothes and a gun, and check into any good hotel in the west of Ireland. Then head for the nearest pub. You'll be spotted for an American as soon as you order a drink. When you are asked why you've come to Ireland, say it's to shoot woodcock. It's even money someone will offer to take you out shooting, or at least introduce you to a cousin who will.

During our day of hunting, Sean had told me more about John Buckley. That evening I was happy to learn that John had returned from Dublin. When I talked with him he agreed to demonstrate his woodcock-hunting technique the next day.

John picked me up early in the morning. A husky, medium-height, clean-shaven man, he wore a well-tailored shooting jacket and knickers of thornproof tweed with canvas leggings over high-topped waterproof shoes. Ireland is wet, with bogs and marshes even on some of the hilltops. I wore lightweight canvas-topped hip boots for all types of cover—and there wasn't a day when I wasn't thankful for them. My complete kit included cartridge bag, lunch, flask, binoculars, camera, rain gear and 12-gauge skeet-bored Winchester Model 21 shotgun. We loaded everything into his small station wagon, which was already crowded with three dogs in boxes, and drove out the highway toward one of his favorite covers.

As we drove along through the countryside we talked about Irish woodcock hunting. When I asked John what he thought makes a good woodcock man, he said it was partly a knowledge of the birds and their ways, partly an ability to shoot quickly and well, but mostly having keen-nosed, well-trained, disciplined dogs and knowing how to work them. "What kind of knowledge?" I asked. He responded by spelling out his theories. For example, he explained, after woodcock settle in a cover they won't tolerate much disturbance—they will clear out if it's hunted more than once or twice a season (which is why he leases enough land to eliminate the need to overshoot any part of it).

John emphasized that woodcock hate being dripped on. They will move out of heavy cover when it's raining or when hoarfrost is melting. The birds then hide out in open, nondrippy countryside, sheltering under overhangs if it's raining. He also explained that usually after trees grow much higher than 12 or 15 feet, the birds look for more congenial cover. Usually the woodcock lie along the edges of a wood rather than deep inside, especially in the evening when they're preparing to move out to feed in the meadows and pastures, where worms come easy. After a night of bright moonlight, woodcock are likely to have fed heavily and to be logy, close-holding and slower-flying than usual.

"But the really important thing," John said, "is to have good pointing dogs." He explained that the pointers must be keen-nosed and willing to work cover thoroughly, since the woodcock is a tight-sitting bird that you actually have to step on sometimes before it will flush. Since woodcock are virtually invisible on the ground, the gunner without dogs may walk miles through cover thick with birds and flush few, if any.

We were heading toward one of a number of so-called "shooting lettings" John leases from the Irish Land Commission. Yearly rentals are low enough so that almost any sportsman of moderate means can afford a few hundred acres of game-producing land, and it's possible to rent the shooting rights to several thousand acres, in some remote areas, for under $100 a year. (Having rented land, you're entitled to keep other shooters the hell off of it, but in practice this would mean hiring a bailiff or gamekeeper; the best protection against poaching is to shoot the ground frequently yourself.) Twenty minutes after leaving the city we turned off the main road onto a rutted trail through lush green forest. When the trail petered out after half a mile John parked the car and let the dogs out: two small English setters, a dog and a bitch, each with a bronze bell on its collar, and a Labrador retriever.

We set out through a clearing, with

"What's the idea of telling my football players it's not whether they win or lose but how they play the game!"

the setters working the heavy brush on either side and the Lab staying close at heel. We could hear the dogs' bells ringing as we walked. John explained that the bells were available only from France, where they're made specifically for hunting dogs. The bells differ slightly in tone, so that in heavy cover you can tell which dog is where.

The bitch had been trained to work fairly close, and the dog to work wider. When either of the bells stopped jangling, John knew instantly which animal was on point. Knowing where the bell had last been heard, he would call the other setter in with a high-frequency whistle, and send it in that direction. When the second bell stopped as the dog honored its mate's point, John was able to judge the bird's position. Because he could tell which way the bird was likely to fly, he would station his companions and himself so as to have the best chance for a fair shot. *Then, with guns in position, he would send the retriever to flush the bird.*

"A woodcock," John said, "will almost always fly to light—toward the sun, usually, but sometimes toward the most open spot in the woods. This means you can have a pretty good idea which way he'll head when flushed, and can place yourself and any other guns accordingly."

Suddenly, one of the bells went silent, and we saw the bitch locked on a picture-book point near the edge of the tangle. John motioned me on down the clearing to cover one flank, while he backed off to cover the other. I noticed he had spotted me so that the woodcock, if it flew toward the cloud-shrouded sun, would give me the shot. At a wave of John's hand the retriever plunged into the thicket. The bird flushed and flew over my head, giving me an easy shot which I missed. I heard John's gun, and swung around to see the bird tumbling into the woods behind me.

While the Lab was retrieving the dead bird, John told me the other bell had gone silent while we had been getting into position. He whistled the bitch to his side and sent it into the woods. We could judge the animal's progress by the bell, and when it, too, went silent we had a good fix on the bird. This time John motioned me down the path to an intersecting clearing, indicating that I should cover both clearings from the corner. Then he sent the retriever in the direction of the bird. A few seconds later it came over me high and I connected. While retrieving the bird, which had fallen almost at my feet, I heard John shoot. In a minute he came along carrying a second dead woodcock.

Each setter must have been on point on a separate bird, John explained. My shot had turned the second woodcock in his direction. At any rate, it was obvious we had stumbled onto the mother lode. Before we went back to the car for lunch, John had five birds in his game bag and I had four. In all we had flown nearly 20 woodcock in less than two hours, and we had had shots at all but four or five.

During a tail-gate lunch, John told me there are several gun clubs up and down the west coast of Ireland that hold driven woodcock shoots during the season (September 1 to January 31). At these shoots, 10 guns might account for 100-odd birds in a day, or the bag might be as low as 20.

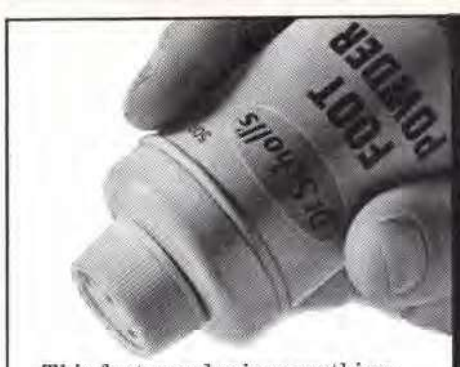
I asked John if many serious woodcock shooters in Ireland use cocker spaniels today, since the breed was originally developed for this purpose. Buckley said that a few traditionalists still favor cockers, but that in his mind there was no substitute for a pointing dog, nor any doubt that the best pointing breed for the purpose was the English setter. I told him that in my own upland hunting, for whatever species, I let my two Labrador retrievers work out in front of me and tried to get close enough for a shot when I saw them making game or acting birdy. John nodded politely—as if I had said I always put chocolate syrup in my whisky highballs—and suggested we get back to shooting.

This time we set off through the forest, coming out on a half-acre outcrop of bare limestone in the midst of thick scrub oak, laurel and birch. While the setters worked the edges of the thickets, we stood on the table of frost-flaked rock. When the setters went on point, the retriever was sent to flush. The bird almost always flew toward us, since we were in a clear, and therefore lighter, section. But the shooting was tricky. The birds usually flew low and directly at us, and a shot would have endangered the dogs. We held our fire until after the woodcock had passed and were going away.

In all, the odd outcrop produced 10 birds flown, and seven killed. As we walked back to the car in the early dusk, two woodcock got up in front of me from the edge of the trees and I killed both. It wasn't a true right-and-left, since one bird jumped up after the other had been hit, but it was close enough to make a fine finale to one of the best shooting days of my life.

When I thanked John Buckley that evening over an Irish whisky for a grand day of sport, I couldn't resist a parting question. Is it true that woodcock sometimes carry their young in flight between their legs, as a lot of qualified observers claim to have witnessed, or is this a piece of folklorish nonsense, as equally qualified experts declare? "Ah, yes," said John thoughtfully, "an interesting question. Here's another: shall we have one more round?"

That night I was having a nightcap at the Great Southern bar, and a man standing next to me said he understood I had been shooting with John Buckley. I said I had. "He's a great man for the woodcock, all right," the man said. "I've heard tell that those dogs of his will catch a bird, point it in his direction and let it loose. Would you be after supposin' that's the truth, now?" I said I'd be after supposing it might be indeed, bade him good-night, went to bed and dreamed of woodcock as big as turkeys. **—Ed Zern**



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Season

Woodcock, ducks, geese, plover, snipe: September 1 to January 31.

Limits

None.

Gun License

This is easily purchased at Shannon or Dublin airports, fee is $9.10 for first gun, $2.10 for each additional gun.

Dogs

There is a six-month compulsory quarantine, if you bring your own. Most guides can provide dogs, but good ones are rare.

Hotels

Rates are about one-third lower than for comparable accommodations in the U.S.

Ammunition

Twelve gauge is readily available; 16 and 20 gauge are hard to find.

Air Fare

Irish International Airlines roundtrip fare, New York to Shannon Airport (14 to 21-day excursion tourist rate): $264.

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Wide World

Trio of MIG-21's, the deadliest jet fighters our fliers face over North Viet Nam.

So far most of the 700-plus American planes lost in the deadly air war over North Viet Nam have been knocked down by flak or surface-to-air missiles. But our fliers have also been tangling with Russian-built MIG fighters in the skies over Hanoi and Haiphong. Art Whitcomb of Pawling, New York, wants to know what model MIG's our pilots are facing, how good they are and how our jets stack up against them.

At the last count Ho Chi Minh's air arm included some 60 MIG-17's and about 20 of the more advanced MIG-21. The older MIG, which dates back to the early 1950's, flies at 700 mph., has a top altitude of 51,000 feet and relies on two wing-mounted 23mm. cannons for firepower. These figures are well below U.S. jet fighters in all categories. But the MIG-21 is a different story. It carries heat-seeking air-to-air missiles into dogfights at 1,200 miles per hour and up to 60,000 feet. It's more maneuverable than the U.S. jet it usually faces—the F-4 Phantom—has better acceleration and is superior on high-speed turns.

On the other hand, the Phantom, at 1,400 miles per hour, is speedier, has a faster rate of climb and more sophisticated weaponry. It can launch its radar-guided missiles long before it comes within range of the Red jet's firepower. Another big advantage is that the Phantom is a two-pilot craft while the MIG is a single-seater. "Four eyeballs are better than two for finding targets," is the way USAF Maj. Gerald Larson put it recently. "And then having one set of eyeballs on the instruments while maneuvering for an attack and during combat is highly desirable."

Until recently the MIG-21 was pretty much a mystery to USAF Intelligence types, even though the aircraft made its first public appearance on June 24, 1956, in the Soviet Aviation Day display at Moscow's Tushino Airport. Seeing a plane only on parade, or even in combat, doesn't tell too much about it. But last year's Arab-Israeli war provided a major breakthrough when some MIG-21's were captured intact from the Arabs. The U.S. Air Force made a deal with the Israelis, and carted three jets here. Then, while two were being test flown at Edwards Air Force Base in California, the third was at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio being cross-examined down to its last rivet, gunsight and electronic black box.

Now that we've had the chance to learn all about the MIG-21, there's a later model—the MIG-23—in the offing. The newest Red fighter has been kept carefully under Russian wraps and it is not known whether the plane will be used in Viet Nam, or how it stacks up with its predecessors. Meantime, the aerial combat score in Viet Nam stands heavily in America's favor. At this writing, U.S. planes have shot down over 90 MIG's while enemy aircraft have accounted for only about 20 of the American planes which have been lost.

Q: With which sport is the term "hat trick" associated? *R. E. Duffy, APO, New York, N.Y.*

A: It's associated with several sports: cricket, horse racing, hockey and baseball. The term means any skillful maneuver or more specifically: dismissal of three batsmen in cricket by a bowler with three consecutive balls; winning three consecutive horse races; scoring three consecutive goals by one hockey player in one game and hitting a single, double, triple and homerun in baseball. Its origin comes from the former practice of awarding a hat to someone who has performed a skillful feat.

Q: I have been informed that the $1 silver certificate can be redeemed in silver dust. Is this true? *Francis A. Genstley, Hanson, Mass.*

A: Yes. For small transactions the U.S. Assay offices in New York or San Francisco issue small manila envelopes, each valued at $1, containing approximately .77 ounces of fine silver in the form of crystals or pellets. For larger transactions, 1,000 ounce bars of silver valued at $1,293 are used. The certificates have to be presented at the Assay offices in person for redemptions, not by mail.

Q: How can a pair of shoes be made to stop squeaking? *Peter L. Evans, FPO, N.Y., N.Y.*

A: The squeak is usually caused by slippage between the shank insole and the shank outsole. To stop it, inject talcum powder between these areas. A less sure method is to place the shoes in a pan which contains just enough milk to cover the tops of the soles. Leave overnight. If it doesn't eliminate the squeak, it will at least waterproof the soles.

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Q: Which man-made lake in the U.S. has the longest shoreline? ***Frank Gum, Ash Fork, Ariz.***

A: Two lakes, each with 2,380 miles of shoreline. They are Lake Cumberland and Lake Watts Bar, both on the Kentucky-Tennessee border.

Q: When is a snowstorm classified as a blizzard? ***Richard Tyler, Newark, N.J.***

A: Only when the temperature is below 20 degrees, the wind is blowing at more than 35 miles per hour and, of course, there is heavy snow.

Q: Has the Korean War officially ended? ***Mike Westerdall, Atwater, Calif.***

A: With the signing of an Armistice Agreement, hostilities ceased on July 27, 1953. No formal declaration of war was ever made so no formal peace treaty was ever negotiated.

Q: Did the famous thoroughbred, Swaps, ever run a match race? ***Bill M. Holliday, Anchorage, Alaska***

A: Yes. Swaps raced against Nashua on August 31, 1955, at Washington Park and was defeated by six and one-half lengths. More than 30,000 spectators turned up to witness the race.

Q: Why are so many Scotsmen called Sandy? ***Andrew G. Buchwald, Dallas, Tex.***

A: Sandy is a familiar form of Alexander, which is a common Scottish name.

Q: A friend of mine claims that gases given off by certain trees contribute to our current air pollution problem. True? ***William Wilcox, Glendale, Calif.***

A: Yes, even nature produces its equivalent of smog. The pungent sage, the fragrant pine and many other kinds of fir trees emit terpenes and esters which create a chemical reaction similar to those caused by man-made pollutants. The result is a highly toxic, bluish haze that can often be seen over large fir forests.

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"THE U.S. STOLE OUR LAND"

[*Continued from page 49*]

littered with spent pistol and carbine cartridges. He saw more blood on the stairs leading to the second floor courtroom, the door of which had been broken open. He walked down the hall toward the county commission meeting room. As he reached the door, it opened. Sheriff Benny Naranjo stuck out his head. The sheriff's shirt was dappled with blood. Behind him in the meeting room, Akers saw some 20 men and women, most of them county officials and employees.

"Are they gone?" Naranjo asked.

"They" were a platoon of about 20 armed men—the "arresting party" of an organization which calls itself the *Alianza Federal de Mercedes* or the Federation of Free City-States, and which denies the jurisdiction of the United States over millions of acres of territory in the Southwest. This band had captured the courthouse of Rio Arriba County, New Mexico, in a lightning raid two hours earlier, shooting or clubbing five state and county lawmen and holding most of the building's occupants as prisoners. The raiders had left moments before Akers arrived, taking two hostages and leaving a wreckage of shattered windows, broken doors, demolished communications equipment and ransacked county records.

Incredible as it seems, the raid on Tierra Amarilla represented neither a simple act of banditry nor the spontaneous violence of a mob. It was a carefully planned attempt to capture the district attorney of New Mexico's First Judicial District, thought to be in town at the time, and bring him to trial in a court of the Pueblo Republica of San Joaquin. The raiders had been picked for this assignment by the Department of Vigilance of this self-proclaimed "city-state." They included small farmers, sheepherders and common laborers, a newly-wed husband, a great-grandfather, and a teenaged boy. Their common denominators were poverty, a share in New Mexico's sour heritage of Spanish land grants and a belief in the sometimes angry but always eloquent message of a man named Reies Lopez Tijerina.

Tijerina had founded his Alianza in 1963. Its charter states that its aim is to "organize grants covered by the Guadalupe Hidalgo Treaty . . . thus providing unity of purpose and securing for the heirs of Spanish Land Grants the highest advantages as provided therein." The words sound mild, but only until the history of these grants is considered.

When the United States Senate ratified the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848 and took the Territories of New Mexico and Northern California from the defeated Republic of Mexico, the land grants existing in the area totaled an estimated 33,000,000 acres. There were more than a thousand of them, mostly made in the name of the king of Spain by the royal viceroys in Mexico City. Some were issued to individuals by name, but most were "communal" grants. In these, individual settlers were given title in their own names to very small tracts at the community village and shared equal communal rights with all other settlers to use the water, grazing and timber throughout the land grant. Under the Spanish system, these settlers were guaranteed that these community rights would continue through their descendants "*para siempre*." In English *para siempre* means forever. But forever proved remarkably brief.

In the treaty, the United States promised to protect the property rights of the Mexican landowners living in the newly acquired territory, and during the first years of American occupation, U.S. military commanders notified the new citizens that only "quiet possession" of the grants would be needed to prove ownership. But the government decided otherwise. It required that all claims to lands be registered with the Federal Land Office. Clear documentary proof would be needed to establish ownership. Otherwise the land would be placed in the public domain as federal property.

In many cases, the villagers—illiterate and utterly ignorant of the American legal system—lost all rights to their ancestral lands before they knew these rules existed. For most of them, a generation would pass before they were aware that the law had made them squatters in their family home. Since no one else wanted the land, they continued to occupy it as they had for as long as 200 years, growing subsistence crops where there was water to irrigate and grazing their small herds on grass no one else had use for. As late as 1870 nothing much had changed. But time was running out for the Spanish-Americans.

In the 1870's the railroads moved toward New Mexico, opening the land. Simultaneously the price of beef, mutton and wool skyrocketed. Suddenly the land and grass which no one else wanted was in immense demand. In a single generation of frantic range-grabbing and land speculation, the Spanish-Americans of New Mexico lost what their forefathers had held since the 17th century.

Of the 33,000,000 acres in Spanish grants, by the turn of the century all but 1.9 million had vanished into national forests or public domain—and from the public domain through land frauds into the hands of the cattle companies.

Almost all of the remaining grants were now in the possession of the newer settlers, known as the "Anglos." Instead of their ancestral lands, the 20th-century descendants of the Trujillos, Garcias and Bacas inherited their grandfathers' stories of how those lands were stolen. Virtually every family had such a story—a folklore of injustice, helpless humiliation and sometimes violence. In the villages of mountainous northern New Mexico, the loss of the land grants made poverty both inevitable and incurable. Poor men, surrounded by the grass and timber of their stolen heritage, find these stories of injustice hard to forget. And to these men, Reies Lopez Tijerina began preaching the message of his Alianza in 1963.

The press in New Mexico sometimes calls Tijerina "The King Tiger." When one considers the man and not his violent effect the title seems incongruous.

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He is a slender, average-sized man and his forehead bears the fatigue lines of the average man of 40. But his eyes are not average. A striking hazel-green under heavy black eyebrows, they light his face with an alert, and curiously happy, intelligence.

One also notices, when talking to Tijerina of his Alianza movement, that he is not troubled by doubts of either his abilities or the rightness of what he is doing. He is infinitely self-assured. He is also a handsome man, and aware of it. It is a product, he says, of the Indian blood in the family. He talks about his looks without vanity, simply listing an asset which balances liabilities about which he is equally frank—nervousness, a quick temper and an imperfect command of English phraseology. Just as simply, he lists another asset.

"I am not a man who is afraid," he says. For one who has chosen social revolution as his mission, that's a necessary attribute. And not even his bitter enemies deny the statement.

Tijerina was born in 1927 in a sharecropper shack near Falls City, Texas. Like those who follow him, he inherited a story of family injustice. His great-grandfather was a horse dealer who owned grant land north of Laredo, Texas. When the Anglo ranchers needed the land, Tijerina says, they drove branded cattle into one of his corrals and accused him of stealing them. Six Texas Rangers came and hung him from a tree in his own yard.

"My grandfather was a boy then. He stood there and watched that hanging and it put bitterness in him," Tijerina explains. His grandfather became a bandit, operating on both sides of the Mexican border, but Tijerina concedes only—and with some reluctance—that he "dealt some in contrabrand."

Tijerina talks of his grandfather with nostalgic fondness, describing him as "a lion of a man." His mother died when he was six, and he talks of his father only if pressed.

"He was timid," Tijerina says. "We were sharecroppers. You work somebody's farm and get a share of the crop. But three times, three different times, when we got the crop laid by they would come and tell my father to pack up and get out. And my father put us children and our stuff in the wagon, and we got out without getting anything for our work." As Tijerina tells this, he looks at you as if hoping you can explain it.

After the third time this happened, the family moved to San Antonio, where the 12-year-old Tijerina enrolled in school and began learning English. The family was working as migrant farm labor. There was time for only three years of schooling, but Tijerina got through seven grades.

In 1949 he enrolled in the Assemblies of God Church School at Ysleta, Texas, to study evangelism. He is remembered by those who taught him as a sincere, reform-conscious student and as a fiery and effective preacher with sometimes unorthodox views. The fundamentalist religious group sent Tijerina to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to help at a revival. In New Mexico these "unorthodox views" caused the church to cancel his credentials. The 23-year-old preacher, now on his own, spent months on and around the Tierra Amarilla Land Grant trying to organize a religious sect and, as he remembers it, "talking to the old people and learning about what happened to their land."

Thirteen years passed before Tijerina would use that knowledge. He wandered, working as a farm laborer, through the Midwest and finally settled in Arizona in 1957. Near Casa Grande, he and 17 other migrant farm workers bought land, built homes for their families and erected a small chapel.

"We elected trustees and called it 'Valle de Paz,' our valley of peace." He grinned. "That turned out to be ironic because the people around there didn't want us as neighbors. There was harassment—mostly just teen-agers who would come when we were all away working in the cotton fields. But they burned down my house and in two years they had burned down everything."

Arizona records show that during this period Tijerina and three others living at what police accounts describe as a

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"gypsy camp" were charged with stealing tires from a trailer. Before this charge was dropped for lack of evidence, Tijerina was arrested again—this time charged with attempting to free his brother Margarito from jail. During his trial on this charge, Tijerina walked away from the courthouse during a noon recess and vanished. He left his burned-out Valley of Peace and prepared for a more warlike mission.

Tijerina spent much of the next six years in Mexico "doing research into the laws of the Spanish Empire and the background of the land grants." Then in 1963 the voice of the Tiger began being heard in northern New Mexico.

The message was clear. Join the Alianza Federal de Mercedes. It would restore the birthright of the disinherited Spanish-Americans. How? The land grants, Tijerina explained, were based on the authority of the Spanish crown. The Mexicans had no right to cede this land to the United States. It was necessary only for the land-grant heirs to unite and to assert their independence from the United States and their rights to the grants.

This message had little appeal to better educated, more sophisticated Spanish-Americans—the majority of which competes successfully in New Mexico politics, business and the professions. But among the villages of the mountain counties, where almost half the families live on less than $3,000 yearly income, the Tijerina appeal offered hope.

Tijerina's recruiting was helped by a long accumulation of specific frustrations—with rutted roads impassable in the winter, with village schools closed in consolidation programs and with years of broken political promises. But the United States Forest Service helped most of all. Under policies aimed at improving range management and developing more efficient use of national timberlands, the Forest Service began enforcing old rules with new efficiency.

The old practice which allowed families to pasture a milk cow and a team of plow horses in the forest without owning a grazing allotment was ended. It was a small thing, but not for the man left without milk for his children and with no way to plow his fields. Villagers with grazing permits had other troubles. The agency began imposing cash trespass fines against farmers whose cows drifted off allotted areas. It cut the grazing season—in some cases from nine months to five. It required fencing which many could not afford to buy. It began forcing the periodic movement of cattle from one range to another—a conservation move practical for the cattle companies with hired cowboys but hard indeed for a farmer who must leave his few cows and his village for the summer to work in the Colorado beet fields.

The Forest Service denies any sinister intention behind these range-improvement policies. But the villagers learn of 2,000 cattle being grazed by a cattle company in a national forest to the south, of a family with a permit for 450 head, and of a Colorado rancher running 200 cattle in their village forest. Some of them believe the Forest Service is deliberately trying to harass the small permitholder off the range to make room for the big operators. Those who believe this listen when the Alianza tells them that the forest taken from their grandfathers can be theirs again if they will take it back.

More than 30 families around El Rito joined the Alianza en masse after being told they must build fences dividing their forest service allotments. Others began paying the $1 per month family dues after they failed again for the 15th consecutive year to get gravel put on the rutted mud of their children's school-bus route.

Just how many heard the Alianza's promises and signed as members is a matter of controversy. Tijerina claims 30,000 and federal officials guess about 5,000. Whatever the number, Tijerina seems to have decided in the autumn of 1966 that his organization was strong enough to turn from oratory to action.

The strategy of Reies Tijerina is simple. He hopes to force the federal government into a confrontation in a court of law, and specifically to place on the United States the burden of proving its rights to former land grants. He believes the government has no such legal

proof and that the Alianza will triumph. To force this confrontation, the Alianza would concentrate its force and seize a single land grant. The San Joaquin grant, issued by the Spanish king in 1806 to settlers in the rugged Rio Chama canyon, was picked. Its location was ideal —in an area where poverty is extreme and Alianza membership correspondingly high. More important, nearly all of the land to be claimed lies in national forests with few private owners to be offended and, theoretically at least, dispossessed.

On October 15, the Alianza proclaimed that the *Pueblo Republica de San Joaquin del Rio de Chama* had "resumed all rights and authorities vested in it August 1, 1806" by King Charles IV of Spain. Tijerina led scores of followers into a Forest Service campground and announced that the city-state had assumed jurisdiction over 600,000 acres.

When federal authorities ignored the action, Tijerina repeated the performance, and this time it was hard to ignore. Alianza members, some with guns in hand, swarmed in to the Echo Amphitheater recreation area. They confiscated government trucks and radio equipment and arrested two U.S. Forest Rangers. The two were tried on the spot, convicted of trespassing on San Joaquin lands, and released with a warning. This time the federal government reacted, but not with the sort of action Tijerina had hoped to provoke. Instead he and four of his lieutenants were indicted on charges of assaulting federal officials and illegal seizure of government equipment.

If Tijerina was dismayed, he gave no sign of it. He flew to Washington, called on the Department of State and asked the U.S. government to grant diplomatic recognition to the City-State of San Joaquin. He got no further than a legal officer, who debated technicalities of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo with him. Failing an exchange of ambassadors, the Alianza began preparing for its third attempt to force the United States into a legal collision.

The developments came rapidly. On the Tierra Amarilla Land Grant the night skies were red with arson fires. Arson and fence cutting is no novelty on the 900 square mile grant—a traditional site of violent hard feelings between Anglo ranchers and Spanish villagers—but this year it was worse than usual. Two homes burned, several barns and so many haystacks that by late May the Rio Arriba sheriff's office wryly announced that the worst was over because there was little left to burn. Tijerina, meanwhile, was having troubles of his own. Scheduled to stand trial in July on the federal indictments, he was ordered to surrender membership lists of his organization to the court. He ignored the order, failed to answer a resulting contempt of court citation, and became—at least technically—a fugitive. From wherever he was, he sent notices to the press announcing that his followers would rally at the Rio Arriba County village of Coyote on Saturday, June 3rd. Reporters, who could find Tijerina even when the law could not, quoted him as calling for a "showdown," hinting that the Alianza would take control of the San Joaquin grant by force of arms, and saying that his members would come to Coyote "prepared to fight."

In the settlements around the contested territory, pamphlets appeared in mailboxes warning residents who were not "citizens" of San Joaquin to get out of the city-state territory. Federal employes at the big Abiquiu flood control dam east of Coyote and at the Forest Service Station began sending wives and children out of the area. In the thin air of northern New Mexico there was the smell of impending violence.

Friday, on the eve of the expected showdown, two men in Santa Fe moved to prevent that violence. They moved in opposite directions.

Gov. David F. Cargo, a young liberal Republican whose wife had once paid Alianza dues, met with two representatives of the elusive King Tiger. He promised that if they would call off the Coyote rally, he would meet publicly with Tijerina, giving him a chance to turn gracefully away from a headlong collision. But eight blocks away, District Attorney Alfonso Sanchez had called state police officials to another meeting. Sanchez had run out of patience.

If Governor Cargo's solution was dictated by his sympathy for the plight of Alianza followers, Sanchez looked instead at the leadership and felt extreme distaste. Himself a land-grant heir, Sanchez had been convinced since 1964 that the Alianza was exploiting his people, milking the poor and the ignorant and inciting them to violate the law in a hopeless cause. While Cargo arranged his peace meeting, Sanchez was obtaining court warrants for the arrest of the King Tiger and a dozen of his top aides.

The dragnet worked through the night, with Cristoval and Anselmo Tijerina, brothers of the King Tiger, among the first arrested. By dawn nine others were in jail, though, as usual, the net missed Reies Tijerina.

Whatever was planned for Coyote on Saturday, June 3rd, the result was a fiasco. Alianza members driving toward the village early Saturday were met at state police roadblocks and warned that they might be arrested and prosecuted for unlawful assembly. Many turned back. Others, aware of the happenings during the night, did not leave home. Only about 80 reached the village to find the community swarming with newsmen and police but no leaders to tell them what to do. Rain began to fall and by noon the crowd, angry and confused, drifted away.

The anger focused on the district attorney. Alfonso Sanchez had always been considered a key enemy of the movement. A warrant had already been drawn for his arrest—to be served if he appeared at the Coyote gathering. It was decided to use this warrant. Sanchez would be arrested and brought to trial by the Pueblo Republic of San Joaquin on charges of violating the rights of its citizens. The opportunity would come Monday, when those arrested Friday night would be taken to the Tierra Amarilla courthouse for arraignment. Alianza leaders have been warned by their attorneys not to talk about this affair and Tijerina will say only that it was arranged by the "Department of Vigilance" of the Pueblo Republic. This department selected 20 men, most of them apparently volunteers. They would be armed with rifles, carbines and pistols and would take along a dynamite bomb. In Tierra Amarilla, sympathizers would serve as scouts.

Monday morning Tierra Amarilla was tense. But as the day wore on the village relaxed. By 2:45, Judge James Scar-

TRUE

"You *are* a dirty old man!"

borough was completing the proceedings. The defendants were to be released on bond. Of the state police detachment only Nick Saiz, a tall young officer, still remained at the courthouse. Saiz stood at the lobby bulletin board, idly reading county notices. In the lobby telephone booth UPI reporter Larry Calloway was dictating a story on the arraignments to his bureau chief in Albuquerque. The Alianza leaders, freed on bond, were leaving the courthouse. Outside, the village drowsed in the sun.

At 3 p.m., a pickup truck, a Ford sedan and a station wagon stopped in front of the courthouse. There were 19 or 20 men in the vehicles. Some remained outside. The others, perhaps 10 or 12, trotted up the front steps. Patrolman Saiz whirled from the bulletin board and found himself surrounded by armed men. One told him to hand over his pistol. He hesitated, then reached down to drop his weapon from its holster. The man fired at point blank range. Saiz fell, his arm broken and a bullet through his chest. Jailer Elogio Salazar looked out of the door of the sheriff's office, saw Saiz shot and the invaders running down the hall. He shouted a warning to Sheriff Benny Naranjo and jumped through the window. As he jumped, someone outside shot him twice with a semiautomatic rifle—wounding him in the face and shoulder. The gunman, one witness said, was a boy no older than 14.

The "arresting party" swarmed through the courthouse. The sheriff was subdued with a blow on the head from a gun butt. Undersheriff Dan Rivera was clubbed to the ground with a pistol. Other raiders burst into the room where the county commission was meeting, clubbing Deputy Pete Jaramillo and capturing the commissioners and a group of spectators. There was a flurry of gunshots. Some county employes escaped through windows. Others were herded into the commission room, along with reporter Calloway and the sheriff. They were told to sit quietly. A young man lounged against the door sill. He held fused dynamite in one hand and a lighted cigarette in the other.

Others in the arresting party ransacked the courthouse looking in vain for District Attorney Sanchez. Captives were warned to tell where he was hiding or be shot. Finally Jaramillo convinced them that the district attorney was 90 miles away at Santa Fe.

During these operations, three state policemen drove into the village. They were met by a volley of rifle fire from the courthouse and a nearby house and abandoned their disabled cars. Finally, as silently as they had come, the raiders slipped away from the building.

The last to leave were Baltazar Martinez, 22, and Baltazar Apodaca, a 72-year-old World War I veteran. They warned those held in the commission room not to move, ushered Deputy Jaramillo and reporter Calloway into Jaramillo's patrol car to serve as hostages and drove away. It was 5 p.m.

Martinez and Apodaca drove to Canjilon, a Carson National Forest village where a group of Alianza followers were camped. They found State Police Chief Joe Black and several of his officers waiting. Apodaca was disarmed and captured, but Martinez, with his dynamite tucked in his belt and a cocked pistol held at Jaramillo's head, escaped into the forest where he released his hostage and disappeared. The other raiders had already escaped.

They were, inevitably, identified and captured as they returned to their homes. Tijerina managed to remain at large until Saturday, and young Baltazar Martinez remained free until a $500 reward was offered. Then Martinez arranged for his mother to turn him in, explaining that the money would pay for medical care she had needed for years.

All that remained was to tally the results.

In the aftermath, Tijerina and more than 30 of his followers await trials. Nineteen are charged with serious felonies which range from illegal handling of explosives up to first degree kidnapping and assault to murder. In Washington, the House Subcommittee on Rural Development heard Father Robert Garcia, the Catholic priest who heads New Mexico's Office of Economic Opportunity, describe the raid as a "symbolic gesture of despair" by the rural Spanish-American poor. It heard Governor Cargo explain that federal War on Poverty officials spend their money "paying one another to make surveys."

"They keep counting the outdoor toilets," Cargo said. "We already know how many outhouses there are—one for each family, and if they're lucky they have a two-holer." The governor returned to Santa Fe with a promise of funds for an effective program and with a pledge from the Department of Agriculture to reexamine its grazing policies.

Tijerina, back at his shabby headquarters after being held 45 days without bond in the state prison, began holding rallies to raise funds for legal fees. When this task is completed, he says, his people will resume what the affair at Tierra Amarilla interrupted: they will take possession of the San Joaquin grant.

"I can see a city there," Tijerina says, leaning across the table with his green eyes intent. "I can see schools, and our own radio station."

Authorities in New Mexico can see nothing but more trouble. They are convinced the cause of the Alianza is utterly hopeless under American law and point to past court decisions in land grant cases, including U.S. Supreme Court rulings, to underline their point. At best they believe the Alianza's agitations will serve to prick the conscience of New Mexico, and the nation. If this brings effective action to improve schools and roads and to give the northern mountains some economic hope, it will destroy the reasons most families join the strange crusade of Reies Lopez Tijerina.

Governor Cargo summed up the reason for the outburst of violence at Tierra Amarilla. "They've asked. They've petitioned. They've appealed. But no one would ever listen to them."

After hearing gunfire at Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico is listening.

—Tony Hillerman

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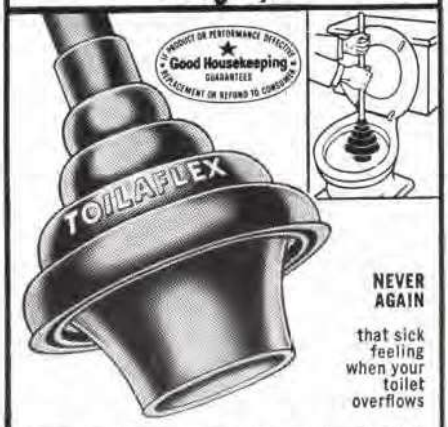

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (signed) Paul Simmering

LOVE THAT RICHARD!

[*Continued from page* 54]

edged close to 190 (fastest running outside drag or Utah salt), risk has dropped drastically. Self-seal gas tanks, safety tires, left-door bars and other touches cut wrecks from 140 in 1965 to 67 in 1966; NASCAR drivers are scooting toward 500,000 driver-miles without a fatality.

The new crowd is a clean crowd; primed by television; hero-worshipping, wanting its heroes unscathed, unscarred and whole.

When Petty caught the rail, early in the race, and melted a piece of fender against the guard, sending a majestic rooster tail of golden fire up against the dim outline of the mountains, the crowd gave a sick groan. Po' Richahd was goin' in. The car wavered, screeched, swung back into the groove.

"He got hisself lowst in the mahbles," they chuckled, "an' he tuk her out. Thet Richahd sho drives, he sho does."

His worst injury has been a broken finger—touch football with the kids. The fans want it to stay that way. (Freddy Lorenzen shared Petty's status as golden boy until he retired in 1966. In his entire career he suffered only one moderately serious injury and often editorialized on the sport's excessive speed. His withdrawal from racing was precipitated by a 10-foot fall from his car. The rib-cracking tumble came when he forgot he was on a grease lift and got out.)

Improvement in NASCAR safety and skyrocketing pot money has encouraged snooty United States Auto Club drivers to raid the circuit. The annual NASCAR Grand National payout is now nearly $2,000,000; USAC driver Mario Andretti won the 1967 Daytona 500, pocketed $43,500 and waved congenially to the 90,000 fans, most of whom had come to see Petty win. People had come from all over the South and considered Petty a shoo-in when he took number two qualifying position with 179.068 mph. But he blew an engine in the 197th lap.

Here at Maryville, the fans have watched Petty win in one of three Petty cars prepared by former driver Lee Petty, 53, Richard's father, and by his kid brother Maurice, an ace mechanic.

As they storm from the stands for Richard's autograph, grinning, chortling, wisecracking, we go with them into the life of Richard Petty. When they finally leave, their passion spent, we are going to stay, to find out more about a man, a way of life and a remarkably reliable car.

Nearby there is a girl dragging her boyfriend.

"Bobby, come ownnnnnn!"

And Bobby goes, a mule drug by two legs.

There are boys dragging their girl friends, sons under eight dragging their fathers, women of all ages dragged by their heartstrings.

You see him now, sitting atop the brilliant blue car, a big man—six-two, 190 pounds—talking down to them in a ripply drawl, his dark eyes dancing from face to face. He plays the crowd like a guitar, flashes a silent grin if the question isn't to his liking, sideslips with gentle humor if he can.

Kids climbing the car pop questions: "Whut is thet theah, Mistah Paytee?" "Whut, whut, whut, whut. . . ."

Petty patiently explains tachometer, various temperature gauges, differential grease circulator and cooler (grease can run hot enough to ignite if spilled on the track). Kids want to know why ports have been cut in the fenders (so the driver can spot tire wear) and why there are light bulbs by the ports (so he can spot it at night). Kids of 11 or 12 scuttle under the car, hog-call questions about sway bars, doubled shocks, exhaust pipes (twinned, to the right away from fuel inlet). Others want to know why headlights are missing (breakable) and side glass (same reason). Fathers, often more ignorant, hang back.

A Petty mechanic opens the hood. The crowd ooohs at the engine. Mechanic Dale Inman explains the special oil radiator, dust screen and other fine points of Plymouth's hemihead V-8 engine, pulling his own circle of nuts-and-bolts admirers. (He and Petty are very close; played together as kids in Level Cross, North Carolina, where their mothers are cousins.)

Richard is having problems of his own. He was signing autographs when a pretty 13-year-old suddenly pulled up her dress, tittered, rolled her panties down an inch and begged,

"Mistah Paytee, please autograph *me*."

Petty proceeds to ball-point his signature on her hip.

"Theah, ain't thet purty?" he drawls. She scampers into the crowd.

Several hundred autographs later, the crowd thins. Two hours after the race, none remain but the camp followers—girls somehow hypnotized by the charm of some driver. Three of these Sadie Hawkins are after Petty. The prettiest, a tall redhead, is no kook and Petty can't shake her. She jokes coyly, seems to sense his tension now that the race and the crowd are gone, now that nothing remains but a lonely motel room and a lonely road to another race.

Petty's face begins working on this problem. Then he kicks out at the dust with the $25 boots that have become his trademark. Hell, he is a man, a man on the road, a barnstormer. But he is a married father of three, a teetotaler and a churchgoer, too.

Will success spoil Richard Petty? Not likely.

Suddenly he lurches toward a mechanic drinking a Royal Crown, scoops out the ice cubes, runs the redhead down and shoves them down her back.

She giggles richly.

Petty pivots on his heel. He's gone.

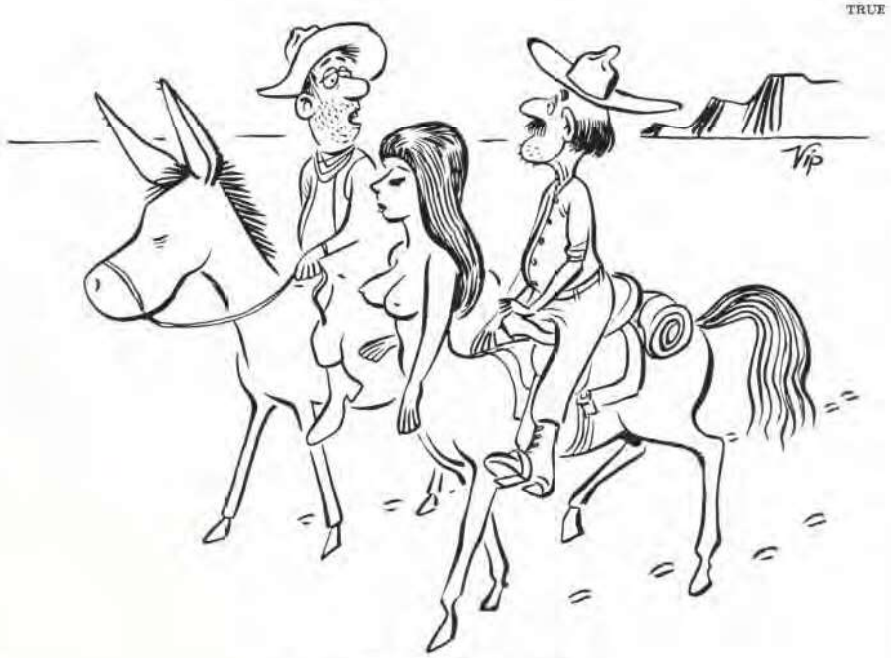
"Thet," says the mechanic, "is as close to the real thang as she'll git from Richahd Payteee."

Returning to the truck, Petty slaps a fender, braces his weight. He is exhausted, hangdog now and tense, and hasn't eaten since morning. (This 100-mile race has cost him 10 pounds, a big one might drain him 15.) Petty climbs slowly into the cab to change to street clothes. "Ah tell y'all," he calls down, "whut Ah would do to make the same money. Ah would do any dang thang. Ah would run a supermarket, even thet."

The truck with spare parts (nuts, bolts, springs, spindles, differentials at $400 each, an extra engine, transmissions, etc.), trailer and car are worth in the neighborhood of $50,000. This field rig, like the additional real estate, equipment, parts and running stock back home, are only partly paid for by Chrysler Corporation. Petty's relationship with Chrysler has been a diminishing thing.

The Pettys are a three-car family: two big-track Plymouths and one short-track car. These cars require a capital investment of $500,000. The only way to get up that sort of loot is hit the races. Richard has a rare skill: He can win on short track or long. "Ah just drahv," he says, "and they look out."

You have to look farther than that to



"Does she have a sister?"

find out what makes Richard run. The first real hint comes later, in downtown Knoxville, looking for a restaurant.

"Ah'm lost," says Dale Inman at the truck wheel.

"You just drahv how Ah tell you, you couldn't get lost," says Petty.

"All you know is left turns."

"Hey, look theah. Who does thet remind you of?" says mechanic Smokey Hall in the sleeper seat. We're passing a 50-foot billboard advertising an appliance company. A huge flame-shrouded devil fills the space over lettering that reads, "Not Everyone Needs Air Conditioning."

Without hesitation Inman replies, "Looks like Bossman when we *looose!*"

"Haw," says Richard.

Richard Petty was born 29 years ago when there was no Bossman. His father was just called Pappy Lee in those days. But even then, he knew how to operate.

Short, shrewd and wirey, Lee Petty had always had a nose for money. His own father, a man of strong mechanical instincts, lived for years on the patents he held on road-scraping devices. Young Lee became a fine mechanic and had the sense to scrimp out a year in business college. Then he opened a deluxe garage customizing Packard and Buick cars with such finesse that they were soon in demand among rumrunners and federal tax men.

When Lee spotted the NASCAR circuit, soon after World War II, he quickly saw that the car was at least half the battle, and that what he did to a liquor car and its engine would suffice for a leading edge on the track. Experimentally, Lee drove somebody else's car in his first race, predictably bashed it up, and as predictably recouped the loss by collecting on the regular car insurance. (That early in the game, auto insurance firms weren't wise.)

Driving his own cars, Lee ran second and third for the national championship in 1949 and 1950, fourth in 1951, third in 1952, second in 1953, and first in 1954. For three more years he didn't drop under fourth. In 1958 he won again, and in 1959 he won both the first Daytona 500 and the championship. He was then 45 and both time and his son were catching up with him.

In 1960 Lee Petty finished sixth; Richard finished second. For two years they had been seen at all the big races together, an idyllic father-son team, photographed arm in arm, wisecracking to reporters about the Petty tradition.

In February, 1961, Richard ran a 100-mile prelim race at Daytona, spun out and flew over the railing. In the crash he took a face full of glass splinters. It wasn't serious, but he spent two hours in the infirmary having them picked out while the 500 was being run. Then the news crackled out on the speaker that Pappy Lee had gone over the fence, too.

Richard has been fed this night (having fought off the waitress, who insisted on sitting with him). Now, he is in the motel room, abed, staring at the ceiling, talking about Pappy's worst wreck.

"Ah run over," he says sadly, casting back in time to the mood of terror which seized him. "Ah run down the bank and saw whut was left of the car, and they had took him out, and they was blood everywhere, and along the way everywhere he had been. People said he was dead for sure. Ah thought he was dead. Nobody thought he could live through thet."

At the hospital that night, the medics had their doubts. Lee's left thigh had been terribly mangled, the thigh bone's shaft all but nonexistent, flesh torn where the bone fragments had burst out, terrific blood loss. Ribs broken, internal injuries. But Lee Petty never lost consciousness, and grinned over the sheets at anybody who came near, just as he grinned when he passed you on the track at 130 mph. Now Pappy Lee was running another kind of race, that was all.

It took Lee Petty six months to get on his feet, and then he hobbled crudely on crutches. "Ah'll drive again," he said. "Ah will, and if Ah don't, you know who will."

Driving the Petty-built engines, tuned and balanced by brother Maurice, Richard won more and more races. Hired to drive them, drivers like Tiny Lund won, too. (He used number 42, Richard took Lee's 43.) Lee came back a couple of times to prove he could, but ran poorly. The fun was gone, he said; it was a business. When he hung up his helmet, he was named the first member of the stock-car Hall of Fame.

Lee Petty won 54 races, more than any other Grand National driver at the time. Retired, he took over the car-building compound at Level Cross, North Carolina. They had Lee's brains and experience, Richard's track skill, Maurice's touch with wrench or feeler gauge. Lee's wife Elizabeth kept the books; Richard's Lynda did the typing. On their winnings, both sons built new brick houses near their father's. Sportswriters began referring to the section as Pettyville; Lee's nickname Pappy Lee began to be dropped in favor of the one the boys were using, Bossman.

JUNE 9. This is the car's day. Richard Petty, as his father did before him, will try to overhaul his car before moving on to the next race at Birmingham. He wants the most modern facilities and has the use of a spiffy Ford truck rental garage in Knoxville.

As Petty wheels Car 43 into the bay, the mechanics gather round to watch the renovation of the car. Front suspensions are replaced with Petty-rebuilt racing spindles and brake assemblies. To run the Birmingham asphalt, the dust screen is removed. Richard removes, washes and rejets the carburetor, a single two-barrel affair seemingly out of place on the sophisticated hemihead engine.

"How come you only run that lil pooper?" asks a Ford mechanic.

"NASCAR set it onto us," says Petty. "The hemi run all over everybody, under and over and around six ways."

That is the short end of the story. Chrysler first put its hemihead in Plymouths and Dodges in 1964. Petty won the national championship and $98,110 with it. (Plymouth-Dodge won 26 races to Ford's 30, despite the fact that Ford ran far more cars in more races.)

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Before the 1965 season started, it occurred to NASCAR officials that maybe the scientifically contoured hemihead engine wasn't stock. On an apparent whim, they ruled it out. Chrysler, in a huff, pulled out of the Grand National circuit, drastically reducing their subsidy to Pappy Lee and his sons.

As the day wears on, the mechanics pester Richard with questions about his career which touch on most of the important bases, eventually getting into the tender ground of what he did in 1965 while the hemis were off limits.

"Ah heard yo was some dragstah," the man put it to Richard.

"Shore was."

"Ah heard about thet trouble you had, draggin'. Too bayud."

"Suh?"

"Ah mean, thet axy-dent." He says it softly, and Richard responds, instead, to another question about the engine. The axy-dent is forgotten.

In five hours the car is ready. The rear end has been overhauled, the differential ratio changed. All tires changed, dropping the alligator-back clay-hugging tracks for smoother asphalt shoes.

The car is washed, spit on for luck, polished, and trailered.

Off down the road to Birmingham.

Roger Miller warbles over the eight-track stereo cartridge player slung under the truck dash. The air conditioner purrs. We are on Interstate 59, knifing across the corner of Georgia that holds Chickamauga battlefield. During our few minutes in Georgia, Petty seems oddly quiet.

We are 70 miles from Dallas, Georgia, scene of the axy-dent, February, 1965, the year the hemis couldn't run NASCAR, the year Petty went dragging.

Lee, Richard and Maurice souped up a Plymouth Barracuda. It would hit 142 in a few seconds. They even bought a parachute to keep it from flying off some of the hilltop tracks. Then they went barnstorming, selling the Petty name to any village promoter who would buy it. The races paid $1,000 plus appearance money. In that one year, the Pettys grossed more than $90,000.

But at Dallas, Fate struck with the back of her hand.

The strip looked good that warmish February day. It was flanked by ditches to protect the crowd and a chicken-wire barrier to hold them back.

On signal the Barracuda roared off. Both Lee and Maurice yelled him on, having punched watches that would time him to a thousandth of a second.

In midflight the Barracuda veered. Something had broken. Richard saw the ditch coming. Killed the engine. Rolled. Thudded. He stopped after a series of bounding thuds, down in it—shaken but unhurt.

Then he looked toward the people. They had been hit by a flying wheel, torn loose by the crash and scaling off like a discus. A boy down. Two boys. Others. Some trampled in the panic.

The Pettys stood around. Nobody much would talk to them. The ambulances came and went.

One boy, eight, was dead on arrival at the hospital. The other suffered brain damage. Law suits against Chrysler totaled more than two-million dollars and, while much of that has been settled out of court, much remains to be litigated. Petty cannot speak for his lawyers.

Fortunately, late in 1965, the hemi engine was requalified for NASCAR. (Ford had come up with an overhead cam engine equally suspect as stock, according to NASCAR officials. A compromise was necessary to save the league.)

Hours later, in the Birmingham suburbs, at every spotlight, crowds gather.

"Richahd Payteeeee!"

Paper shoved into the truck for signing. He complies, grinning.

The Holiday Inn marquee flashes: "Welcome NASCAR Drivers."

In the bar that night the older drivers talk about the great races, the great wrecks, and about death.

"Joe Weatherly hit the wall, Riverside, '64, wasn't doin' but 60. Old Joe wouldn't have him no shoulder harness, be alive if he had. Popped his head out the window. Po' Joe, he could make you laugh."

Sooner or later the talk turns to two people, Fireball Roberts and Richard Petty. They are inevitably compared. Roberts died horribly. Petty seems charmed. They form an ironic contrast.

On May 24, 1964, Ned Jarrett and Junior Johnson collided on the Charlotte Speedway. Retelling it at the Holiday bar, the drivers who were there theorize that Roberts spun out deliberately to avoid the stopped cars, then hit the rail, trunk first and exploded.

The car lay upside down. Seventy thousand fans turned to stone as the vehicle disappeared in an orange blossom. Petty sat numbly cruising under the caution flag while the game's greatest "charger" burned.

"Help, Ned, I'm on fire," Roberts called.

Ned Jarrett, burned himself, pulled Roberts out. A third of his body was charred.

"He died six weeks later," says a driver over his beer.

The night dies. One by one the drivers pack it in.

Petty, drinkless as always, lingers in the restaurant. He laughs obligingly when drivers mention other prerace parties, like the one when a model, drunk, danced naked with most of the boys, dared some of them to try her and some did.

"Ah just set and watched her run around thar," says Petty. "It was somethin' awful."

A promoter corners him about doing a recording, a song of love, life and death on the track: "You don't sing, you just talk. We have a chorus behind you, boy, and the sound of them engines."

Another wants him to push a brand of socks. They happen to be fireproof.

Finally Petty shuffles off to bed.

JUNE 10. The race is the Maryville, Tennessee, race all over again. The fans are young, eager, and a third of them are kids. These are the same fans who will drive half-way across Dixie to see a longer superspeedway race. (And in fact a 500-miler supertrack will soon be built near Birmingham.)

During the later-afternoon prerace tuning, Petty ambles around and around the infield joking with the drivers. He is as much their favorite now as he is the young fan's. He is a tension breaker and they like that.

"Hey, Bobby, why you paint that dang thang? You know Ah'm goin' to wreck it."

"Sam, where yo got yore extra gas hid?"

"Wendell, you would win—if you had the cahr, you would win." (That to Wendell Scott, the only Negro in Grand National. Petty treats him kindly, considers him an excellent driver who "causes no trouble because he knows his place." Wendell's place is usually far back. But a few times in his 16 years racing, Scott has finished the season in the top 10 by pure determination, entering all the races to amass points. Whether there are other Negro-blooded drivers in Grand National isn't known for sure. NASCAR applications contain no "race" blank. One driver said, "If you have the guts to drive and the qualifications, nobody will stop you. Nobody punishes Wendell. It is tough enough anyway. Ah've run races, Ah know'd Ah was paler when Ah finished, Ah was so scared. Thet Wendell, he gits lighter every year.")

With minutes to go, and the sun burning the heads off fans crowding the top of the grandstand, Wendell Scott walks the length of the infield carrying a huge slab of watermelon to his crew, eating on it as he goes.

The laughter goes with him.

"Wendell, he got himself strength," says Petty.

JUNE 11. Past midnight. The infield is filled with fans. Bobby Allison won the race when Petty blew a tire, but most of the fans surrounded Richard. Gradually they dispersed. A few girls remain.

"Mah name is Betty Joe Custis, Mister Paytee, mah daydee sells yore tires, Goodyeah, raht heah in Alabama."

"Ah drahv Firestones, mostly," says Petty. The crew trailers the car. Petty climbs in the truck cab. The girl climbs in after him. Petty grins sheepishly.

"Whyn't we-all have us a pahty?" she says.

"Who'd you come with, mayum?" asks Petty.

"Mah daydee. Oh, theah he is, ovah theah."

"We'll go see him," says Petty crisply.

Inman, at the wheel, picks it up. He

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delivers the girl right to her father. "Oh, deah," she says, climbing down. "Nice to have met y'all."

"She was ready, mmmm," says Smokey Hall.

"She *was*," says Petty.

This night and part of the next day, Petty will drive home, trading shifts at the wheel with Inman. It is always his practice to do this when possible. They use the time to dissect the races they have run, replaying every strategy, every spin out, every close call, every pit signal.

The complexity of even the half-mile-track 100-milers is savage beyond the power of words. Hours after the Birmingham race, Petty decided he pitted on the wrong lap, that on a given turn, he ought to have passed a given car on the inside rather than the outside.

As the night wears out, these incredibly photographic race replays seem to peter back and stop on April 30, with the Richmond, Virginia, 125-miler, when Richard tied Bossman's world record of 54 NASCAR wins and achieved the chance of becoming completely his own man.

Two weeks later, Petty cut himself loose from Pappy by winning the Darlington, South Carolina, 400. That made him the winningest Grand National driver in history. Going home this night, he has 58 under his belt.

At dawn, the sun hangs juicy red over the white oaks of central North Carolina. Level Cross and home are an hour or so away.

The truck rumbles past Madame Clark's huge cutout wooden-hand palmistry sign. Past Clopfelter's Mink Farm. This is Level Cross, a town numbering in the hundreds. A paved side road runs slickly into a manicured parklike area containing five neat buildings. Pettyville.

As the truck pulls into the garage driveway, a golfball whacks the side panel.

"Bossman strikes again," grins Petty.

The two men exchange greetings, talk briefly and then Richard is off to bed. Lee—short, tanned, shirtless under a glistening gray crew cut—goes back to his golf. He drives two-dozen balls from one end of Pettyville to the other in a long fairway. The balls land in a small cluster.

"Ah shoot in the mid-70's. The challenge, Ah have to have a challenge," he apologizes. "Ah play every day. Don't drive, Ah could, even at 53, leg's as good as new. Let the boy drive. Ah'm retired. Let the young uns take over."

He will take any excuse to talk about his past, his great races, his injuries.

"Ah went to the fairgrounds races but 11 years old. Bad crash and Ah had to go look. Man run through by the steering column and Ah said Ah never would go back, but Ah kept goin', didn't Ah? Let me show you around. Now Ah ax you, isn't this a purty place?"

Lee Petty tours the engine and body shops. They are surgically clean. Out back, there are deep woods, sprinkled with blown engines and heaps and scatterings of broken and shattered cars.

"People wonder," he says with a laugh, "why we don't clean up this mess. Ah'll tell you. This is our *experience* pile. Over yonder, see them two cars? Ah went over the rail in that one, Daytona, 59. Richahd went over in the other."

The two blue cars, hollow hulks, rust side by side, wreathed in vines—a father and son sculptured in metal.

In the shops again, Lee points to a wall festooned with mashed pistons and twisted crankshaft metal. "More experience," he says. "Look here." He picks up a long rod of stainless steel. "Thet was in my leg for a time. Before Ah hurt my leg, my ankle used to pain me. After, it pained me not at all. Man's mind is subsepticle to suggestion. Richard, his neck bothers him. Man's got to have some little thing to bother him."

Richard Petty sleeps.

Lynda Petty returns from church, pretty, chubby, talkative. (Ah do pray, not fo him but fo all the drivahs.) After lunch she puts the children in an inflatable pool, shoos the flies from them, busies herself planning a drivers' wives auxiliary benefit for injured and widows.

Petty sleeps.

It is time to go to Greensboro, to the airport, for a ride to the real world. Lee Petty volunteers transportation.

Lee meanders in that general direction. He shows the house where he was born, the wood lot his daddy cleared as a ball field. "He was an inventor, my daddy," he says. "He mostly invented children. Eleven of us. Ah have but two; Ah like the bigger family. But Morris [Maurice], he got the polio when he was three, po lil feller, all swelled up. We flew him down to Duke University. Sister Kennedy [Kenny] had the luck to be there, and she saved him and got him walkin', and today he's the smartest of us all. He don't drive."

Lee Petty pulls into the airline terminal.

"You go on, write us a good story," he says. "Use a little of that imagination. And Ah'll tell you, put in about those engines, how they sound coming down the chutes, that's a beautiful sound, really beautiful. Ah hope to be hearin' it fo some time."

"Let's hope so."

"Ain't no end of it, if you think. You know thet little Kyle, Richard's boy, caught him drawing race cars all over his school notebook, with the number 43 onto them. Look out. And he's but seven."

Last possible word: Richard Petty is alive, a-scratchin' and a-winnin'. This season he took 27 firsts in 46 GN races, breaking all records including his own for win rate, win total and money total—$127,375 this season exclusive of appearance fees and commercial contracts.

He plans to open a $1,000,000 motel near Charlotte, North Carolina, complete with color TV, sauna baths and slate floors. There will be a small raceway to keep the youngsters out of trouble. (Let's keep those karts under 100 mph., boys.)

—Dale Shaw

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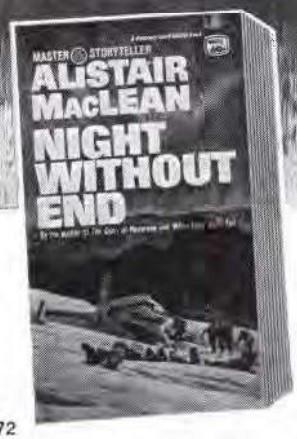

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[*Continued from page 33*]

junkman looking for rags, bones and metals. I knew him only as "Sam." The discovery that Sam would give me money for things like rags and bones and old pieces of metal was almost like finding the money itself. Before long I had all the other kids in the neighborhood out collecting junk. I turned it over to Sam, keeping a percentage of the take.

As I became more experienced in judging weight, the suspicion gradually dawned on me that I was being cheated. I found a set of scales in a secondhand store. The price, a quarter, was quite an investment for a six-year-old junkman.

I saw to it that they were set accurately. Then I weighed the items I had collected. When Sam came around, his scales showed fewer pounds—and fewer cents. I produced my own scales and weighed the same items again.

"Aw, Eddie," Sam said. He knew I had him. From then on, at least in his transactions with me, his scales gave honest weight.

When I was 10 years old, I became a newsboy for the old Columbus *Dispatch*. I'd get up at 2:00 in the morning, walk the two miles to the *Dispatch* office to pick up the papers, then go on to my route. Being a newsboy taught me the meaning of duty, and without a sense of duty a man is nothing. I was about nine years old when I saw my first horseless carriage, a Duryea, at the circus. That led to the pushmobile. It was simply a long board mounted on wooden wheels. We sawed out the wheels ourselves, shaping them with a wood file.

Each pushmobile had a two-man team, the driver and the pusher. We had some exciting races. We would go around and around our rough little track, jockeying for position, bumping and shouting.

One day I saw a lady walk by pushing a baby carriage. It rolled smoothly on ball-bearing wheels, and I knew then and there that I had to have a set of ball-bearing rubber-tired baby-carriage wheels for my pushmobile. When Sam the junkman came by, I asked him if he could, as a special favor, find me four baby-carriage wheels, complete with axles. In a day or two, while making his rounds, he stopped in front of my house and proudly held up two sets of wheels.

"Here you are, Eddie," he said. "No charge. They're a present from one businessman to another."

I knew better than to ask Sam where he had found them. Somewhere in Columbus there was a baby carriage minus four wheels.

Those pushmobiles were the first of their kind. Many years later I told the Chevrolet people about them and inspired the now-famous Soap Box Derby.

I saved and scraped and finally was about to buy a used bicycle and to put it in perfect running condition. About the same time Roy Knabenshue, who was barnstorming about the country in a dirigible, came to Columbus. Everybody in town turned out, heads tilted back, to watch him float overhead. I lay awake nights wishing that I too could fly like Roy Knabenshue. Finally I figured out a way.

I bought a big umbrella, the kind we used to see on farm wagons, at a secondhand store and attached it to the bicycle. I planned to take the contraption to a neighboring barn with a steep-slanting roof and come roaring down the roof to the edge. With this combination of speed and height, I would fly like a bird!

But I was a cagey youngster. For days prior to countdown, I hauled sand to a spot beside the barn to provide a soft place to land just in case.

When the sandpile was high enough, my buddy Sam Wareham and I pulled the bike and umbrella to the top. With Sam steadying the bicycle, I climbed aboard. The ground looked mighty far away. But the promise of flight was greater than the fear of falling.

"Okay, Sam," I said. "Let go!"

Down the steep tin roof of the barn we went, bicycle, umbrella and Rickenbacher, gathering momentum. The umbrella gave a loud pop and turned completely inside out. The next thing I knew I hit the sand. Thanks to it and the good Lord, I was only stunned. The bike wasn't so lucky; it was demolished. And so ended Eddie Rickenbacher's first flight.

Even by that time in my young life, I had had several brushes with death. It was a pattern that was to run all through my life, for I know of no man who has had more near escapes than I.

Brother Bill and I used to go to the railroad yards to pick up coal from beside the tracks. I was fascinated by the switch engines, and, one day when I was about six, I ran out and hopped on the rear end of the coal tender as it went slowly by. The engine picked up speed, then stopped with a jolt. I lost my grip and fell off, flat on my back between the tracks. Stunned, I lay there helpless. The engine went on a few feet, stopped, then began backing up, right toward me.

Bill came running, grabbed me and dragged me off the roadbed just in time.

Most of these misadventures were over so quickly that I didn't have time to be scared. The schoolhouse fire was a different story. It was in the dead of winter in my first year of school. Some time during the afternoon a fire started in the basement and quickly spread.

The fire bell rang, and the teachers calmly but swiftly organized the kids and marched us all out safely. Soon the horses came galloping up, pulling the red fire wagon.

And then, suddenly, an awful thought hit me. I had left my overcoat and cap in the burning building. Without further

thought, I dashed into the blazing building to get them. It wasn't that I was brave—just the opposite. I was afraid to go home without my coat and cap.

A sheet of flame roared out of the first classroom door. I didn't stop to think. I simply ran into it. The fierce heat scorched my face. I felt my eyebrows and hair being singed in the flames. Then I was through the wall of fire. I dashed into the coatroom, plucked my coat and cap off the peg and ran back through that blast of flame.

The enormity of what I had done reached out like another flame and grabbed me. I came skedaddling out the door and headed for home without slowing down. I ran in the door hollering for Mama, and I didn't stop until I was safe in her arms—with my coat and cap.

As the years went by on Livingston Avenue and the chickens and the goats increased in number, so also did the Rickenbacher family. As I entered my 13th year, there were seven of us children. We had increased the size of our house further. Mary and Bill worked weekends and added to the family income. We were still a family of moderately low income, but the days of bitter discomfort were over.

Papa was doing what he wanted to do. Dependable, industrious and well-schooled in simple construction techniques, he had become foreman and equipment operator for a company building small and medium-sized bridges throughout central Ohio. He was proud of his work. He realized that in his own way he was helping to build America. He had come from a tiny country in which three languages were spoken. Now he was in one great country with one language, one common goal.

Papa pointed out the meaning of his work to me. As a bridge neared completion, his eyes would take on a greater sparkle of anticipation, his voice a lilt of enthusiasm.

He would talk of the horses and wagons that would cross the bridge and of how the bridge would shorten journeys and bring people closer together, making our great land smaller in terms of transportation.

For a time there in 1904, when I was 13½ years old, he was running a pile driver on the night shift.

Putting his arm around my shoulder one evening, he talked about the machines he used. His pile driver, a simple mechanism, would lift a weight and drop it down on one end of a pole. It would drive that pole into the riverbed to make a piling, on top of which a bridge would be built. That bridge would foster transportation and trade.

Then Papa asked me to remember two things: He told me never to get mixed up with a machine I didn't know how to control and that there was no value in a machine that didn't serve a useful purpose.

Those were the last words Papa said to me. That very night, while operating the pile driver, he was struck by a swinging timber. He passed away on August 26, 1904.

Papa was laid to rest in the cemetery, and we went to bed early. I know that on that day I turned from a harum-scarum youngster into a young man serious beyond my age.

Unable to sleep, I heard a noise downstairs. I crept down and found Mama sitting at the kitchen table with her head in her hands. God knows she had cause to despair, left alone with seven children and considerable debts. Trying to comfort her, I made the very best promise I could make.

I said, "Mama, I'll never make you cry again."

Not knowing what else to do, I drew a chair up to the kitchen table and simply sat and said nothing. We sat together in silence. Some time passed before I realized that I was sitting at the head of the table, where Papa had always sat.

UP THE LADDER

I may have seemed the head of the house there in my father's chair, but to the world outside I was simply an undersized 13-year-old boy, still in the 7th grade. How could I get a full-time job? Would mother let me take it if I could find it? The only answer to that was to get a job first, *then* to ask permission.

Bill had previously worked for the Federal Glass Factory. In the morning I got up with the rest of the kids and started out with them as though I were going to school. Once clear of the house, however, I headed for the factory. I identified myself as Eddie Rickenbacher, Bill's brother, and asked for a job.

"I'm 14," I said and quickly added, "I finished the eighth grade in school."

I was told to come back at 6:00 that night. "You'll work till 6 o'clock in the morning. If you don't think you can take it, don't show up."

"I'll be here," I said grimly.

I almost ran the two miles home. I had a job! My poor mother wasn't so pleased. "Oh, Eddie," she said. "You've got to finish your schooling!"

Quickly I began to plead with her. Finally she gave in. There wasn't much else she could do. We had to have the money.

That afternoon I did my chores early. About 4:30, lunch pail in hand, I started out for the glass factory. I thought of taking the streetcar, but the fare was a nickel. I walked.

I walked all night long too, on the job. The factory made glass tumblers. I carried them on a heavy, awkward steel platter with a long handle to the tempering ovens. Somehow I finished the night and walked the two miles home. I went to sleep eating breakfast.

I had never thought to ask how much money I would receive. At the end of the first week, after six 12-hour nights, I was given a small brown envelope. I peeped inside. In it were three dollar bills and a silver half-dollar. I'd never seen so much money at one time in my life before. I handed it to my mother and watched her eyes light up as she took out the small fortune.

It was the proudest day of my life.

One morning a school official came by to investigate my continued absence. Mother quietly led him upstairs to the bed where I lay sleeping and pointed to me. I was dead to the world.

"He's been working all night," my mother said softly. The truant officer looked at me for a moment, shook his head and tiptoed out of the room. We never heard from him again. That was the end of my public schooling. I never finished the seventh grade.

I held several jobs during the next two years. I was never afraid to quit, confident that I could always get another. One day between jobs I was downtown when I saw a small crowd gathering at High and Broad Streets. I hurried up to see what was going on, and there was one of the most beautiful things I had ever seen in my life. It was the brand-new two-passenger Ford runabout, sleek, shiny, built for speed and all for $500.

Then the man who had brought this 20th-century wonder to Columbus began a kind of educational lecture. When he finished, I swallowed, cleared my throat and got up my nerve. "Mister," I said, "do you ever take anybody for a ride?"

He looked at me and then at the crowd around us. Would any of the adults in the crowd get into the car? Probably not. It would be good hard salesmanship to let the people of Columbus see this boy riding in the new Ford runabout.

"Sure, kid," he said. "Hop in, and we'll go around the block."

I climbed into the passenger seat, which was on the left. This car, like all others then, had a right-hand drive. As we cruised along the streets of Columbus at a speed that must have been well over 10 miles an hour, I held on tight. What a lucky boy I was! Not one kid in a million had such an opportunity during those early days of the automobile.

That thrill would remain vivid all the rest of my life. And it had a direct influence on the course I would follow for many years.

I dreamed of building automobiles, even of designing them. But first I needed to know more about automotive mechanics. The International Correspondence School in Scranton, Pennsylvania, had exactly what I wanted, a course in mechanical engineering, complete with a special section on the automobile and internal-combustion engines. I did not realize then, as I laboriously worked away at the lessons all alone, that I was receiving a greater benefit from them than I would have received from the same courses in a classroom.

The Frayer-Miller Company was actually making automobiles right there in Columbus. It turned out about one car a month. I went down there every Sunday morning and simply hung around watching. Lee Frayer, the designer and chief engineer, was a hardworking, ambition-driven man, and I

would never have dared to bother him. But he noticed me hanging around.

"You're around here every Sunday," he said. "What do you want, anyway?"

"Mr. Frayer," I said, "I want to help you build automobiles. Can I have a job?"

He shook his head. "I'm sorry, kid, but we're pretty busy here. There just isn't anything you can do."

It so happened that that very morning I had come to the conclusion that there *was* something I could do around that place. I had never seen a dirtier shop. I could clean it up.

"Mr. Frayer," I said, "I've got a job to do here. I hope you will like it. I'll be here first thing in the morning."

And I was, at 7:00 sharp. I found a broom and a heavy floor brush stuck away in a corner. I took them over to one wall of the machine shop and started working in toward the middle of the room. I left behind me a floor surface as clean as our floors at home.

Mr. Frayer came in about 8:30. He stood there for a moment, looking over the room, and then he looked at me.

"You sure as hell meant it, didn't you?" he said.

"Yes, sir, I did," I said. "Have you any objections?"

He grinned. "No, you keep right on going. You've got your job."

I continued my correspondence course, getting up at 4:00 a.m. to study before going to work.

Lunch hour provided another excellent study period. One day I was munching on a sandwich and reading my lesson when Mr. Frayer came up behind me and looked over my shoulder.

"What is that, anyway?" he asked.

I explained that it was a course in automotive engineering and handed him the lesson so that he could see for himself. After that he moved me around the plant so that I became familiar with every department.

During those months Lee Frayer was also building the three Frayer-Miller entries for the Vanderbilt Cup Race to be run in Long Island, New York, in the fall of 1906. Those three beauties were the pride of the factory.

Mr. Frayer would drive one car himself and I would be his riding mechanic. My major concern would be the dials showing oil pressure and gasoline pressure. When the pressure of either fell below the minimum, I would have to pump it back up.

"The next thing you've got to watch for," Frayer said, "is the tires. Let me know when the rubber begins to wear off. The fabric's a different color."

I nodded. Watch the oil gauge, watch the gasoline gauge, pump the oil, pump the gasoline, watch four tires, especially the rear ones. "Yes, sir." I said.

"Oh, and there's one other thing," Frayer said. "I'll be looking straight ahead, of course, so if another car is coming up to pass me, I won't see it. According to the rules they can only pass on the left, and I've got to let them. So you keep a lookout to the rear, and let me know if anybody wants to pass."

On our first practice run, everything went smoothly. The engine, like all others of the period, turned over at a maximum of 800 to 1,000 revolutions a minute, even at its top performance of 70 miles an hour. The ride was not smooth but a series of lunges.

As Frayer became more secure, everyone became more excited. It was a colorful event. There were other racing cars from the United States, as well as from France, Germany, England and Italy. I remember the chain-driven Locomobile, the huge Pope-Toledo and a modified stock model of the Oldsmobile. Foreign cars included the French Panhard and Darracq, as well as a De Dietrich that was monstrous, and the already well-known Italian Fiat and German Mercedes. Each nation was limited to five entries. The American five would be determined in the elimination race held September 22.

Frayer got everything out of the car that it could give. Perhaps he asked for a little too much on one curve, for the right rear tire blew out. Our rear end swung to the right, then fishtailed down the road at 60 miles an hour as Frayer fought the wheel to keep from piling into the trees. When he had the car under control, he pulled to the side. In a road race, one changed a tire wherever it blew. We had rehearsed the procedure over and over and were soon rolling again.

We hadn't continued much farther before I saw that the temperature gauge was in the red. At first I heard only a faint knocking. It became louder and louder. Something was pounding in the engine. We were losing speed quickly. The pounding grew worse. Any second now the piston would freeze tight to the cylinder wall. He sighed, let up on the accelerator, pushed in the clutch, turned off the ignition and coasted to a stop by the side of the road. We sat there for a long moment, and then he sighed and looked at me.

"We're through," he said.

That was all. A year of seven-day weeks, an outlay of $50,000 or more, and he hadn't even finished the elimination run. Yet his only remark was that quiet, "We're through." I never forgot it. Gradually, over the years, the significance of that remark sank in, and I drew inspiration from it. To spell it out: *Try like hell to win, but don't cry if you lose.*

For many years one of the major industries in Columbus had been the Columbus Buggy Company. It turned out an excellent product and had distributors all over the country. Its president was Clinton D. Firestone, who made a continuous effort to keep his company abreast of the times. Firestone offered Lee Frayer the position of chief engineer, with full authority to design and build the CBC entry in the automotive field. He took me with him.

There was a great deal of complicated engineering design to be laid out before we could begin building the new touring car. In the meantime I was put in charge of the experimental department, which supervised the final tests on the high-wheeled motor buggy. There I was, at 17, with full authority and a whopping $20 a week.

Some of my knowledge was gained the hard way, such as the time I took a buggy out to test a new braking system that we had devised. I was going lickety-split down a steep hill when the new brakes failed completely. At the bottom of the hill, the road curved sharply to the left. There was absolutely nothing I could do but stick with it and try to make the curve. It was a graveled road and flat as a pancake—and, when I eased the tiller bar gently to the right, the high, narrow, solid-rubber wheels simply could not hold it. Over the buggy went, catapulting me out. I hit the ground as the buggy jumped over me sideways. I found, somewhat to my surprise, that I could stand up and walk away.

One morning the motor buggy Mr. Firestone was driving broke down and I fixed it for him. After that, he made a point of looking in on me. "How are you doing, Eddie?" he would say. "What are you working on, Eddie? How are you getting along, Eddie?"

He sent me on troubleshooting jobs, first to Atlantic City, then Texas, then the North Central states, with headquarters in Omaha.

In March, 1910, I was branch manager, complete with six salesmen and a salary of $150 a month. Not a bad job for a 19-year-old, but I quickly found that selling cars was not enough. Dirt-track racing was just beginning to be popular when one of the first of Lee Frayer's new models arrived. I stripped the little car down, removing its body and fenders, reinforced the frame at critical points, put in a bucket seat and mounted an extra gas tank on the tail end. I painted it white and had a pair of white coveralls made for me. I wanted it to be spotless as well as speedy.

The first race after the little car was ready was a 25-mile event at Red Oak, Iowa. I drove over the day before the race and inspected the half-mile track. I remembered how Frayer had practically memorized every pebble on the road prior to the Vanderbilt Cup race and how I had taken curves at ever increasing speeds in the motor buggy to determine the safety point. Around and around the oval track I drove that evening, taking the curves at each end faster and faster, braking here, accelerating there, until I knew exactly the maximum speed I could attain at each point on the track. Strangely, this precaution did not occur to the other drivers.

As the race wore on through lap after lap, little cars and big cars swung around the curves, gouging ruts and piling up ridges in the dirt track. But I kept piling into the curves with the same velocity as at the beginning of the race. Something had to give. It is the right rear wheel that takes the beating in a track race. Mine collapsed just as I went into a curve. The little car turned broadside, kept going right through the fence, leaped the ditch and landed on the other side, still going sideways. Then it rolled over, throwing me clear.

I got up and stood motionless for a moment in amazement that I was unharmed. Then I shrugged it off and went to check my car. I wanted to see what repairs it needed for the

next race. For I knew that there was going to be a next one.

That summer I raced all over Nebraska and Iowa, winning more often than not. Back in Columbus, Lee Frayer was keeping up with my racing successes. He brought me East to race with him against Barney Oldfield in Columbus, and to drive relief for him at Indianapolis.

The excitement of big-time racing was in my blood. But how would I break into it? Over the previous year or so I had become increasingly interested in the Mason Automobile Company, in Des Moines. The chief engineer was Fred Duesenberg, a brilliant young man in his 20's.

One day I sent a telegram to Columbus, resigning my job, and bought a one-way railroad ticket to Des Moines. I walked into the Mason Company and asked Duesenberg for a job. He hired me as a mechanic.

In short, in the summer of 1912, I walked out of an excellent sales position at a salary of $150 a month and became a mechanic at $3 a day.

But I was on the way to becoming an automobile racing driver.

Automotive fans today remember the name of Duesenberg, the self-trained engineering genius whose car still lives as a symbol of beauty and excellence. Yet on the eve of the 300-mile race in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1913, the entire Duesenberg operation was perilously close to bankruptcy. With the exception of three sleek racing cars, which at the time bore the name "Mason" in honor of one of Fred's original backers, and a collection of parts, the seven-man racing team was reduced to total assets of seven silver dollars, one cat and one bat. Under those circumstances the bat took on an abnormal importance.

My savings had long since been poured into the operation. First had come long months of 16-hour days, building racing cars virtually by hand. Day in and day out, lunch had consisted only of a chocolate malted milk shake, with two raw eggs, drunk on the job.

Duesenberg and his backers were in such desperate straits that he rushed the three Masons to the big race at Indianapolis. We painted them on the train heading east, and, even after we had arrived at the Speedway, we were still getting them ready for the race.

Indianapolis proved to be a waste of time and money. The cars had not undergone sufficient testing. After that fiasco, we took them on the circuit, working on them and racing them at the same time. On the basis of my previous business experience, I had been put in charge of the team, and I drove us all unmercifully. The cars won a little money here and there, but it all went back into maintenance.

Though poor, our team had a great sense of dedication. In one race the rubber tread of my right rear tire broke in two and came off the casing. It became, in effect, a long, heavy lash. The rear wheels were right on top of the seat, and that heavy piece of rubber hit my arm with every revolution. The pain was excruciating. Suddenly the blows stopped. My riding mechanic, Eddie O'Donnell, had put his own right arm out behind me and was taking the blows himself.

Racing and working, we finally put the cars in good condition, which was more than we could say for our bankroll. We had a few days off before the Sioux City race, and I squandered what money I had on a visit home. Mother listened to my troubles and came up with a solution. She had a book of Swiss folklore, which contained a recipe for success. All you had to do was find a bat, cut out its heart and tie it to your middle finger with a red silk thread, and you had it made.

At Sioux City we were so broke that I could not garage the cars but kept them under the grandstand. I talked a local farmer into giving me room and board for $2.50 a week, also on credit. I told his children that I would give a silver dollar for a live bat. At 10:00 the night before the race, one of the boys brought in a mean-looking little mouse-colored creature.

The next day, in secret, I performed the grisly operation. Not being up on bat anatomy, I may have removed its gizzard rather than its heart, but, whatever I had taken out, I tied it to my middle finger. I was invincible. Let the race begin!

The surface of the track was horrible. We called it "gumbo." When it was dry, it broke up into chunks as hard as rocks. I fashioned a screen of wire mesh to shield us. Another problem was Spencer Wishart's powerful Mercer, the fastest car entered. Our only hope was for me to set such a pace, particularly on the curves, that Spence would wear out his tires. Our other drivers, Ralph Milford and Tom Alley, would drive more conservatively and, with fewer tire changes, would, we hoped, place in the money.

The Sioux City race was a major national event. The press, there in full force, predicted that anyone who survived the race would win it. I was under no delusions about the danger. But I was the only one who had a bat's heart tied to his middle finger with red silk thread.

Race day was bright and sunny. The stands were full of spectators. If they had come looking for blood, they were going to get it.

Roaring around the two-mile oval, we soon gouged ruts in the surface. Never had I felt such vibration. My arms grew numb from trying to hold the wheel steady. But I still kept the accelerator on the floor. T.C. Cox, driving an Ogden Special, had to let me pass. But another car was coming up fast, and Cox cut back across in front of me. I wrenched the wheel hard to the right. My little Mason skidded sideways, and my left front wheel hit his left rear.

It was just enough to send his car out of control. He smashed through the fence, turned over, bounced high into the air and came down with a thundering crash. Both Cox and his mechanic were crushed beneath the car and killed instantly.

Spence and I were in a man-to-man duel. He'd pull out in front on the straightaway, but I would even up on the curves. On the straightaway, as he pulled ahead, that gumbo came back from his rear wheels in a steady stream. It beat my screen down, pounded against my arm and poured in on my face.

With five laps to go, I was holding a slight edge. I glanced at the instrument panel. The oil pressure was low. I hit Eddie O'Donnell, my riding mechanic, with my elbow and made a quick gesture at the oil-pressure gauge. On the next straightaway, I checked it again. It was even lower.

"What in hell is the matter with Eddie?" I thought. I shot him a quick look, and my heart went right down to the floorboard. He was slumped in his seat with a big bruise on his forehead. Obviously a chunk of gumbo had hit him. I did not know whether he was alive or dead.

The last thing I could do was stop. On the next straightaway, I grabbed the handle of the oil pump and gave it a few good licks. On the next straightaway, I pumped a little more. That was the way we finished the race. I beat Spence by exactly 40 seconds. Tom Allen of our team came in third for $2,500. Eddie regained consciousness in the pit to find that we had won a total of $12,500.

After two years on the circuit, I thought I was ready to strike out on my own with an established automobile. I wanted to drive the French Peugeot. At that time, before World War I had taken its tragic toll of the young men of France, the French were building superior cars, and the Peugeot was the best of them all. It had speed, endurance and maneuverability. I put my bid in and was accepted as a Peugeot driver, with all expenses paid and half the earnings, just in time to enter the Corona road race in California. I always preferred the challenge and the variety of road racing to going around and around like a ball on a string.

Before the race, I overhauled the car and painted it white. In an effort to provide an efficient verbal means of communication between driver and mechanic, I designed a simple system of speaking tubes. One tube ran from my mouth to the mechanic's ear, the other from his mouth to my ear. We wore face masks made of chamois skin and looked like men from outer space. The acoustics were fine, but in the race the face masks became unbearably hot and itchy. There went that idea. And, though the speedy Peugeot jumped off to an immediate lead in the race, the engine weakened, and we had to quit. When the same thing happened in the Point Loma race, I gave up on the car and unloaded it on a famous automotive engineer named Harry Miller. That was the major mistake of my racing career because he made a tremendous car out of it. It had needed a more complete overhaul than I had thought necessary or could afford.

Once again I had quit one job without having another. The

Maxwell Automobile Company had entered the racing field with a three-car team and one extra car. Two well-known drivers, Barney Oldfield and Bill Carlson, had already signed on, and I became the third. My role was to burn up the track and wear down the opposition while Oldfield and Carlson, less aggressive drivers, would hopefully come on strong in the last laps and win the races. Though we knew that the Maxwells were not superior racing cars, we hoped to hold our own in them through determination and driving skill, and it did work out that way.

That was a golden period of my life. Racing was fun, its rewards were great in both recognition and money and we all felt that we were making a contribution to the automotive industry. We had the satisfaction of participating in a clean, honest sport. There was never any suspicion of a fix.

I have known drivers to sacrifice their own skins for one another. In a crash at Indianapolis, a riding mechanic was thrown into the center of the track and lay there dazed and battered, right in the path of Joe Dawson's oncoming car. Joe cut his wheels sharply, missed the injured man but piled into the retaining wall. He was badly injured in the crash, much more seriously than the mechanic whose life he had saved.

But we were never averse to taking advantage of a rival's weakness. Oldfield didn't like it when the going got tough, and I could force him to give way. Louis Disbrow hated dust. Once on a dirt track at Libertyville, Illinois, he was coming up on the outside as we hit the first turn, and I skidded enough to kick up a cloud of dust into his face. On the next curve I let fly with a steady stream. I won the race by only seconds.

Racing was a major sport, and drivers were lionized, we were front-page news. At the beginning, I was advised to hire a press agent. An older and wiser friend snorted: "All you have to do is win," he said. "They'll print your name."

He was correct. Many a newspaper in those days carried a full eight-column streamer: "Rickenbacher Wins."

Sportswriters called me the "Speedy Swiss," the "Baron," the "Big Teuton," the "Dutch Demon" and a dozen other titles. On one occasion I received far more publicity than I wanted. A young Los Angeles reporter cooked up a wildly imaginative story to the effect that I was really Baron Edward Von Rickenbacher, a Prussian nobleman.

I accepted racing as a great teacher of sportsmanship. Once I had been capable of throwing a monkey wrench over the grandstand when things were not going well; now I figured that I could not win them all, so I might as well accept with good grace those that I lost. I tried to get in the habit of wearing a smile. Who does not prefer to meet a person who is smiling?

I even gave myself a middle name. I was born "Edward Rickenbacher," but I thought that looked a little plain. I signed my name over and over, inserting a different middle initial each time. "Edward V. Rickenbacher" pleased my eye the most. For a name to go with the initial, I finally chose "Vernon."

My new capability of smiling at adversity came in handy the night I was informed that Maxwell had decided to get out of racing and that I was out of a job. I had saved $25,000, the price of the four cars, but it was only a drop in the bucket. I knew that it was only a portion of the capital required to operate a racing team. Money was necessary for spare parts and tires, salaries and travel expenses.

I hurried from Detroit to Indianapolis and went to see Carl G. Fisher and James A. Allison, two of the "Four Horsemen" who had created the Indianapolis Speedway. I outlined to them a proposition for buying and operating the four Maxwells. I would put up my $25,000; they would put up the rest. I would manage the team and drive one of the cars. Out of what prize money we won I would pay all the expenses and share the profits with my backers.

We rebuilt our four cars from the ground up. The engines were completely overhauled. I had new streamlined bodies built; streamlining alone added 10 to 12 miles an hour. The rebuilt cars were called "Maxwell Specials."

I worked out an incentive program by which every man on the team would receive a share of the winnings—and we all worked from 7:00 a.m. until late at night. I tried to spell out in advance every phase of every man's assigned activity, driver and mechanic, beginning with going to the rest room before the race began.

For the long races, we bound ourselves like mummies for protection against the incessant vibration. I would take a 20-foot length of burlap and, with another man holding it out from me, wrap it so tightly from hips to armpits that I could hardly breathe. At the end of a long race it would be loose.

Complete pit instructions were spelled out and practiced. A wheel was removed, for example, with one blow on the wing nut. We practiced until we could do it.

Pit-stop procedure was rehearsed and carried out under the direction of a man with a megaphone. Our four-man crew could perform the entire operation in 39 seconds.

In that amount of time a race could be won or lost. At Tacoma we participated in a 300-mile race on a two-mile dirt track. I knew that the surface on the curves would get badly cut up and cause excessive wear on the tires. Ralph De Palma and his Mercedes, a faster car than any Maxwell, would be our chief competition in that race, and on speed alone we did not stand a chance. That was where the pit procedure came in.

I pushed the Maxwell Special to the maximum, but still Ralph pulled ahead. At about the 225-mile mark, we both went into the pit. All four of my tires were replaced; apparently he replaced only his right rear. He spent 62 seconds in the pit; my crew had me out of there in only 33. I was leading, but that big Mercedes went by on the straightaway. He went into the curve too fast, and his left tire blew—he spent 90 seconds in the pit. I won by 30 seconds. If my crew had taken as long in the pit as his did, he would have won that $10,000.

One of our first races with the Maxwell Special was in my own hometown of Columbus. I determined to set a new world's record for 100 miles in this event. I picked the lightest man on the team, Eric Schroeder, to ride with me. The whole town turned out to see the local boy break a record. My mother came with my sister Mary and waved good luck to me before the race began.

I drove harder than I ever had before. At the 25-mile mark, I was a full lap ahead of my nearest competitor, Barney Oldfield. But that was one time when I was going too fast. The track was dry and dusty. Going into one of the curves at that terrific speed, I skidded out. Another car, right behind me, came by on the inside and kicked up a dust cloud. I tried to miss it, swung too far to the outside and hit the fence. We skidded along it, scattering planks and posts. I hit one post, dislodged it and kept going into the horizontal boards. One of them came through the radiator, knocked the magneto off the side of the engine and went through the dashboard on Schroeder's side. It kept coming, right into his stomach. Just as it touched him, the car stopped. Another four inches, and it would have cut him right in two.

There were other times when the angel's wings were hovering. In Galveston I was following Louis Disbrow at about 100 miles an hour when I saw a rock the size of a baseball coming right at my head. I ducked, and it struck me a glancing blow. I blacked out for a second but continued the race. If I had been going a hundredth of a second slower, it would have caught me right between the eyes.

In St. Paul my car went off the track and did a complete flip. When we came down, I bounced out of the seat—we did not use safety belts—and landed on the track. I have no idea what part of my anatomy I fell on; for days I felt as though I had hit on every part.

In San Antonio, in my early days of racing, I think I saved my life by staying in the car. I had strengthened the cowl by fastening a strip of steel from a wheel under it. In the time trials, my time was faster than that of Louis Disbrow. He protested that the timers had made a mistake.

"Okay, Louis," I said. "I'll drive it again. This time you hold the watch."

I came by the starting line with the accelerator on the floor. It had rained, and the track was spongy. I went into the curve hugging the rail. My left front wheel hooked into a soft spot. I knew what was coming, and I let go of the wheel and dived forward under the cowl. I had no mechanic with me.

At that moment the car started to roll. It went over three times, then slid to a stop. I was tossed around like a man in a barrel over Niagara Falls, but my only injury was a dislocated collarbone. After that, everybody had some kind of reinforced cowl.

The car I was driving in the Elgin Road Race was so equipped, and my mechanic made full use of it. That was an eventful day. Spencer Wishart was driving the big Mercer. I

was coming up behind him on a straightaway when his car started wobbling, left the road and crashed into a tree. The rear end rose up and smacked into the tree so hard that it wrapped around it. Spence was killed instantly. His head left a mark on the tree 10 feet from the ground.

Regardless of my emotions, I had to keep going. After a couple more laps, I was coming up fast on Bill Endicott. He moved over to let me by, then his car hit a bump in the road and bounced back in front of me. I hit the ditch, just as poor Spence had done minutes before. I went up the other side of the ditch, hit the fence and bounced back down and up the other side. A telephone pole loomed. My mechanic dived under the cowl. I cut to the left, swung down through the ditch, bounced off the fence again and came back heading for another telephone pole. Back under the cowl went the mechanic. Down into the ditch I went again, rebounded off the fence and here came the third telephone pole. I finally wrestled the car back onto the road between poles, but I had bent an axle, and it twisted off. That was the end of that race.

With a dozen cars hurtling along at racing speeds, where the driver is is not as important as where he will be in five seconds and what the situation will be when he arrives there. Anticipation served me well in one of the richest of all road races, the Metropolitan on Long Island. The best drivers in the country entered—Dario Resta and Johnny Aitken in their Peugeots; Ralph De Palma in his Mercedes; Carl Limberg in a French Delage; Barney Oldfield in a new creation, the Golden Egg, and, of course, my team of Maxwell Specials.

For the first three or four laps all of us stuck together closely, each waiting for someone else to set the pace. My car was the last in the pack, just behind Limberg. Going into a left-hand curve, Limberg blew his right front tire. The big Delage skidded into the wall. The wheel hooked into the wall, and the rear end hurtled into the air. Limberg and his mechanic were both thrown 50 feet and were killed instantly. The car came down with a crash and broke in two. The front end came down in front of me, just to my left. The other half bounced over me. A complete picture was stamped in my brain. The other drivers up ahead had seen nothing.

When we came to the scene of the accident again, orange flames and a huge cloud of dense black smoke were billowing upward, obscuring the track. The officials were standing there waving their flags and slowing cars down. According to race regulations, in such situations, officials must give warning; drivers heed it at their own discretion. The other drivers had no idea what that cloud of smoke obscured and braked to a crawl.

But I knew the exact location of the two parts of the broken car. I knew that Limberg and his mechanic had been thrown off the track. So I ignored the officials completely and, with accelerator down, kept right on going into the cloud of smoke with full confidence that the track was clear. It was. By the time the other drivers had poked their way through I had built up such a lead that no one could overtake me. That glimpse of the accident meant $25,000 to my team.

Though we generally preferred the road races, with their challenges and variety, the exception was the Indianapolis Speedway, always the greatest event of all. And I can say it without prejudice, for I never won the "Big 500." The most exciting race I ever drove at Indianapolis was a special 100-mile event on Labor Day, 1916. The man I had to beat was Johnny Aitken, driving the same Peugeot that I had given up. It was 10 miles an hour faster than my car on the straightaway and would squat down on the curves and stick like glue. The only way I could win was to take the curves even faster. Thanks to that driving plan and an Aitken pit stop, I was leading by a half-mile at 70 miles. We were both running well ahead of the track record.

Suddenly over my right shoulder I heard a sound like a rifle shot. A spoke in my right wheel had broken. The loss of one spoke would spread the strain over all the others. I kept going. I wanted that race. Another spoke popped, and they began going off like firecrackers. The wheel started to wobble. The boys in the pit tried to wave me down. So did the track officials. Even Johnny Aitken got into the act, pointing at my wobbling wheel. I kept going.

I went into the last turn, still holding onto my lead. After this turn, then the homestretch, the race, the record and the money would be mine. I was coming out of it at 100 miles an hour when the right rear tire blew out. I skidded to the right. The wheel collapsed, and the car began to spin. The left rear wheel collapsed. Tires and wheels were spinning off in every direction. I was going around, metal screeching and sparks flying, like a big pinwheel. I came out of the spin pointing toward the finish line, and I kept going on the brake drums.

All that time I had felt no fear. I believed that I could hold the car together with sheer mental power. As I limped along, I was practically doing just that. But where was Aitken? Finally he came by at about 25 miles an hour. His steering arm was dragging on the track. He was guiding the car entirely by the caster of the front wheels. If I had only known, I could have slowed down, and my car would have remained in one piece.

As I crawled across the finish line, I heard a tremendous roar. The crowd was standing and cheering. Everybody swarmed around the car, congratulating me on my escape from what seemed sure death.

"That was the most spectacular show I have ever seen on this course," one of the officials said.

I grinned at him. "I hope you never see one like it again," I said, and, brother, I meant it.

In 1916, the Maxwell Special teams won seven of the 15 major races we entered. Exhibitions and sponsors' fees brought in several thousand dollars more. At the end of the season we had a kitty of $78,000 to split among the personnel of the team, over what we had already drawn. I personally made $60,000 that year, in preincome tax, 100-cent dollars.

Late in the season I met a handsome, poised Englishman named Louis Coatalen, managing director of the Sunbeam Motor Works in England. I had raced against the Sunbeam, had great respect for it and told him so.

"Then would you be interested in joining our organization?" he asked. "I'm sure we could work out a mutually agreeable arrangement. We should like you to come to England at our expense and work with us in preparing the cars."

I made arrangements to go to England right after Thanksgiving Day, 1916.

That was in October. I joined a team of Duesenbergs for the Vanderbilt Cup and Grand Prize road races to be held in Santa Monica, California, in November. Several days before the first race, I happened to be driving near the town of Riverside, when I saw an airplane parked near a small hangar on a grass field. I knew that aviation would someday be a major form of transportation, but I had never had the opportunity really to examine an airplane. On the spur of the moment, I pulled into the field and drove up to the hangar.

A young man about my age came out. He apparently recognized me from my pictures in the papers, for he stuck out his hand and said: "Hi, Eddie. I'm glad to meet you. My name is Glenn Martin."

Martin had been one of the early students of the Wright brothers. He had set up his own little operation and had secured a contract from the U.S. Navy to build a so-called "bomber." It was a two-place biplane. The pilot sat in the front seat, the gunner in the back.

As we were looking it over, he casually asked, "Would you like to take a ride?"

"Sure," I said. I didn't even think about my fear of height. I have always had a galloping case of acrophobia; looking down from a skyscraper window has always made me dizzy.

I climbed into the rear seat. Glenn spun the propeller to start the engine and jumped into the front seat. It was a smooth takeoff. Finally I worked up my nerve and looked over the side. I was pleasantly amazed to find that I had no feeling of dizziness. We stayed up for about 30 minutes as Glenn pointed out the sights at the top of his voice. The whole flight was fascinating. He did not put the plane through any maneuvers; just staying up was enough in those pioneering days.

Finally he brought the plane down for a landing. The way the ground came swiftly up to meet us gave me a terrifying moment. If I had been at the controls, I would have tried to level off while we were still 100 feet in the air. We taxied back to the hangar and climbed out. I told him how much I had enjoyed flying.

"But I wish you would tell me something," I said a little sheepishly. After all, I was known as a death-defying racing driver. "Why is it I didn't have a fear of height up there?"

"Because there's nothing to judge height by," he said. "There's no edge to look over."

I thanked him again and hurried back to the track in order

to do a little bragging to the other drivers. I had flown in an airplane!

The Duesenberg I drove in both the Vanderbilt and Grand Prize races in 1916, the last ever held, broke down on me, and I did not finish either race. But at Ascot Park, Los Angeles, the car held together beautifully, and I won. I had no idea at the time that the Ascot victory would enable me to close my racing career as a winner.

For that was the last race I ever drove.

GERMAN SPY

I have often been asked how I managed to maintain my sanity, much less resist a feeling of bitterness and vengefulness during the ridiculous and frustrating experience that befell me in the winter of 1916-1917. All I can say is that the good Lord gave me a sense of humor, and somehow I held onto it.

The trip began most pleasantly. That in itself, it developed later, was part of the situation. At the time of my crossing in 1916, German U-boats prowled the North Atlantic, but American ships were supposed to have freedom of the seas. My ship, the *St. Louis,* was small but comfortable. I met two congenial gentlemen, who extended themselves to be friendly and pleasant.

After such a nice crossing, I was totally unprepared for my reception in Liverpool. As we disembarked, an English sergeant, a disagreeable-looking fellow with a long nose, called my name. I stepped up politely.

"What is your purpose in England?"

I started to tell him, but he interrupted me. "Don't you know there's a war on?"

That one got under my skin. How could any intelligent person *not* know there was a war on? And it so happened that, although Americans were divided in their sympathies for the warring factions at that stage of the war and although I bore a German name, I believed fully in the cause of the Allies.

"Yes," I said a little sharply this time. "I know there's a war on."

I was beginning not to like my one-man welcoming committee. He conducted me to one of the cabins. There were my two shipboard companions, now cold as ice. They were both British agents.

What a dossier they had on me! They had traced my ancestry back to Germany and were obviously familiar with that ridiculous sports-page fiction about my being a German baron. Finally it dawned on me that I was suspected of being a German spy. Thank God for my sense of humor. Instead of getting mad, I treated it as a joke.

They made me strip down to the skin, went through every seam of my clothing and even pried the heels off my shoes. My baggage had obviously been given the same treatment.

They found nothing, for there was nothing to find. But still I was curtly informed that I could not enter England. I would have to stay on board the ship until its return. I was not permitted to communicate with Louis Coatalen.

Several long, lonely and frustrating days went by. The captain was a fine old fellow, and he finally, on Christmas Eve, persuaded the British authorities at least to let me spend Christmas Day on shore.

"But you will have to be accompanied by two British agents," he said.

"That's okay with me," I told him. I was a lonesome Yankee far from home, and I would rather have the company of two gumshoes on Christmas Day than no company at all. We had a high old time. I think I convinced them that I was not a spy. The next morning, Christmas Day, they let me call Louis Coatalen at his home in Wolverhampton. He promised to take immediate action. I was permitted to go to Wolverhampton, provided that I checked in at the local police station morning and night. The next morning I set to work once again designing and building a team of racing cars.

The mechanics were efficient and helpful. I liked them and all the English people I met. I admired the quiet courage and determination that I encountered on every hand. I read up on current history and the war. More than ever I was convinced that Americans should join the Allies.

In London I talked with some of the pilots of the Royal Flying Corps and thrilled to their stories of combat in the air. I told Coatalen that I wanted to join those brave Englishmen and fight the Germans in the air over France.

"You can serve us better behind the wheel of a Sunbeam Six," he said.

On February, 3 the United States and Germany broke off relations. That was the end of the Sunbeam racing team. I managed to get an upper berth in my old friend the *St. Louis.* On board my two pals from the trip over were waiting for me. I was still under suspicion. After a two-hour interrogation, they somewhat reluctantly told me that I was free to sail.

I came into the salon and saw an old friend, Gene Buck, the songwriter. "Say, Eddie, have you heard the news?" he asked. "We've got a big German spy on board. That's why the boat is delayed."

"Yes, Gene, I know," I said. "That big German spy—that's me!"

I still felt that the Allied cause was just and that the United States should join in the fight. Getting in touch with friends all over the country, I arranged to visit several cities where I was well known to make public pleas for all-out participation in the war. My slogan was "The Three M's—Men, Money, Munitions."

In Los Angeles, a city that was a second home to me, I had my greatest success along this line. To the people on the West Coast the war in Europe was remote, almost meaningless. They wanted no part of it. But they did turn out to hear the true situation from the lips of someone they knew and trusted. I believe that in some small way I hastened their acceptance of their country's duty.

When I started the tour, I had the strange intuition that I was being followed. I gradually began to pick out one familiar face in each city I visited, that of a tall, sandy-haired man. In Los Angeles the mysterious stranger introduced himself frankly and openly as a British agent and admitted that he had been on my tail all the way.

"I just want to tell you," he said, "that my government and I are now fully satisfied as to your status as a loyal and patriotic American. But I do want to thank you for the wonderful trip I've had, following you about this interesting country."

That, I was sure, marked the end of my imagined career as a German spy. But I was to find that the legend was still not dead.

LEARNING TO FLY

On my return from England in 1917, while I was preaching money, munitions and men, I was making arrangements to be one of those men. My former racing companions, competitors and teammates, were enthusiastic about the idea of a flying squadron. Mature men of proven and swift reflexes developed at high speeds in competitive racing—what flyers they would make!

At that time, flying came under the jurisdiction of the Signal Corps. In our military establishment, aviation was still no more than a means of observation.

I took my proposal to the Signal Corps and was told bluntly that it was not interested in racing drivers as pilots.

"We don't believe," one officer said, "that it would be wise for a pilot to have any knowledge of engines and mechanics. Airplane engines are always breaking down, and a man who knew a great deal about engines would know if his engine wasn't functioning correctly and be hesitant about going into combat."

"But that's the key to the whole thing," I said. "These men can get the very most out of those engines. We can maintain them in the finest possible condition, utilize them to their fullest extent!"

I could have saved my breath. The Aero Reserves of America was never organized. I do not know of any other racing driver who became a pilot.

One night I came into my hotel room just as the telephone started ringing. It was Major Burgess Lewis calling from New York. Lewis was a racing enthusiast and an old friend.

"Eddie," he said, "we're organizing a secret sailing to France. We need staff drivers. Would you like to go?"

"It sounds wonderful, Burgess," I said, "but I'd like to think about it overnight."

I weighed the pros and cons for most of the night. No troops had yet been sent to France—it was May 1917—and I liked the idea of being the first. I figured that, if I could get overseas where the fighting was, I might circumvent the ridiculous regulations that were keeping me from flying. I had better grab it while I could.

Two days later I was a sergeant in the U.S. Army, and the day after that I sailed with the American Expeditionary Force under Gen. John J. "Black Jack" Pershing. The headquarters commander was a tall captain named George S. Patton, Jr.

The American Expeditionary Force landed in France June 26. "Lafayette, we are here," said General Pershing. In the world press I immediately became General Pershing's staff driver. Books on aviation and the World War I persist to this day in identifying me as Black Jack's chauffeur. The truth is that I never did drive for the general.

But I did drive someone else who, I believe, made an equally great and lasting contribution to our national defense—Col. William "Billy" Mitchell, America's great air pioneer.

I have always said that I would rather have a million friends than a million dollars, and it may be noticeable by now that the friends I have made in my lifetime frequently bob up at opportune times. One of them was New York banker James Miller. I bumped into him one afternoon on the Champs Elysees, and he told me that he was slated for command of the advanced flying school at Issoudun.

"You're just the man I'm looking for," he said. "I need an engineering officer."

"I'd be glad to do the best I could to help you, Jim," I told him. "But I think an engineering officer for a flying school ought to know how to fly himself."

Jim took the hint. "I'll see what I can do," he said.

Miller made a formal request for my services to Colonel Mitchell, and I approached him myself at an opportune moment. A few days later I received orders to report for a physical examination for pilot training.

The doctor who gave me the physical turned out to be another old friend, a racing enthusiast from Chicago. He not only pronounced me fit but also wrote my age down, firmly, as 25, with my birth date as October 8, 1892. My true age, 27, would have disqualified me.

At flying school our first practice sessions were in a Morane-Saulnier, a funny little monoplane with a three-cylinder engine. Its wings were clipped so that it would not fly. After a brief lecture, not even a demonstration, I climbed into it alone and started out. After the sputtering little engine had built up enough speed, I would push forward on the control stick, to lift the tail skid off the ground and skitter along in that fashion. The steering was done with rudders controlled by my feet. Steering with the feet and holding the tail up with the hands was like the old trick of patting your head and rubbing your stomach simultaneously. I went down the field wobbling from side to side, with the tail bobbing up and down, like a frightened roadrunner.

The plane we used for flying was a Caudron. It had a tremendous wingspread and a pusher-type propeller which moved the plane along at top speed of 80 miles an hour. I had two short flights with an instructor, and then it was time to solo.

I was scared to death. A crosswind was blowing. Steering with my feet and trying to anticipate the right moment to lift the tail, I started across the grassy field. I felt the pressure of the crosswind, pushed down on the left rudder to compensate and overdid it. The plane, lumbering and bumping along, turned and headed straight for the hangar. The other students and the instructors were out watching, of course, and they scattered ever which way. In desperation, I pushed down on the right rudder, and the tail began to swing around. I missed the hangar by a few feet and kept on across the grassy field, bumping and bouncing. One thing you could say for that tremendous wingspread: If the pilot built up enough speed he would fly almost automatically. I eased back on the stick. The plane lifted into the air. I was flying!

Our course of primary flying lasted exactly 17 days. I put in a total of 25 hours of flying time and went forth a pilot and a first lieutenant in the Signal Corps.

Then came gunnery school. I never thought that I would ever find myself in a boat in the middle of a lake with a 30-caliber rifle in my hand, but that was the way they started teaching us to shoot. I would stand up in this little boat, bobbing up and down, while another boat towed a target.

The next step was a little Nieuport with a machine gun. The target was a sock, about 10 feet long and three feet in diameter, towed by two Frenchmen in a sputtering old Caudron. The first time I fired I shot the tow rope in two, but after burning up a few tons of ammunition, I got so that I could hit that target too.

And now I was a combat pilot, able to fly and to shoot. I was given a 10-day leave in Paris and then dispatched to a new unit, the 94th Aero Pursuit Squadron, the first all-American squadron to go into action on the western front. It was March 1918. It had taken me almost a year to reach the front as a combat pilot, but I was there. Let the shooting begin.

HAT-IN-THE-RING SQUADRON

The 94th Aero Pursuit Squadron was the first to be composed entirely of Americans. Its commander was Maj. John Huffer, an American who had lived most of his life in France. Even more impressive was the presence of the greatest pilot of them all, Maj. Raoul Lufbery, the American ace of aces. He had shot down 17 enemy aircraft.

The two new American squadrons, the 94th and the 95th, were assigned to the aerodrome near Villeneuve, about 15 miles back of the front lines. Our quarters were comfortable and the field in reasonably good shape. Yet we were one disappointed group of fighter pilots. The planes we found waiting for us were old Nieuports cast off by the French. Even that was not the worst of it. The planes had no guns.

The weather was bad the first two days I was with the squadron, but March 6 dawned clear. Lufbery announced that he would lead a flight—three unarmed planes—on a patrol over the German lines.

"Rick," he said casually, "you and Doug Campbell be ready to leave at 8:15."

"Yes, sir," I said, trying to be nonchalant.

At about 8:00 I strolled out to the hangar. Three mechanics were assigned to each of the twenty planes of the squadron. As I knew a bit about both engines and mechanics, my ship was in excellent condition. The crew walked it out of the hangar onto the field, put blocks under the wheels and proceeded to warm it up. One of the mechanics turned the propeller over a few times with the ignition off to bring the oil and gasoline up into the cylinders. Then, with a warning cry of "Contact!" another turned on the switch. The man at the prop pulled the blade down with one sharp motion and stepped back quickly. When the engine caught, the spinning blade would take your hands off if you left them there.

The three of us climbed into our fur-lined, fur-collared flying suits and put on our fur-lined leather helmets; it would be cold in an open cockpit at 15,000 feet. I tried to follow Lufbery's corkscrew path through the skies but it did not come easily. I began getting airsick. Suddenly the plane rocked violently and a burst of light and sound hit my eyes and ears. Large puffs of black smoke marked my path through the sky. It was Archie. Down below, men were shooting at me with 18-pound shells.

After my first moment of terror had passed, I realized that, in spite of all the turbulence and noise, neither my plane nor I had suffered a scratch. Most wonderful of all, the Archie had scared the nausea out of me. A feeling of elation surged through me. I had been fired at, and I had kept my wits about me.

When we landed on our return home, the other pilots and all the mechanics were waiting for us. Lufbery let Doug and me do the talking. Archie? Why the Germans must have wasted a million shells firing on us, but they had not come close. Enemy planes? We had had the air completely to ourselves.

Lufbery gave a dry little chuckle. "Sure there weren't any other planes around, Rick?" he asked.

"Not a one!" I said firmly.

Lufbery shook his head. "Listen," he said. "One formation of five Spads crossed under us before we passed the lines. Another flight of five Spads went by about fifteen minutes

later, five hundred yards away. Damn good thing they weren't Boches. And there were four German Albatroses ahead of us when we turned back and another enemy two-seater closer to us than that. You must learn to look around."

Lufbery paused and looked at us as though we were inattentive children. Then he grinned and walked over to my plane. He poked his finger through a hole in the tail and another through the wing; then he pointed to where another piece of shrapnel had gone through both wings not a foot from the cockpit. Just a few inches and I would have been a hero all right—a dead hero.

All the time we were seething over our lack of guns and our resulting inability to start shooting down Germans, we were actually luckier than we realized. We were accumulating experience that would enable us both to save our own skins and to shoot down our foes.

My old friend Capt. James Miller of Issoudun days, now commanding officer of the 95th, became the tragic personal proof of this fact. One day he was invited to go on patrol with a French squadron in an armed Spad. Jim was ecstatic; the rest of us were envious. He went out with Maj. Davenport Johnson, an American flying with the French, and flew over the same sector that Lufbery and I had visited a few days before. They spotted two squadrons of German two-seater planes, each carrying an aerial gunner as well as a pilot, and attacked. Johnson's guns jammed, and he turned and came back to his field. Miller went on in. He did not stand a chance. His first combat flight was his last.

French fliers from neighboring fields would occasionally drop in and take us along on a patrol. One day a visiting pilot examined one of our planes closely and saw that it had no guns. That was the end of our French escorts over the line. We had all thought it was a big joke, the French thought we had lost our minds.

We never had the opportunity to fly with the English. They would probably have enjoyed the joke as much as we. Where the French were cautious, according to their considered military policy of getting the best possible results with the least expenditure of men and planes, the British were daring, almost foolhardy, also as a matter of military principle. American pilots were in between, more daring than the French, more wary than the English. As for the Germans, they liked to fly in close formations, hunting in packs. Americans preferred an every-man-for-himself style of aerial combat.

The arrival of two experienced pilots from the Lafayette Escadrille, Capts. David Peterson and James Norman Hall, both with more than five victories each, inspired us. Even more wonderful was the sudden arrival of our equipment, guns, ammunition, instruments, flying clothing, spare parts and spare planes. Surely we would now be the first American squadron to go into action against the enemy.

The honor deserved a distinctive insignia. Major Huffer, the C.O., suggested Uncle Sam's stovepipe hat with the stars and stripes for a hatband. Our flight surgeon mentioned the old American custom of throwing a hat into the ring as an invitation to battle. And thus one of the world's most famous military insignia, the Hat-in-the-Ring, which became a part of my entire life from then on, was born.

The sun came out, and I was ordered to go on a mission with Captain Hall. Word had come that an enemy two-seater plane was flying south over the lines. We took off and went up to look for him. Once aloft, I saw a plane far off on the horizon and sped in its direction. Jimmy Hall ignored the whole thing and with good reason, for the plane turned out to be a French two-seater.

From the German lines came a single plane, a new Pfalz. Hall was climbing into the sun, with me close behind, and the German was totally unaware of us as we kept between him and the sun. We had a thousand feet of altitude on him, and we were two to one. If I had been that German pilot, I would have put my nose down and headed for Germany. I decided to get in position to cut off that form of retreat. I knew that Hall would attack when he was ready.

In a second I would go into my first combat. My heart started pounding. As I came out of the sun to get into position to cut him off, the German pilot saw me. He stuck up his nose and started climbing. Jimmy came into range and let go a burst of bullets. The German instantly banked his Pfalz to the right and put it into a dive, heading homeward as fast as he could go. That was what I was ready for, and I was on his tail in an instant. I had my sights trained on the back of his seat. I pressed both triggers.

Every fourth shell was a tracer, and I could see two streaks of fire pouring into the Pfalz's tail assembly. I held the triggers down and pulled back on the stick slightly, lifting the nose of the plane. It was like raising a garden hose. I could see the stream of fire climbing up the fuselage and into the pilot's seat. The plane swerved. It was no longer being flown. I pulled out of the dive and watched the Pfalz curve down and crash. I had brought down my first enemy airplane.

Hall and I came down together, jumped out of our planes and ran together with hands outstretched. It was one of the great moments of a lifetime. We were victorious. As we pounded each other on the shoulders, both talking at once, pilots and mechanics came running from the hangar. Some observer at the front had seen the fight and had telephoned the news back to squadron headquarters. Now the whole gang came to congratulate us.

Though pilots were lionized during the Great War, though news of my first victory went out all over the world and communications of congratulation came in by the hundred, the true gratification of an aerial victory comes from your fellow pilots. They know how easily it could have gone the other way, and their acclaim means more than all the applause from the outside world. There has never been a closer fraternity than the one that existed among the pilots of a squadron fighting together high in the sky, and no group of fighters had a greater spirit than those of the 94th Squadron. There on the muddy French airfield, surrounded by my fellow pilots of the Hat-in-the-Ring Squadron, I experienced the greatest elation of my life.

I had no regrets over killing a fellow human being. I do not believe that at that moment I even considered the matter. Like nearly all air fighters, I was an automaton behind the gun barrels of my plane. I never thought of killing an individual but of shooting down an enemy plane.

Death by burning was the death we dreaded more than any other. Our planes were constructed of wooden frameworks covered with fabric. The fabric was treated with "dope," a highly combustible fluid that drew up the cloth and stretched it tight. We Americans had no parachutes. Some German pilots and all their balloon observers were equipped with parachutes, and often I was pleased to see an enemy bail out of his burning plane or balloon and escape being burned alive.

We often discussed the question of whether we would jump to certain death or stay with the ship. Raoul Lufbery, whose every word I respected, was positive in his advice—stay with the machine.

One morning in May a German Albatros flew right over our field. Lufbery attacked it. He fired several bursts, then his guns jammed. Somehow he put them back in working order, then came around again. By that time he must have realized that this particular Albatros was heavily armored. His bullets bounced off the plane. Still he came on. He flew so close that the gunner in the Albatros could not possibly have missed him. Lufbery's plane burst into flames.

He held the plane on a straight course for about five seconds. Then, from the ground, eyewitnesses saw him squirm out of the blazing cockpit and climb onto the fuselage. Straddling it, he pushed himself back toward the tail. He rode this position for several seconds as the flames fanned back over him. Then he jumped. His body was impaled on a picket fence. Death must have been instantaneous.

In addition to leading my flight on routine patrols, I emulated Lufbery's example and flew my own lone-wolf missions over the lines. He always said that it was impossible to shoot down German planes sitting in the billet with your feet before the fire. I heeded his advice so well that I had more hours in the air than any other American flier.

Reed Chambers was a close second. At 4 a.m. one chilly May morning he and I climbed into our fur-lined suits and took off. We pushed our little ships up to 18,000 feet. At that altitude, with our bare faces sticking out of the cockpits, the temperature was below zero.

We saw no German planes and Reed gave up and went home. I was one lone speck in the sky. Why not try a better hunting ground? I climbed to 20,000 feet, seeing the first red arc of the rising sun, and headed into German territory.

The Germans simply were not flying that day. Not much gas remained, but I decided to make one last check at a field

near Thiaucourt. Still at 20,000 feet, I cut off my engine to save gas. As I silently circled the field, like a great bird of prey, I saw, far beneath me, three graceful German Albatroses taxi out onto the field and take off, one by one. I put the little Nieuport into a shallow dive to start the propeller going and turned on the ignition. The engine caught, and I gunned my plane after the three Germans.

Closer, closer. My eyes were glued on the leather-jacketed shoulders of the German flying the rearmost Albatros. I was so intent on the pursuit that I completely forgot about a German stratagem. In front of the planes ahead, but higher, a black puff appeared in the sky, then another and another. The German batteries had seen me, and it was their way of warning the three planes in front of me.

The pilot in front of me turned his head to look behind him. I saw the sun glint off his glasses. All three pilots immediately put their planes into a dive. I was now within 200 yards of the last plane, and I had no intention of letting him get away. I knew the Nieuport's fatal weakness of shedding its wing covering in a dive, but in the excitement I did not think of it at all. I gunned the plane up to a speed of at least 150 miles an hour and closed in on the man in front of me.

At 50 yards I gave him a 10-second burst of machine-gun fire. I saw the bullets hit the back of his seat. I felt no sympathy. He had made a stupid mistake in diving rather than trying to outmaneuver me.

Not until I saw his plane go out of control did I try to pull my own out of the dive. I had to come out of it in a hurry, put the ship into a sharp climb and have it out with the other two. I pulled the stick back into my lap.

A ripping, tearing crash shook the plane. The entire spread of linen over the right upper wing was stripped off by the force of the wind. The plane turned over on her right side. The tail was forced up. The left wing came around. The ship was in a tailspin. With the nose down, the tail began revolving to the right, faster and faster. It was death.

The two remaining Albatroses began diving at me, one after the other, pumping bullets into my helpless Nieuport. I was not angry at the two men for trying to kill me; I simply thought they were stupid. Why waste ammunition?

A crippled plane can take a long time to flutter to earth. I began remembering all the major episodes of my life, the good things I had done and the bad things. The bad seemed to outnumber the good. And then I remembered the Lord above.

"Oh, God," I prayed, "help me get out of this."

Without thinking, almost as though I were moved by something bigger than myself, I pulled open the throttle. The sudden extra speed lifted the nose of the plane. For a second there, I was horizontal. I pulled on the joy stick and reversed the rudder. I must have hit the one combination in a million that would work. The fuselage remained almost horizontal. The nose was heading for the American lines only a couple of miles away. If I could only hold her like that, I might make it.

I was at less than 2,000 feet, and every enemy antiaircraft battery, every machine gunner and practically every rifleman began sending a curtain of lead into the sky.

Losing altitude, with the engine going full blast my little plane and I crossed the lines. When I reached the field, I was flying at treetop height. I could not cut back the engine, for then I'd go straight down. I came in for my landing with the engine running wide open. Everybody dashed out to see what fool was coming in at full throttle. I grazed the top of the hangar, pancaked down on the ground and slid to a stop in a cloud of dust. I swung out of the bullet-riddled, battered little crate and tried to saunter nonchalantly toward the hangar as though I came in like that every day.

But, when I was alone in front of my bunk, suddenly my knees turned to water. The next thing I knew I was sitting down.

And then I uttered a little prayer of gratitude to the Lord above for my deliverance.

Every aerial victory had to be confirmed by another officer. There was no problem in validating that one, for the Albatros, with the dead pilot slumped over the stick, miraculously continued over the American lines and landed itself. It was my fifth victory. I was an ace. The French awarded me the Croix de Guerre.

Messages of congratulations came in from everywhere. I answered them all. One letter I wrote had repercussions permanently affecting every member of my family. Winding up a letter to a friend in Detroit, I happened to sign my name "Eddie Rickenbacker" and to put a little bracket around the second "k" to call attention to it. My friend, eager to use any gimmick to help the war effort, promptly called in the wire services and showed them the letter. Papers all over the country printed stories headed "Eddie Rickenbacker has taken the Hun out of his name!" From then on all Rickenbackers were practically forced to spell their name in the way I had written it on impulse that night on the western front.

One morning, on impulse, I went to the American experimental and supply aerodrome at Orly, just outside Paris. They gave me the good news that our squadron was to be equipped with new Spads. Three of our new ships were on hand.

I hurried to the field. There they were, three beauties. They were more impressive by far than any other airplane, any automobile, any other piece of equipment that I had ever seen. The Spad was the ultimate aircraft of the war in which aviation was developed. The Germans had the Albatros, in which von Richthofen scored the majority of his victories. Fokker's DR-1, a triplane, was next. Hermann Goering flew a triplane, and von Richthofen was shot down in one while trying for his 81st victim. The D-7, maneuverable, speedy and tough, came out in mid-1918.

The British produced several excellent planes, among them the SE-5 and the Sopwith Camel, but I had no personal experience with them. The best ship I flew was the Spad, built by the Société Pour Aviation et ses Dérivés, whence it took its name.

It was the plane I saw at Orly. I wanted that plane.

"This is one of the planes for the 94th Squadron, isn't it?" I asked a mechanic.

"Yes, sir," he said. "She's ready to go."

I had it gassed up, strapped myself in and took off. I could have been court-martialed, but I knew I had done right; that wonderful little machine told me so. I had a Spad.

I wasn't able to use it much at first. My right ear suddenly developed an excruciating pain. An abscess had formed. My new Spad had an altitude of 22,000 feet; try that sometime with an earache.

Mastoiditis developed and practically knocked me out. One Sunday morning in August, I was only semiconscious and could not lead my flight. Eddie Green took my place, with Walter Smyth and a new man, Alexander Bruce, flying number one and number two. I regretted not making that mission because I liked to fly with Walter Smyth.

On that Sunday morning, as I lay in a semicoma, I suddenly saw, as in a dream, Walter's plane collide with Bruce's. When I next opened my eyes, I saw Kenneth Marr standing by the bed. "I have terrible news for you," he said.

"I know," I said. "Smyth and Bruce were killed."

Marr's eyes opened wide. "How did you know?" he asked. "We just got the telephone message a minute ago."

"I saw it," I said. Later I learned that it had happened just the way I saw it in my mind.

With parachutes, both of those fine young men would have lived. It was absolutely criminal for our higher command to withhold parachutes from us. Men who could have lived on to serve America both in war and in peace perished in agony because of the lack of a parachute. What reward did Raoul Lufbery gain for his role in helping to develop American air mastery? Death on a picket fence when a parachute would have saved his life. Now Smyth and Bruce.

The Air Service had developed parachutes but only for balloon observers. They were too big and heavy for our small fighter planes. But we knew that it was possible to make a smaller parachute because the Germans were doing it.

A major in the Paris headquarters of the Air Service told me that the service did not believe in parachutes. "If all of you pilots had parachutes," he told me coldly, "then you'd be inclined to use them on the slightest pretext, and the Air Service would lose planes that might otherwise have been brought down safely."

I got so mad that I started hollering at him. Other officers came in and broke it up. It was a good thing that I had a few ribbons on my chest by that time, for otherwise I would probably have been court-martialed.

The last week of August I underwent my second ear operation. That time the trouble cleared up completely, but I had been out of action for weeks.

Shortly after my return to duty, I was flying alone one morn

ing when I saw four Fokker D-7's approaching. I climbed into the sun, let them pass under me, then dived on them. At 50 yards I fired a burst into the last one. The pilot never knew what hit him.

The other three turned to the right in a climbing banked turn. The sun glinted off their scarlet noses. I felt a little chill. Those red noses identified the most famous squadron in the war, the dread Flying Circus of Manfred von Richthofen, the Red Baron. Von Richthofen was no more, but the Flying Circus maintained its pride, excellence and discipline.

Within two minutes, I recognized them as the finest fliers I had ever faced. I did some fancy flying too, from sheer fright. The four of us whipped our ships around through the air for several minutes. They wanted to shoot me down. I wanted to get away. Suddenly an opportunity appeared beneath me. I turned my nose straight down and pulled the throttle wide open. It was for just such a moment that my mechanics and I had babied this engine, and now it delivered. We quickly pulled away. I hurried home to announce my first victory over this elite squadron—and my escape.

The next day I brought down another Fokker in the same area. It was my seventh victory and gave me the most envied title of the war—"American Ace of Aces." It was an honor for which I had risked my life many times, but I had a strange feeling of dread. Four other flyers had held that title. All were dead. The honor carried the curse of death.

On September 24, I was named commanding officer of the Hat-in-the-Ring Squadron. I was simultaneously proud and humble. The morning of my first full day as commander of the 94th, I set out early in the morning on a one-man mission over the lines. Over Verdun, I spotted two LVG two-seater photographic planes heading toward our lines. Above and behind them were five Fokkers, flying protection. I was east of them, in the glare of the sun. All seven went by beneath me. I cut back the engine and dived silently on the last Fokker. He glanced behind him at the same moment that I pressed my triggers. He tried to pull away, and that was his last living act.

The other four seemed to go to pieces. Instead of taking advantage of their superior numbers and attacking me, they fell off to the left and right, breaking up their own formation. I saw a narrow aperture leading to the photographic planes below. I slipped through and plunged after them. They had put their noses down and were trying to get away. The rear gunners were firing back at me. I dived under the tail of the nearest plane so that it blocked the gunner's fire. Then I zoomed up at his underbelly.

The pilot had obviously been in combat before. He kicked his tail around and gave his gunner a good shot at me. I had to stop pressing the attack in order to dodge. The other two-seater had circled behind me. A string of bullets went by my face so close that I could have reached out and caught them. I turned off and headed for the first plane, but before I could get him in my sights the second was on my tail again.

We went through this same maneuver over and over. It was working to my disadvantage, for the two LVG's were steadily retreating deeper and deeper behind their own lines. I should have quit when I was ahead. I had gotten a Fokker and foiled their photographic mission, but I still wanted one more plane: a doubleheader before breakfast.

The two-seaters were only 50 feet apart, and I was directly above them. I sideslipped my Spad to the right. One plane shielded me from the other. I leveled out, kicked my nose around to the left and began firing. The nearest LVG sailed right on through my bullets. It burst into flames and tumbled like a great blazing torch to earth, leaving a streamer of black smoke against the blue sky.

Two more confirmed victories were posted on our bulletin board. In 1930 this double victory brought me the nation's highest military award, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

In my 134 air battles, my narrowest escape came at a time when I was fretting over the lack of action. German planes rarely came over late in the afternoon, and everyone had relaxed his vigilance. As I was flying toward an Allied balloon, I saw it burst into flames. A German plane had obviously made a successful attack. Because of the bend in the lines of the front at that point, I saw that I could cut off the Boche on his return to his own territory.

Guns began barking behind me, and sizzling tracers zipped by my head. I was taken completely by surprise. At least two planes were on my tail. They had me cold.

They would expect me to dive. Instead I twisted upward in a corkscrew path called a "chandelle." I guessed right. As I went up, my two attackers came down, near enough for me to see their faces. I also saw the red noses on those Fokkers. I was up against the Flying Circus again.

I had not outwitted them. Just the opposite. Two more red noses were sitting above me on the chance that I might just do the unexpected.

Any time one plane is up against four and the four are flown by pilots of such caliber, the smart thing to do is to get away from there. There is an old saying that it's no disgrace to run if you are scared.

I zigzagged and sideslipped, but the two planes on top of me hung on, and the two underneath remained there. They were daring me to attack, in which case the two above would be on my tail in seconds. They were blocking me from making a dash for home. I was easy meat sandwiched between two pairs of experts. Sooner or later one would spot an opening and close in.

For a split second one of the Fokkers beneath me became vulnerable. I instantly tipped over, pulled back the throttle and dived on him. As my nose came down I fired a burst ahead of him. Perhaps he did not see the string of bullets. At any rate, he flew right into them. Several must have passed through his body. An incendiary hit his gas tank, and in seconds a flaming Fokker was earthbound.

If I had been either of the two Fokkers above me in such a situation, I would have been on my tail at that very moment. I pulled the stick back in a loop and came over in a reversement, and there they were. Before I could come close enough to shoot, they turned and fled. I suppose that the sight of that blazing plane took some of the fight out of them.

It did not take any fight out of me. I started chasing all three of them back into Germany. We were already three miles behind the lines, but I was annoyed—with them and with myself.

My Spad was faster. One Fokker began to fall behind. He tried a shallow dive to gain speed, but I continued to close in. We were only about a thousand feet up. He began stunting, but I stuck with him and fired a burst of about two hundred shots. He nosed over and crashed. I watched him hit.

All around the crashed plane, I saw flashes of fire and smoke. I was only about 500 feet above the deck, and the Germans on the ground were shooting at me with all the weapons they had. I could see their white faces above the flashes. The air around me must have been full of flying objects. I got out of there fast and went home to report that I had blundered into a trap and had come out of it with two victories. I now had nineteen.

During the month of October, I shot down 14 enemy aircraft. On the 30th I got my 25th and 26th victories, my last of the war. My title "American Ace of Aces" was undisputed. The Hat-in-the-Ring Squadron downed 69 Boche planes, more than any other American unit.

On the night of November 10th a group of us were discussing the next day's mission when the phone rang. An almost hysterical voice shouted the news in my ear: At 11:00 the following morning, the war would end. Our mission was called off. For us the war ended at that moment.

THE CAR WORTHY OF ITS NAME

When the war was over I sometimes wondered which was worse, combat or the onslaught of well-wishers, hero-worshippers and fast-buck operators.

Theatrical agents tried to book me for vaudeville tours, and scores of get-rich-quick schemes were presented. There were many attractive offers, of course. I could have written my own ticket as a racing driver with nearly any automobile manufacturer. I had, however, determined not to return to racing. I had garnered enough glory; it presented no further challenge, and I could make no further contribution. I was interested in both military and commercial aviation, but it had been pretty well demonstrated to me in Washington that,

although I was ready for aviation, it was not yet ready for me. One day, sitting next to Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, I tentatively suggested a project that Reed Chambers and I had discussed and that Gen. Billy Mitchell had informally approved: a transatlantic flight to prove the feasibility of air transportation. Baker listened to me about 30 seconds, then politely indicated that the government couldn't care less. After making a Liberty Bond tour, I was released from active duty with the rank of major. I never used that title. I felt that my rank of captain was earned and deserved, and that is what I have been called ever since.

For years, one of my most steadfast aspirations had been to build an automobile of my own design. I would build an automobile, an automobile named "Rickenbacker," an automobile worthy of its name.

Three well-known automotive executives became my partners in building it. After weeks of planning, in which I am sure we used up a ton of paper drawing designs, work started on the prototype early in 1920. The first two cars were built practically by hand. I test-drove the Rickenbacker for many thousands of miles myself, on the hot plains of Texas, on the gumbo roads of Nebraska and Iowa, through the snows of Minnesota, across the mountains of Montana. It stood up.

The first Rickenbacker cars were shown at the New York Automobile Show of 1922. The three displayed represented not only the entire Rickenbacker line but also the entire output of the factory at that date. They were a touring car, which sold for $1,485; a coupé, for $1,885, and a sedan, for $1,995. All three were the most handsome automobiles of that day. They had automotive sex appeal. The new features—high-speed engine and low-slung body, among others—made sense to the car-buying public. People obviously believed our slogan, "A Car Worthy of Its Name," for the orders began pouring in.

For the first year I flew over the entire United States in a big German aluminum Junkers, piloted by Eddie Stinson, setting up dealerships. Flying about the country was national news. On my visit a local delegation headed by the mayor would meet the plane at the nearest field to the city, usually a cow pasture, and one of the service clubs would arrange a gathering.

The car began to sell immediately. We had a phenomenal growth; at its peak the Rickenbacker Motor Company had some 1,200 distributors and dealers throughout the United States and about 300 over the world. In our first two years we built and sold 50,000 cars.

In 1924, despite some reluctance on the part of my partners, I determined that the time had arrived to bring out the world's first production passenger car equipped with four-wheel brakes. We broke the news in full-page ads all over the United States and in every foreign country where we had dealers. It was the automotive sensation of the year.

What I did not realize was that the other automobile companies could not afford to be taken unaware. The industry had hundreds of millions of dollars worth of automobiles with two-wheel brakes in inventory or in production. To sell those cars the entire automotive industry had to convince the public that four-wheel brakes were inferior, even unsafe. In every community, all the other dealers and salesmen ganged up on the Rickenbacker car and its four-wheel brakes. The adverse publicity could not help but affect our sales. The only thing to do was to stick it out and try to sell the cars we had.

No automobile manufacturer is stronger than his dealers. Our dealers could not sell the car, and they were going broke. It was up to us to shore them up. I put all the money I had into the Rickenbacker Motor Company, and when that was gone I went out and borrowed more. My total personal indebtedness came to $250,000. The company went into bankruptcy in 1927.

I was 36 years old, with a wife and child, and $250,000 in debt.

I was not ashamed and not afraid. I have said it over and over: "Failure" is the greatest word in the English language. Here in America failure is not the end of the world. If you have the determination, you can come back from failure and succeed.

Frank Blair, president of the Union Guardian Trust Company of Detroit, called me.

"You're a young man," he said, "and knowing you as I do, I'm sure that you will find a new line of endeavor. When you find it, and if you need financing, come and see me. I'm pretty sure we'll be able to help you."

I walked out of his office as spry and chipper as a young man just beginning a new business. It is not every week that you can go broke to the tune of a quarter of a million dollars and have a banker tell you that your credit is good. I might have failed, but there was still someone who believed in me.

And that made two of us.

INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY

The paradox of being unemployed, a quarter of a million dollars in debt and at the same time in search of a business to buy brought to mind Frank Blair's suggestion. In my frequent trips to Indianapolis over the years, I had been impressed with the Allison Engineering Company, a little gem of a plant. James A. Allison, one of the builders of the Indianapolis Speedway and a successful businessman, had originally started the company to build racing cars, but it had since gone into other activities.

I knew that he had partially retired, and I went to Indianapolis to ask him to sell me the company. He refused.

"But I have a better idea, one tailor-made for you," he said. "Why don't you take over the Speedway?"

He gave me a price of $700,000 and a 30-day option. He strongly hinted that, if I did not take it over, it would probably be sold to real-estate speculators. Such an idea was unthinkable. Fleeting nostalgic scenes of color and excitement raced through my mind, beginning with the very first "500" in 1911.

But thrills and excitement are only by-products of the Speedway. I thought also of its more important function, to serve as a proving ground for the development and improvement of features that increase the performance, economy and safety of the American automobile.

I first tried to raise the money in Indianapolis but no one was interested. I hurried back to Detroit and put the package before Frank Blair at the Union Guardian Trust Company. We raised the $700,000 in 6½ percent bonds with only an hour to go before the option ran out. I kept 51 percent of the common stock as a bonus.

First I had the Speedway completely resurfaced with Kentucky rock asphalt. It gave a much smoother surface than the paving blocks and also provided a greater coefficient of friction.

One of the great dangers in a race was going over the walls. I rebuilt them, strengthening them with steel supports; no driver has gone over the wall since. I also rebuilt the curves, improving the angle of bank, which improved both safety and speed. Then I put in an 18-hole golf course, which brought in about $10,000 a year, enhanced the beauty of the Speedway and helped to provide for year-round maintenance.

I exulted in the color and competition of the Speedway right along with all the other thousands of spectators. But there were many times during my years with the Speedway when I had to avert my gaze from the track. I simply could not look.

It always occurred during the first official lap. When the starter drops the green flag, it's like pulling a trigger. The drivers jam the accelerators to the floor. They barrel down the straightaway into the first turn. That was when I would nonchalantly turn and look toward the backstretch, away from the scene of action. If anything happened, I did not want to see it.

Many years later what I feared did happen. It was in 1964. Dave MacDonald's car hit the wall and burst into flames. MacDonald jumped out in flames.

Eddie Sachs, a witty, likable driver, had no chance. He piled into MacDonald's car. He was dead when they pulled him out of the cockpit.

Then Johnny Rutherford came through the fire on the track and jumped completely over two cars—MacDonald's and Bobby Unser's. Unser's car went on into the pileup. Ronnie Duman, driving his first race, slammed into the first two cars. Norm Hall plowed right into the whole mess, and two more cars, driven by Johnny White and Chuck Stevenson, were also involved in the chain-reaction accident.

Sachs was dead. Dave McDonald died on the way to the hos-

pital. Duman was seriously injured. Rutherford suffered burns. The other four drivers involved in the eight-car crash, the most spectacular in Speedway history, escaped with minor injuries.

When I first drove on the Speedway, the race was won by an average speed of 74 miles an hour. In 1966, thanks both to my reconstruction of the track and to the general improvement in every phase of the industry, a new record of 166.328 miles an hour for one lap was set during the qualifying trials. Winning the race today means $600,000. It would take more than that to lure me out there again.

The real gratification in operating the Speedway came from the realization that we were enabling the automotive and allied industries to make great strides in their art. Four-wheel brakes were tested and proved on the speedways of the world. So was the expanding type of brake in use on most cars today and the newer disk brake. Hydraulic shock absorbers were developed on the Speedway. So was the low-slung frame.

The tire industry has benefited greatly from racing. In 1933, I recommended a drastic step: a limitation on the amount of gasoline and oil to be used by each entrant. Under the impetus of this regulation, petroleum engineers developed new oils and fuels that would give more mileage. The oil limitation forced engine designers to make sweeping improvements and the engineers to provide better pistons, better cylinder walls and better valve operation. By meeting this challenge, automotive engineers have improved the durability of engines to the point that today manufacturers guarantee their engines for as much as 50,000 miles.

When World War II was over, instead of reopening the Speedway myself, I looked around for a buyer. I picked Wilbur Shaw, an Indianapolis boy who had won the event three times, as a natural leader to attract state capital. Wilbur interested an able young man named Anton Hulman, Jr., of a wealthy Terre Haute family, in the Speedway. I sold it to Tony for the exact price I had paid for it, writing off completely the hundreds of thousands of dollars I had put into it. Tony has done a marvelous job. He has put millions back into the Speedway, and it is in magnificent shape. The Speedway is the richest event in the world by far.

FLYING IN THE 1920'S

When a man is determined to pay off a moral obligation of a quarter of a million dollars, one job is not enough. I drove myself hard in those years following the failure of the Rickenbacker Motor Company, and I was all the better for it. When the crash came in November, 1929, driving many men I knew well to ruin and suicide, I simply kept plugging along. Through hard work and some fortunate business deals I was able to pay back every penny of that $250,000.

In 1927 General Motors brought out a new automobile, the La Salle and offered me $12,000 a year to help market it. I joined them on January 1, 1928.

In my travels about the country I always made a practice of speaking to civic clubs, chambers of commerce, American Legion posts, high-school and college students and other groups about the future of America. Some of my comments caused bitter controversy, as when I predicted that in the future cities would be bypassed by highways four lanes, even six lanes wide. Merchants and newspapers protested vigorously—they wanted all through traffic to come right down Main Street—but most of them lived to see this prediction borne out.

Many major cities in the United States had no airports whatever worthy of the name during the 1920's. When I was in such a town, I hit the lack of aviation facilities and hit it hard. In about 25 major cities, I was directly instrumental in convincing the city fathers to buy land for the development of airports; I picked the sites in many cities.

Incidentally, I never had a pilot's certificate or, for that matter, an automobile driver's license. I was both pilot and driver before they started issuing certificates. On the two or three occasions that I have been asked by a policeman to show an operator's license, I have instead produced the solid gold life membership card given me by the Los Angeles B.P.O. Elks Lodge No. 99. It has always proved sufficient.

In the early days of commercial aviation, I frequently hopped rides on the mail planes and sometimes flew them. Those were hair-raising flights; most of the planes were the old flying coffins, DH-4's.

Early in May 1921, Gen. Billy Mitchell called me in San Francisco to invite me to a dinner commemorating the sailing of General Pershing and his staff to Europe, back in 1917.

"That's fine, General; you can count on me," I said. "And say, here's an idea. If you authorize Captain Arnold down at the San Diego Air Force Station to fix up a DH-4 with extra gas tanks I'll try to break the transcontinental record."

"That *is* a good idea, Eddie," Mitchell said with his customary enthusiasm. "I'll get in touch with Arnold right away."

Captain Arnold was Henry H. "Hap" Arnold, who later became the first commanding general of the U.S. Air Force. A few days later he called me to say that the plane was ready.

"I'll be there the first thing in the morning," I said.

Testing the rate of climb with full tanks, I ran into a strata of clouds over Los Angeles and a violent snowstorm over the Tehachapi range north of the city. The only thing I could do then was to fly out over the Pacific in hopes of finding a break in the cloud strata. I found it and came back to Los Angeles and Rogers Field under the clouds. The field was soft and muddy from the rain. I landed and taxied for about one hundred feet, and then the wheels dug in, and I somersaulted right over on my back. It broke the rudder, smashed the propeller and knocked the tips of the wings off.

I called Hap Arnold, and the next morning another DH-4 arrived. We cannibalized it to repair my plane, and the next morning I proceeded to Redwood City, south of San Francisco.

The dinner was to be held in Washington on Saturday, May 28. I took off at 8:00 a.m. Thursday, May 26. It took me an hour and a half to reach sufficient altitude to cross the Sierra Nevada. I gave the old Liberty engine all it would take, but it began getting dark long before I reached my scheduled stop, Cheyenne. I came down over the Union Pacific tracks and followed the signal lights into the city.

I had sent on a request that the field be illuminated, and, as I came over the city, a hundred or more automobiles rimming the airport turned on their headlights. Then the flaming "T" was ignited. It was a standard procedure for emergencies in the early days of flying. It was composed of oil-soaked rags and was placed at the beginning of the field against the wind. I came in and put my wheels down 100 feet before the "T," rolled into a six-foot ditch and somersaulted. They had put the "T" at the wrong end of the field.

The plane, or what was left of it, was upside down, straddling the ditch. Both the engine and the tail had been knocked off. I was hanging by my safety belt, head down. It was a discouraging situation. The bottom of the ditch was several feet below me. I have never been a very patient individual. I pushed the button on the safety belt buckle, and I landed on my head. I had to laugh at my own impatience.

I called General Mitchell from the field and told him I would take the next mail plane out, riding on the mail bags, to Chicago. He had arranged for another DH-4 to meet me at the Chicago airfield. I would fly it to Dayton, where the commandant of the Dayton-Wright field would turn over his own long-range DH-4 to me for the last leg of the trip.

Over Wheeling, West Virginia, I ran into a terrible storm. I came down low and made it to Pittsburgh. I knew that the Monongahela River ran through the mountains east of Pittsburgh, so I picked it up and followed it. I saw something pass just over my head. It was a high-tension electric wire. I decided I had better get away from the river. I started winding through the valleys. After a few minutes of that, I reached the point where I had no idea which way I was going. A large pasture loomed up ahead of me, and I landed to find out where I was. The ground was soft, but the plane rolled to a stop without mishap.

People began arriving and told me I was near Hagerstown, Maryland. I decided to drain off some of the gasoline to lighten the plane, so that I could take off from the soft field.

A couple of the local farmers hurried off for milk cans into which to drain the gasoline. I didn't cut the engine off because I wasn't sure that anyone there could swing the heavy wooden propeller to start it again.

As the crowd grew larger, including small children, I became afraid that someone might run into it. When the gas cans arrived and I had to crawl under the plane to drain the gasoline, I posted guards. I filled the first milk can and turned it

over to one of the farmers. At first he thought I was trying to sell it to him; he was amazed to find out that he was doing me a favor to take the stuff. I crawled under the airplane again and drained the second tank, and just then I noticed a pretty little girl about seven years old start to walk straight for the propeller. I shouted at her to stop, and while she hesitated somebody ran out and grabbed her. I crawled out from under the plane, chewed out everybody in sight and doubled the guard.

After draining about 75 gallons, I managed to take off without difficulty and flew straight to Washington and landed at Bolling Field about 6:00 p.m. I arrived at the Metropolitan Club at 7:00 sharp.

After Harding became President, he asked me to deliver a personal letter to the Shriners convention in San Francisco. I flew with the airmail all the way. Sammy Eaton was the pilot on one leg. We stopped overnight at Elko, Nevada. It snowed during the night and we all pitched in to clear the runway. In taking off, we skidded just enough to hook a wing in a snowbank. The impact swung us around and rolled the plane up in a knot, but neither Sammy nor I received a scratch.

Another DH-4 happened to be available, and we took off in it. We had to stop at Reno for refueling. It was snowing heavily and we could tell by the snow on the rooftops that about a foot had fallen.

Sammy mushed the plane down, and we rolled along in the deep snow for about 100 feet. Then the plane flip-flopped over on its back. It was practically demolished, but Sammy and I were unhurt. Another plane was sent from San Francisco. We cleared a runway for it, and it took me to San Francisco without mishap. I delivered the letter personally. We had cracked up two planes getting it there, but we had saved the price of an airmail stamp.

My most important aviation project during those years was Florida Airways. It had had its beginning in the minds of Maj. Reed M. Chambers, my old flying companion of the 94th Aero Squadron, and myself in 1925. That year Congress authorized the Postmaster General to contract for airmail service with private operators.

Florida Airways applied for and received Route No. 10, Miami to Jacksonville by way of Fort Myers and Tampa, at a rate of $3 a mile per pound of mail. A natural extension was up the coast to Atlanta.

One of the agents came up with a brilliant idea for airmail. He found that by putting blotters in an airmail envelope and soaking it, he could double its weight. The agents did a rushing business sending one another wet blotters. They would run it through the post office dry but would load it in the mail bags wet. Frequently this method was the only way Florida Airways could build up a pound of mail.

It worked fine for a while, but then the boys became greedy. They began shipping one another bricks, carefully wrapped and addressed. At $3 a pound per mile the company could afford to buy the stamps.

The system was working well until one of the agents took a day off. His assistant, charged with the duty of mailing a brick but uninstructed on the complete details, simply tied a label with stamps onto a bare brick. A postal inspector spotted it and asked questions, and that was the end of Florida Airways' airmail-augmentation program.

As for passengers, the public was not ready. It was a rare day indeed when the company had one frightened customer in our wicker chairs. The hurricane of 1926 was the final blow. Florida Airways went into bankruptcy, and was picked up for a song by the forerunner of Eastern Air Transport.

HOW TO BUY AN AIRLINE

On my recommendation General Motors, in 1933, bought a 30 percent control in North American Aviation, Inc., a holding company. Included in its holdings were large blocks of stock of Pan American, TWA, Western Air Express and China National Airways, and it owned outright the Sperry Gyroscope Company and Eastern Air Transport Company.

Under the terms of the 1934 Air Mail Act, North American Aviation, an affiliate of General Motors, was required to divest itself of interest in several aviation holdings. GM also tried to sell Eastern, asking only $1 million for the entire operation, but no one except me was interested and I could not raise a fraction of that $1 million.

Eastern was in bad shape and getting worse. In December, 1934, I was asked if I wanted to run the line. I thought for a long moment before I accepted. I knew the situation looked bad. But the route did have potential. It served the entire East Coast. I still believed that someday there would be extensive travel between New York and Florida by air.

At that time Eastern Air Lines was a comparative peanut, flying only 3,358 route miles with fewer than 500 employees. Its equipment consisted of a mismatched assortment of planes. Salaries were low, and so was morale. But, when the personnel saw that I was willing to travel all night and work all day to build an airline in which we all would prosper, they pitched in and helped. In 1934 the line lost a million and a half dollars; in 1935, my first full year, we actually made a little money—$38,000, with scrupulously honest bookkeeping. There was still much to be done, but at least we had proved that we could do it.

One day in the early part of January 1938, I received a call from Leslie Gould, the financial writer for the Hearst newspaper chain. "Eddie," he said, "I've just learned that John Hertz has taken an option on Eastern Air Lines for $3 million. What can you tell me about it?"

I had a sudden sensation in my stomach as though I were in a plane falling straight down and out of control. "I can't tell you anything about it, Leslie," I said. "This is the first I heard of it."

I was angry and hurt. Two years before, GM had not been able to sell Eastern for $1 million; now they were selling it right out from under me for $3 million. It was I who had increased the value of this property—to *more* than $3 million, in my opinion—and my reward, in effect, would be to be kicked out on my ear. There was no love lost between John Hertz and me. I knew that he was not dedicated to aviation. Eastern Air Lines would be simply another property to him and a small one at that. But to me Eastern Air Lines was everything. It was my life. Its employees were my personal friends and my personal concern. I wanted to keep Eastern and continue to make it grow. I did not want to lose it.

I called Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of the board of GM, and asked if I could have a word with him. He recognized the urgency in my voice and told me to drop in right away.

"I think I'm entitled to as much of an opportunity as any outsider to bid for Eastern Air Lines," I said. "If I can't outbid John Hertz, then I'm the loser. But isn't it fair to give me a chance to try?"

"Let me look into this, Eddie," he said. "Come back and see me in a few days."

When I returned to Mr. Sloan, it was apparent that he had thoroughly investigated Eastern Air Lines and my participation in it. Neither he nor anyone else had intended any slight to me by giving Hertz an option. Eastern was such a comparatively small part of a giant corporation that the top management had not thought much about it one way or the other.

"I agree with your position, Eddie," he said. "GM will give you a 30-day option, equal to that of John Hertz, for an equal amount."

"I think it should be a cash transaction," I said. "Mr. Sloan, if I can offer you three and a half million dollars cash for Eastern Air Lines before the option runs out, would you be inclined to sell it to me?"

Mr. Sloan was a forthright gentleman. "Yes, Eddie," he said. "I would."

Where in the world would I find that much money? I called everyone I knew in Wall Street. One was an old friend named William Barclay Harding of Smith, Barney and Company, the investment bankers. Harding was particularly interested in the aviation industry and believed that it was right for investment. His own firm did not have the money, but he took me to see John M. Schiff and Frederick M. Warburg, of Kuhn, Loeb and Company. After a thorough investigation, they agreed to advance the money for me to buy the airline. They would organize a new corporation and raise the money through public subscription. I would be president of the company.

Then I had to win approval of my bid from the directors of North American Aviation. That was Friday morning. My 30-day option expired at 6:00 p.m. Sunday. I began worrying about

where Schiff and Warburg would find $3.5 million on Sunday. But Sunday morning Freddy Warburg called. "Where do you want your three and a half million dollars, Eddie," he asked, "and when?" He sounded as though he made such calls every Sunday morning.

I replied just as calmly. "If it's convenient, Freddy," I said, "make it the Eastern hangar at Newark airport at 10:00 a.m. tomorrow."

"I'll be there," he said, "with a certified check."

At 10:00 sharp Freddy Warburg walked in. He handed me a certified check for $3.5 million. "Thank you," I said calmly. I was standing up straight, but I really wanted to go down on my knees. That night at home, I did kneel. I thanked God first, and then I murmured thanks to everyone else who had helped me. That included Mr. Sloan, of course. I had presented the check to him personally, and I have never forgotten his words. He said:

"Congratulations, Eddie, and God bless you, and I wish you every success in the world."

On August 18, 1930, with 11 cash customers and five pounds of mail, Eastern had flown the first passenger service between New York and Washington. But air travel was by no means fully accepted in the early 1930's. The New York-Washington run was the only one that came near paying for itself. Planes flew empty or with only one or two passengers. Our employees were not selling their product.

In a way I could not blame them. When I became general manager of Eastern Air Lines in January, 1935, morale was right on the ground. For years there had been no continuity of management.

No major effort had been made to expand the line. It ran from New York to Atlanta, from New York to Miami, from Chicago to Atlanta and from Atlanta to New Orleans.

The Eastern route had probably the worst weather of any airline in the country. Storms and fog would bank up against the Appalachian mountains and stay there. Instruments were in their infancy. On one occasion not one mile was flown for one entire week.

One thing was certain: I was not going to solve the problem from a desk in New York. I went out on the line, traveling at night and working in the various stations by day. I could always take time off to talk with the personnel, watch them in action, get my own firsthand impressions and facts. I would work with my people as I talked with them. I changed tires, loaded luggage and changed spark plugs.

A great many improvements were inspired through my continued custom of simply visiting with members of the Eastern family. One day, for example, as I was having a cup of coffee in the employee lunchroom, I happened to notice a bandage on the hand of a young maintenance worker sitting next to me. I inquired about it.

"I hurt it on a jack," he said. "If you want to know the truth, our jacks are no damn good."

He turned out to be right. Under the pre-Rickenbacker policy of "say nothing and keep the cost down," no one had the courage to bring up the matter of these defective jacks. I had them all thrown out and more reliable equipment purchased. They paid for themselves in greater efficiency and less time lost through accidents, with a boost in morale as a bonus.

In our first year, we added five round trips between New York and Washington, putting on 14 more the next summer and 20 the third. This expansion increased the openings for chief pilots and gave copilots more flying time. Within three years, every man who had been a copilot when I became general manager of Eastern Air Lines had become a chief pilot.

When the new company was organized in 1938 and I became president and general manager, I insisted that an option on 10 percent of the capital stock be held for me for five years at the issue price of $10 a share. As the line began to prosper, I split my option with the employees. Through the Eastern stock-option plan, we were able to compensate our people without inflated executive salaries. I set my own salary at $50,000 in 1938 and did not raise it a penny during the quarter of a century that I was to continue as head of Eastern. Those employees who had purchased $100 worth of stock in 1938—and there were many who had—saw their holdings increase in value to $4,000, when the stock, which had split four shares for one, passed the $100 mark in 1966.

Our first expansion was west to Houston, then south to Brownsville. We bid against Braniff Aviation for the Brownsville route—the low bid, based on a pound of mail per mile, would get the route.

The bids were opened in alphabetical order. Braniff's bid was first. It was opened and read—$0.00001907378. Eleven digits adding up to less than a cent. Then it was Eastern's turn. The post office official opened the envelope, looked at the figure, gulped, looked again, then blurted out: "Zero, zero, zero cents!"

Eastern had the route.

As Eastern extended westward, we found ourselves in the awkward situation of flying new routes with obsolete planes. I prevailed upon our board of directors to buy 10 of the new DC-2's. I was inordinately proud of our fleet of silver planes. "The Great Silver Fleet" popped into my head. That was truly what those 10 new planes constituted. From then on, in all our advertising, Eastern Air Lines was "The Great Silver Fleet." On each one we had painted in bold black letters the length of the fuselage: "FLY EASTERN AIR LINES."

Each plane became a flying billboard.

I have never liked to use the word "safe" for whenever motion is involved, there can be no condition of absolute safety. With motion comes the inexorable possibility of accidents; it is the price we pay.

Air travel, the swiftest of all, can hardly be expected ever to be immune to danger. For many years the safety record of Eastern Air Lines was the envy of the industry. We had not had a passenger fatality during our entire operating history, 1930-1936, with an accumulation of 141,794,894 passenger miles. Then—one of our planes crashed at Daytona Beach, Florida. Four men were killed, including the captain, Stuart Dietz. Five passengers were injured.

The day before the accident a violent storm had struck Daytona Beach. An underground transmission line ran alongside the road at the end of the airfield. The storm had caused a short circuit in the underground conduit. The repair crew of the Florida Power and Light Company, which owned the line, had set up two poles and strung a line between them to bypass the shorted circuit.

One of those two poles was at the exact end of the runway, right in the path of any airplane landing or taking off. The poles had been put up during the night, but no lights had been placed on them. No one from the power company had bothered to inform anyone at the airport that they had been erected. The first Captain Dietz knew of their existence was when he flew into one of them.

What a tragedy of errors! The one action I could take was to see that such a tragedy would never happen again. We notified all municipalities served by Eastern and all the power companies in the Eastern area of what had happened and why. They in turn advised all other cities with airports around the world. From then on, at least, no more poles were casually stuck up around airports.

As the 1930's went by, Eastern Air Lines showed a steady, healthy growth. By 1940 we were serving 80 percent of the population east of the Mississippi. Eastern was the first airline and the only line for many years to operate without government subsidy. We did not take the taxpayers' money to keep us in business.

It was the first line to show a profit. Our entire Eastern Air Lines family, stockholders, personnel and customers, benefited from our operations.

Eastern was, in sum, the first airline to operate as a free-enterprise company, just as I had insisted we would operate when I took it over back in 1935.—**Edward V. Rickenbacker**

NEXT MONTH

Rickenbacker's headline days were far from over. He describes his role in World War II, his two most remarkable escapes from death and offers some provocative thoughts about the future in the concluding installment of his autobiography.

TRUE GOES shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified. You'll get speedier delivery if you include your Zip Code.

AUSTRALIAN BUFFALO IVORY CHESS SET has 32 hand-carved Ming Dynasty pieces. Kings, 3" hi; Bishops are Chinese scholars; Knights, 17th century warriors, castles are war elephants; pawns are Chinese immortals. Comes with teak chest and board. $12.95.

Park Galleries,
Dept. TR-1, 103 Park Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

"SCRIMSHAW" CUFF LINKS are intricately engraved by hand on genuine whales' teeth. Authentically detailed schooners, circa 1782, are featured on the jewelry—and there are no two sets alike. With each set, you receive a history of the scrimshaw art. $7.98 ppd.

Hobi, Inc., Dept. TE-1, Lake Success, N.Y. 11040

TELL TIME AT A GLANCE in hours, minutes and seconds with this 110-volt electric speedometer clock, encased in simulated walnut. $14.95 ppd. Also available in hand-rubbed walnut finish wood case for $24.95 ppd. You'll never go back to a round clock again.

Meredith Time Co., Dept. T-1,
310 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo. 64105

GREAT WINDBREAKERS FOR BIG MEN—100% cotton poplin, with warm knit collar and cuffs, slash button pockets with orlon acrylic lining for added warmth. Sizes 40 to 54, to fit sleeve lengths up to 38". Navy Blue or Burnished Olive. $19.95. Write for free 80-page catalog.

King Size, Inc., 472 Forest St., Brockton, Mass. 02402

PISTOL GRIP KNIFE is the handiest gadget for the man's kitchen. Features a unique grip on the cherrywood handle, and a stainless steel blade that zips easily through frozen food packs with one edge, slices bread and meat with the other. Forked tip is for serving. $1.95 ppd.

Country Club Gourmet, Dept. T-1,
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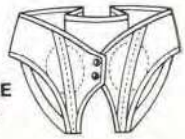

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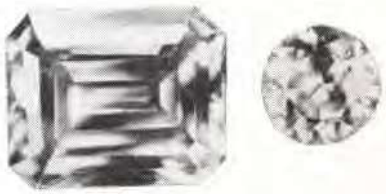

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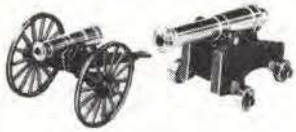

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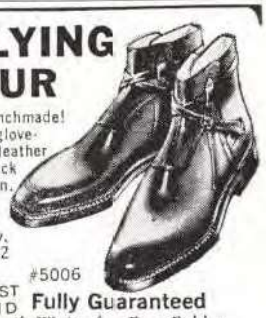

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THIS FUNNY LIFE

A veteran sergeant was lecturing his squad of rookie GI's, and he finished his impromptu orientation talk by saying: "Remember, men, no matter how dirty or distasteful the job you're ordered to do is—how much of a bawling out you get—as American citizens you always have the right to have the last word."

He paused for a moment to let this unbelievable morsel of information sink in. Then he added: "That last word is 'Yes-sir!' "

Ben Dante
New York, N. Y.

My husband told me of this incident that happened during World War II, when he was stationed in the South Pacific.

One morning he stood in line for breakfast behind the chaplain. Just as the chaplain's collapsible canteen cup was being filled with coffee, the handle collapsed and the steaming hot coffee poured down over the chaplain. He writhed in agony for a few seconds then turned to the other soldiers and said, "Will someone be kind enough to say a few appropriate words for me!"

Mrs. Madeleine Russell
Miami, Fla.

The camp psychiatrist phoned our first sergeant and suggested that one of his men be transferred immediately. "This fellow has a very strong psychological 'death wish,' " the medic reported.

"But, sir," the sergeant replied, "don't all of us have a seed of self-destruction, a kind of 'death wish?' "

"Yes, sergeant," the doctor said, "But his 'death wish' is for *you!*"

Thomas April
Los Angeles, Calif.

Visiting an old bachelor friend at a hospital where he had been taken following a heart attack, I asked: "What have they done to bring down your blood pressure?"

With an grin he replied, "They gave me an old nurse!"

Wilfred Beaver
St. Anne, Illinois

We have just moved into a new neighborhood, and already my husband is getting quite a reputation for himself.

He left one morning about 6 o'clock for work. He had forgotten his wallet and was back in about 10 minutes. As he was walking up the steps, our next-door neighbor was getting in his car to go to work. My husband, grinning sheepishly, looked over at him and said, "Ain't this a hell of a time to be getting in."

Mrs. Marlin Lenhart
Dallas, Texas

The two special forces sergeants were standing on the corner talking. Down the street came a thin youth, hair long, straggly beard, snapping his fingers to a protest song on his transistor radio. The servicemen silently watched him out of sight.

"Is that the next generation?" asked one sergeant.

"That's it," said the other.

"You think we ought to go ahead and surrender?" asked the first.

James Moore, Jr.
Gate City, Va.

When opening a small branch office for my firm in a foreign country, I hired a cleaning woman to clean the office for $5.00 a week. Traveling a great deal, I wrote up several past-due weekly expense reports and asked my secretary to type them up and forward to the controller at our main office.

During a later visit to the office, the controller showed me the reports, which listed: Clean Woman—$5.00. He immediately quipped, "That's quite reasonable, but is it an office or entertainment expense?"

Lt. Col. E. J. Braun (Ret)
APO San Francisco, Calif.

Awarded passes to Paris after VE Day, we rode six-by-six trucks from Austria to Luxembourg City and there, eight to a room in an Army leave hotel, rested up and waited for available trains. Our chambermaid, a cheerful multilinguist in her 40's, seemed to enjoy the banter and tomfoolery and joined us in a drink or two in celebration, but had grave reservations about the American Army's net largesse.

"The children," she exclaimed, clasping her head, "the hundreds of American babies left behind! What's to become of *them?*"

I had thought a profusely decorated lieutenant in the bunk next to me was asleep. He wasn't. "It's all part of the long-range master plan," he said. "Next war we just send uniforms."

Name withheld at writer's request
Boston, Mass.

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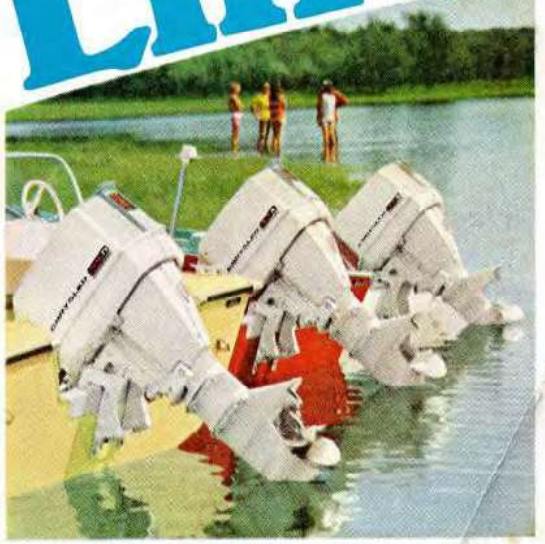

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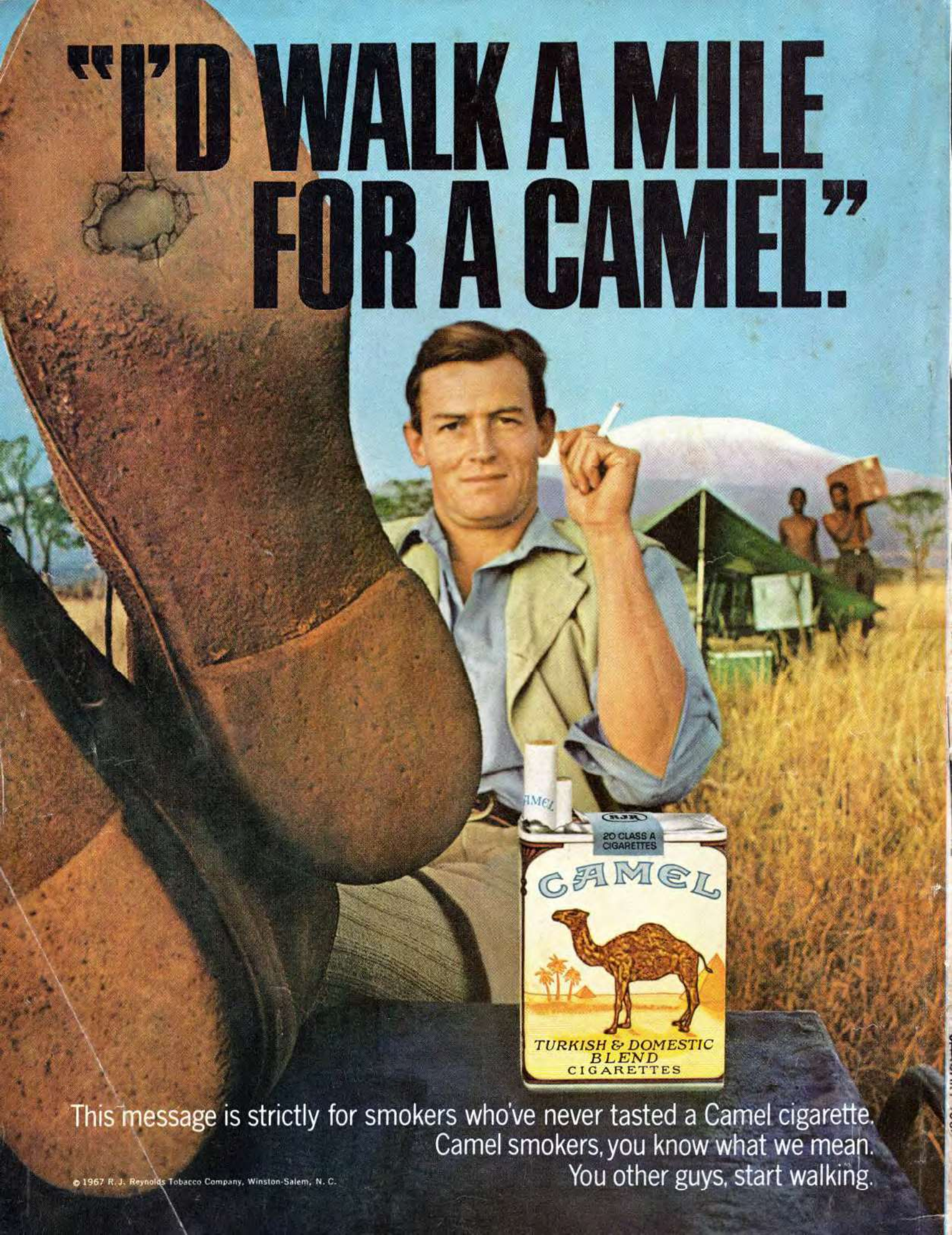
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